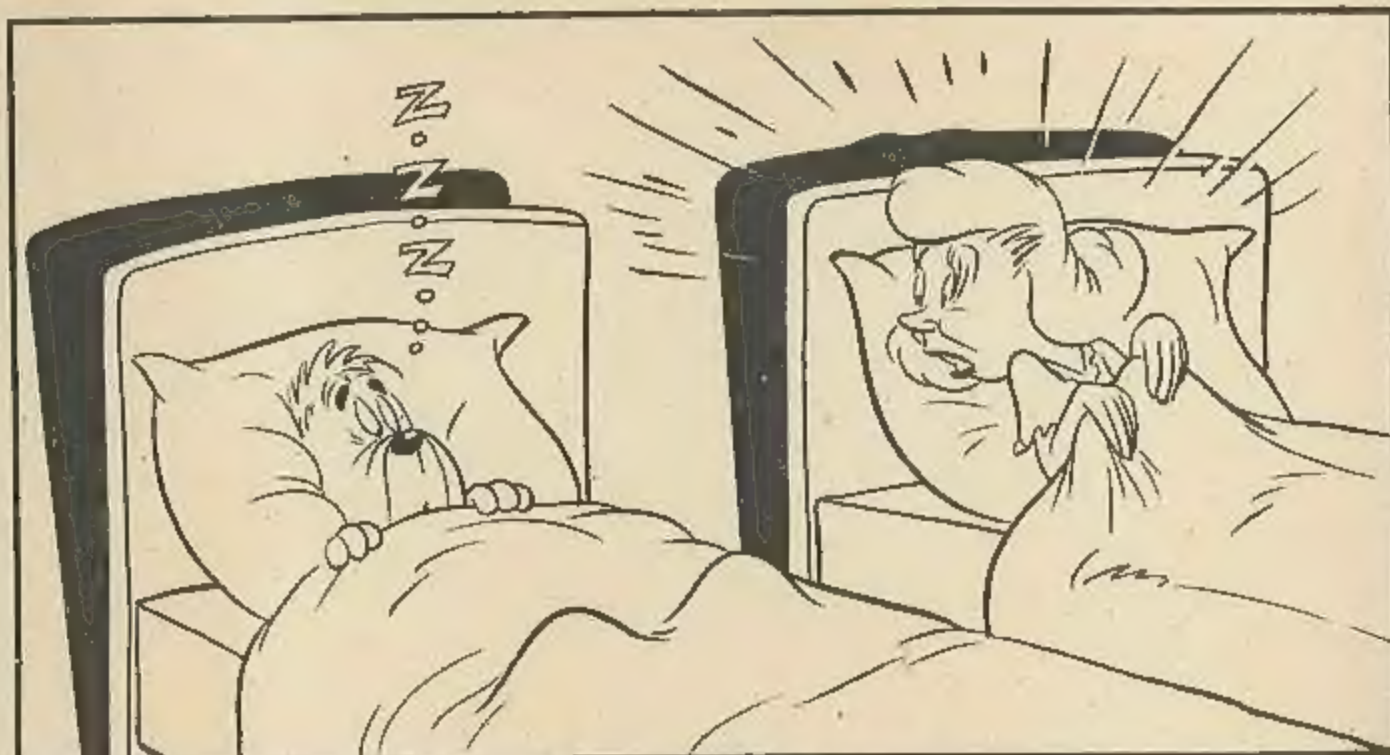
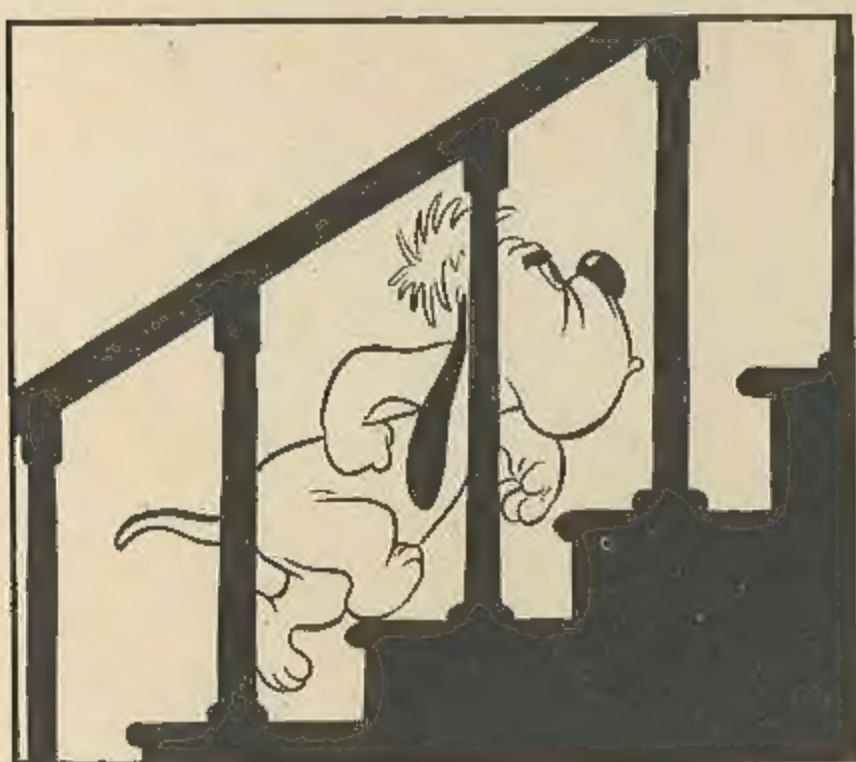
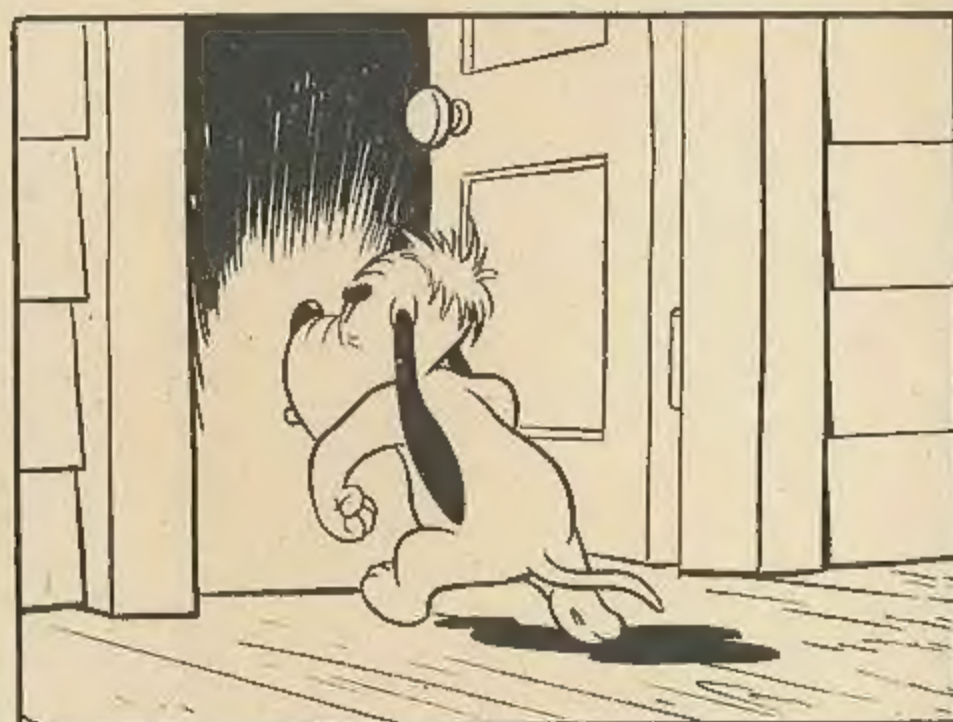
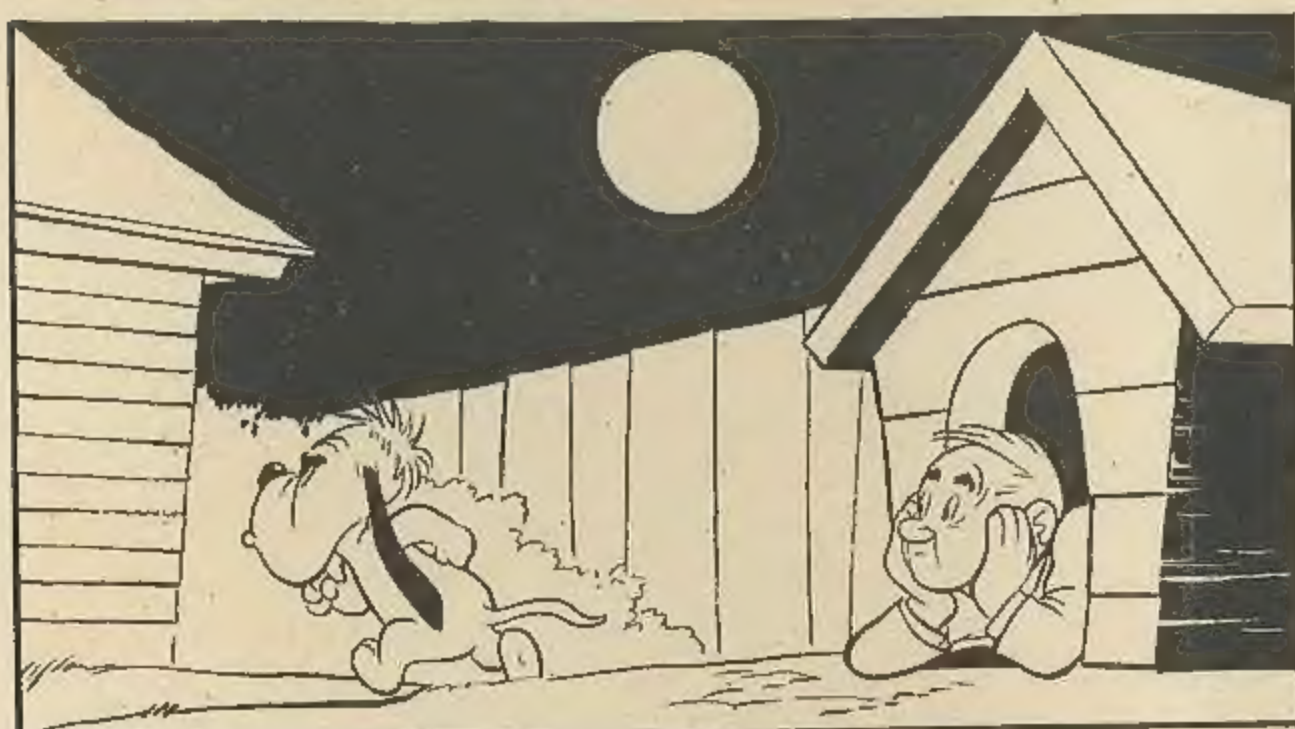
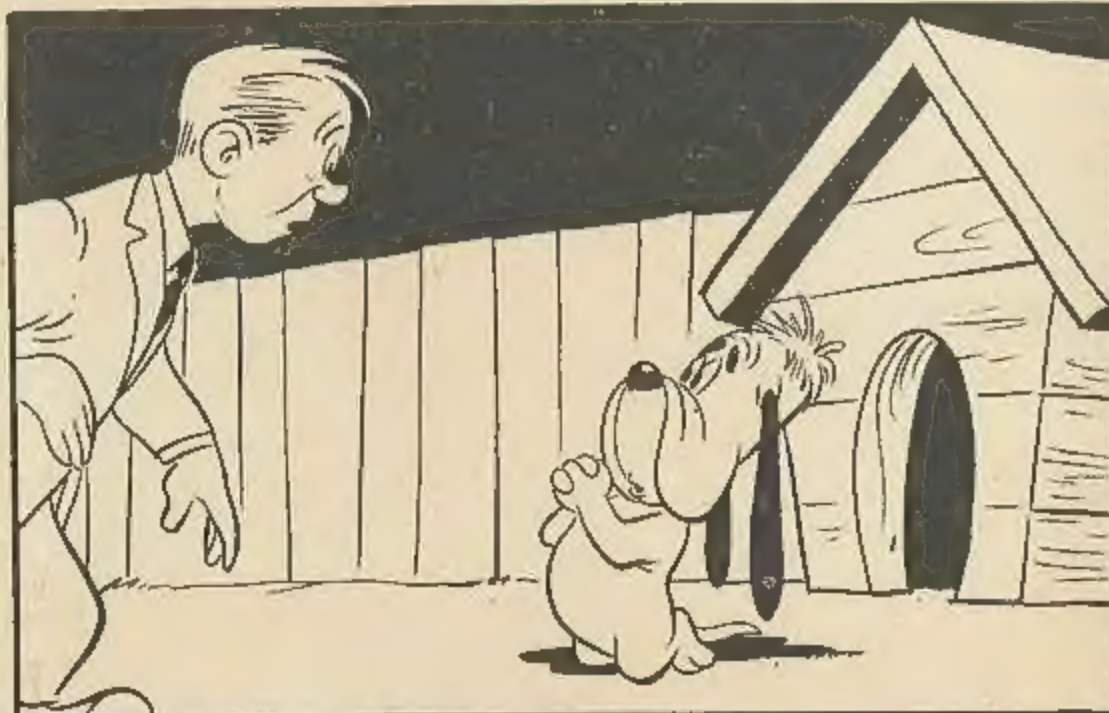
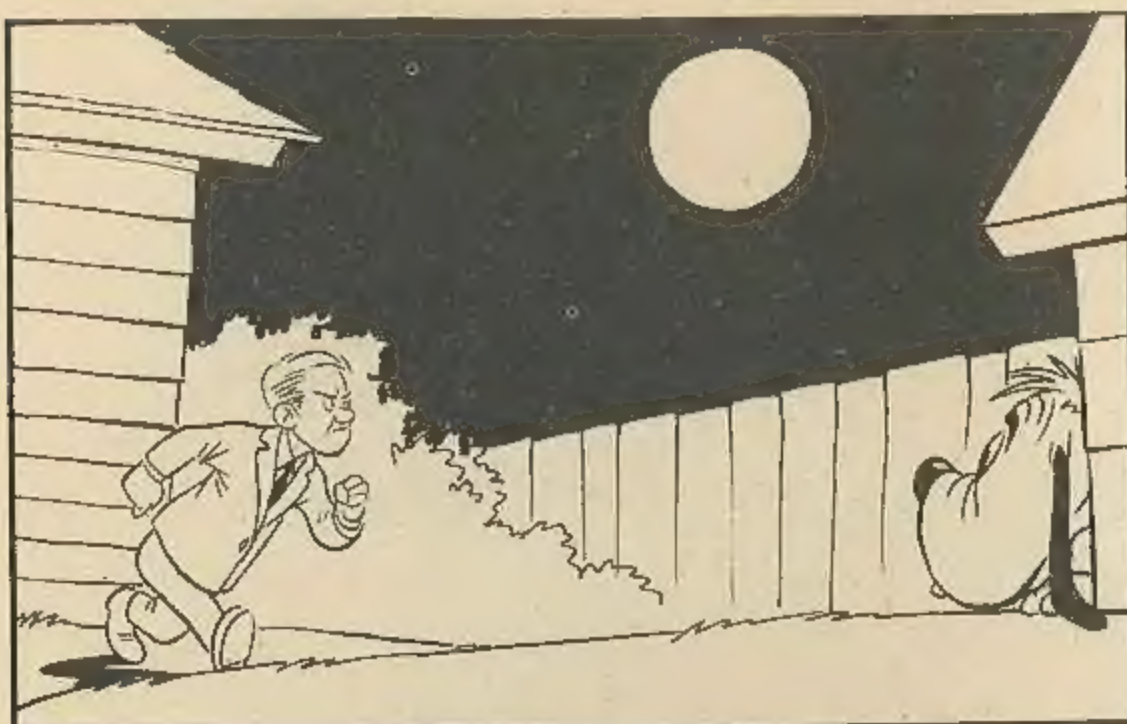
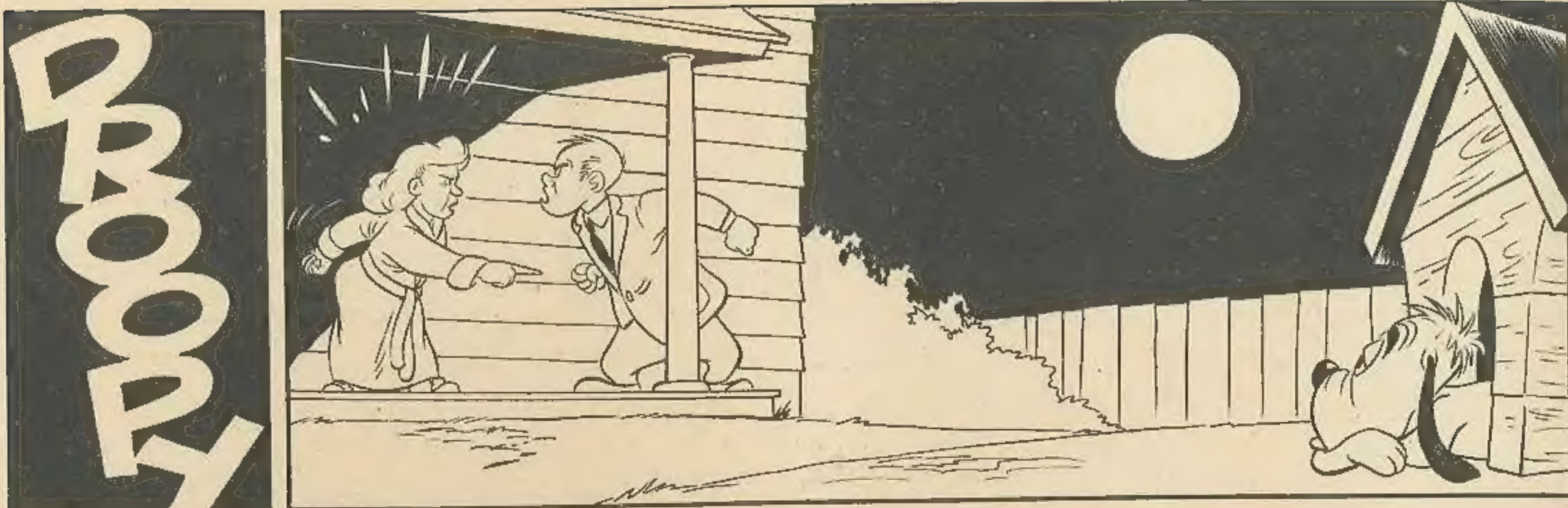


# Tom and Jerry comics



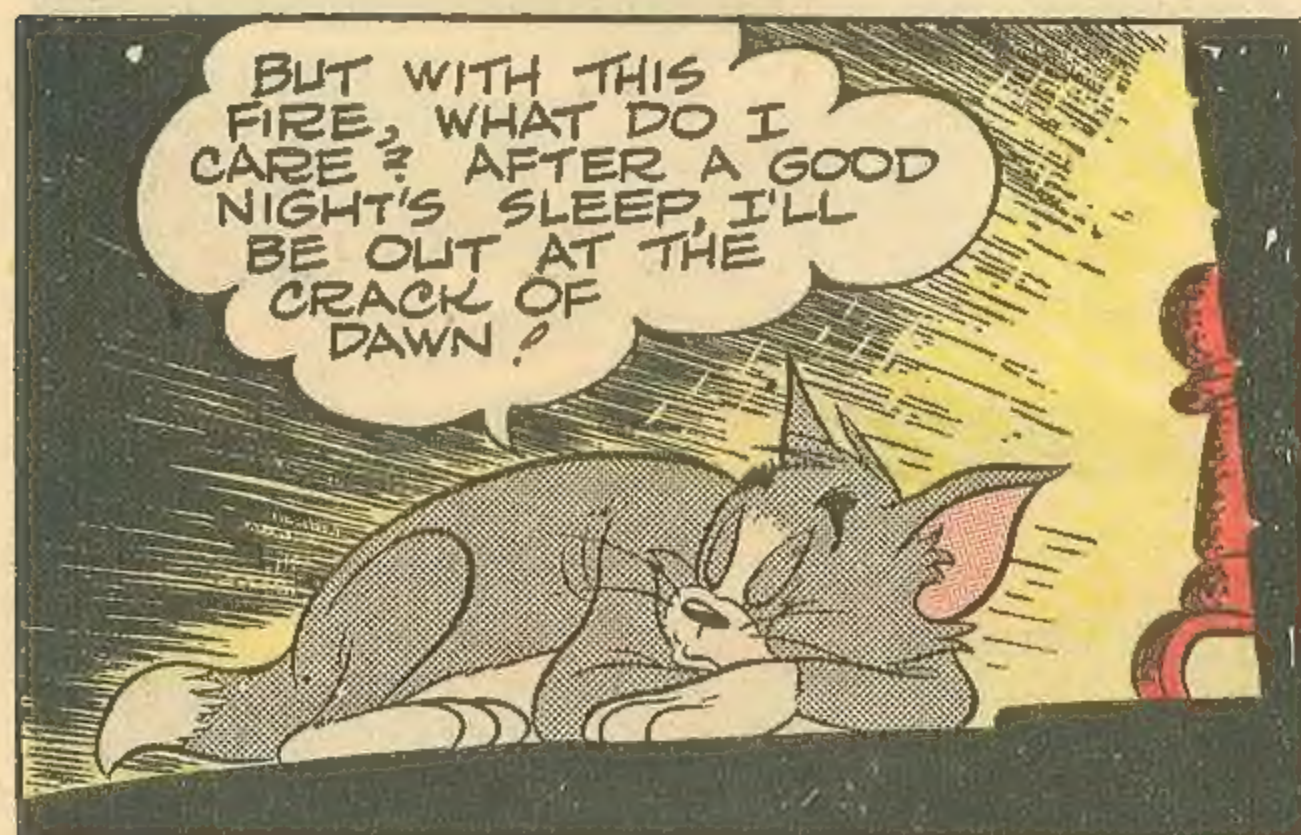
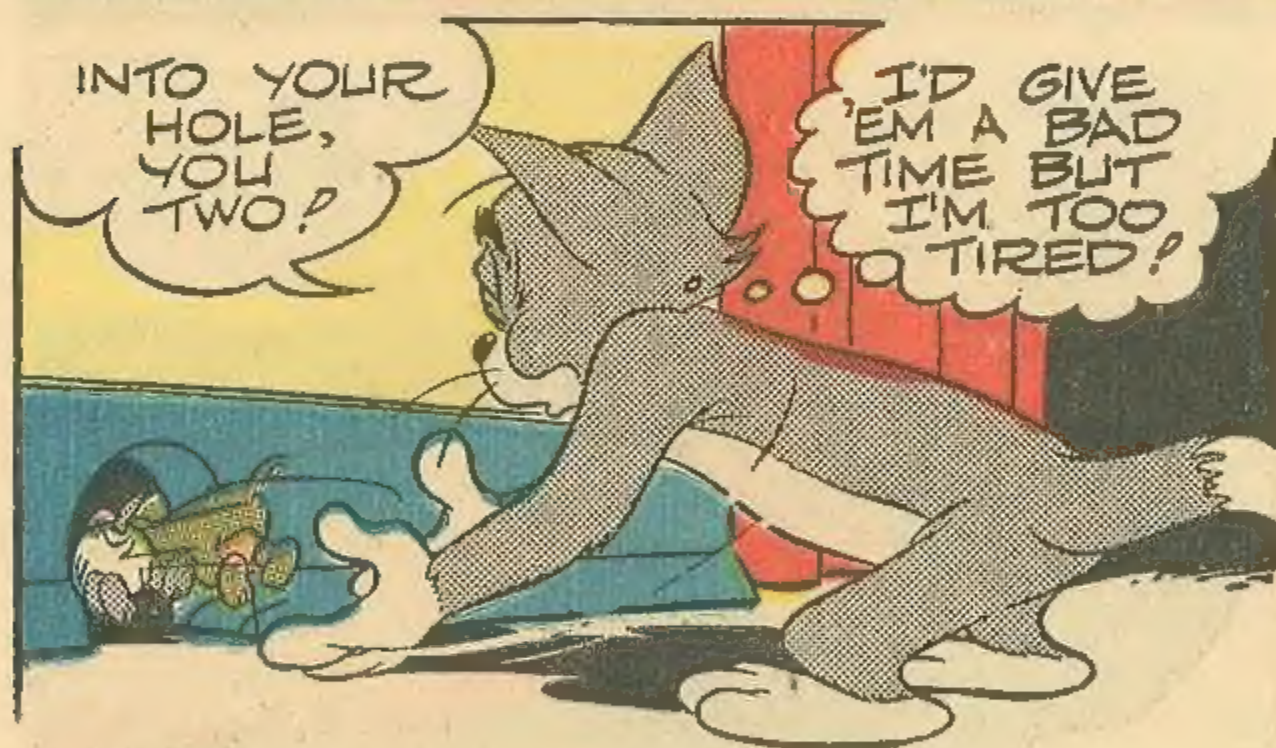
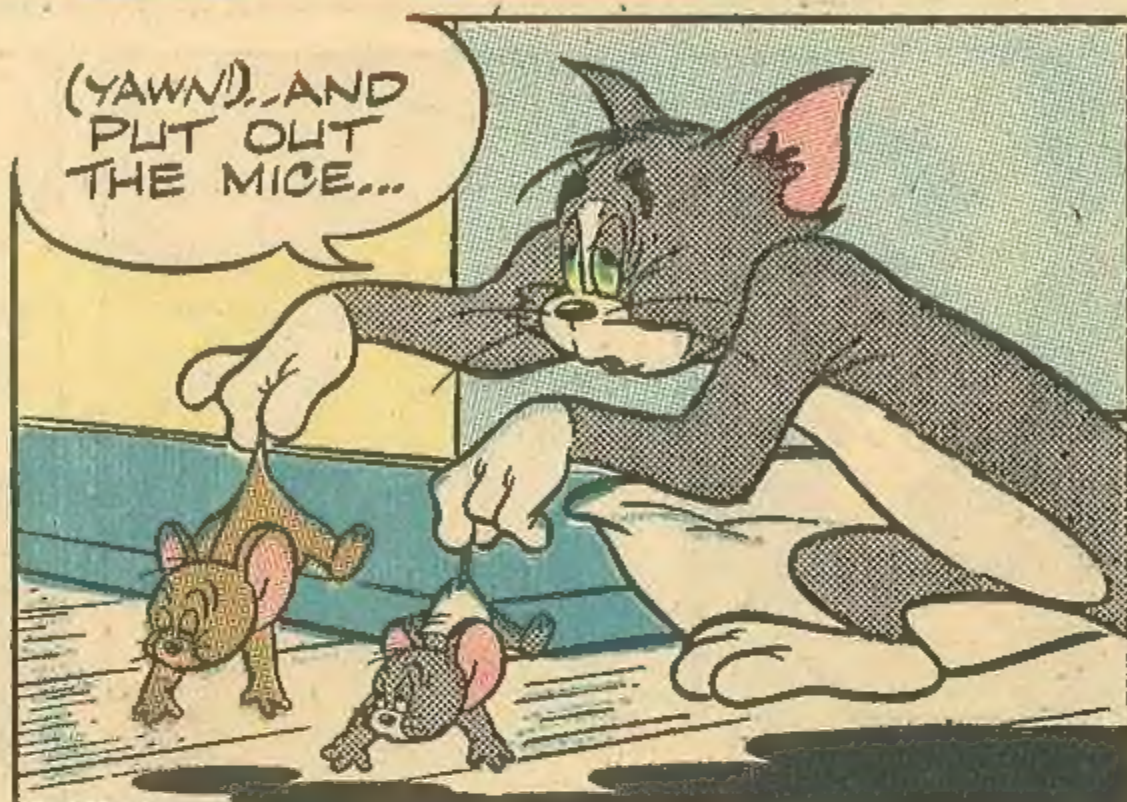
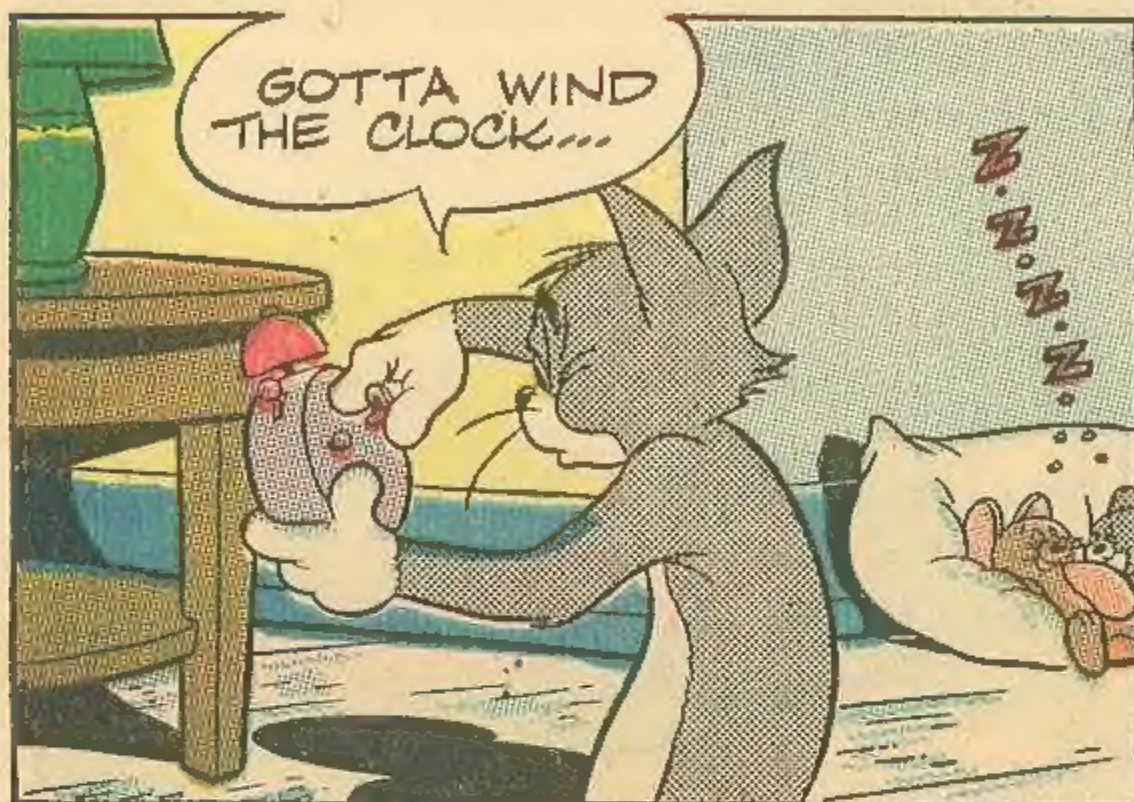
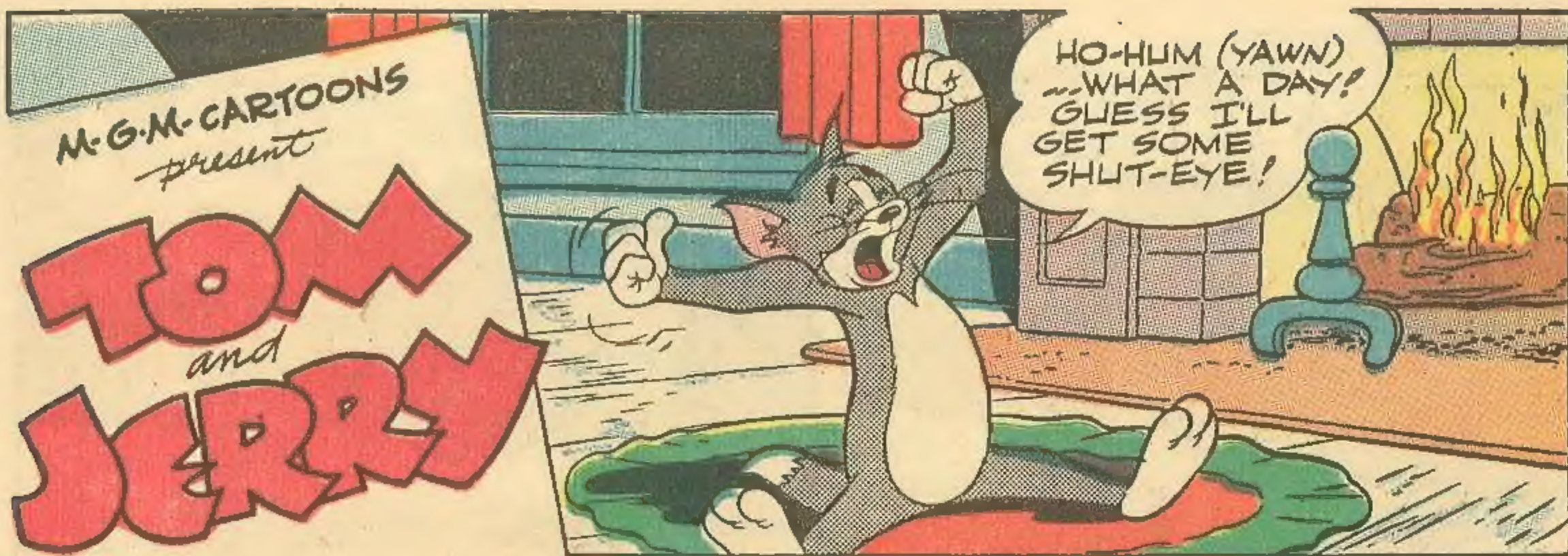




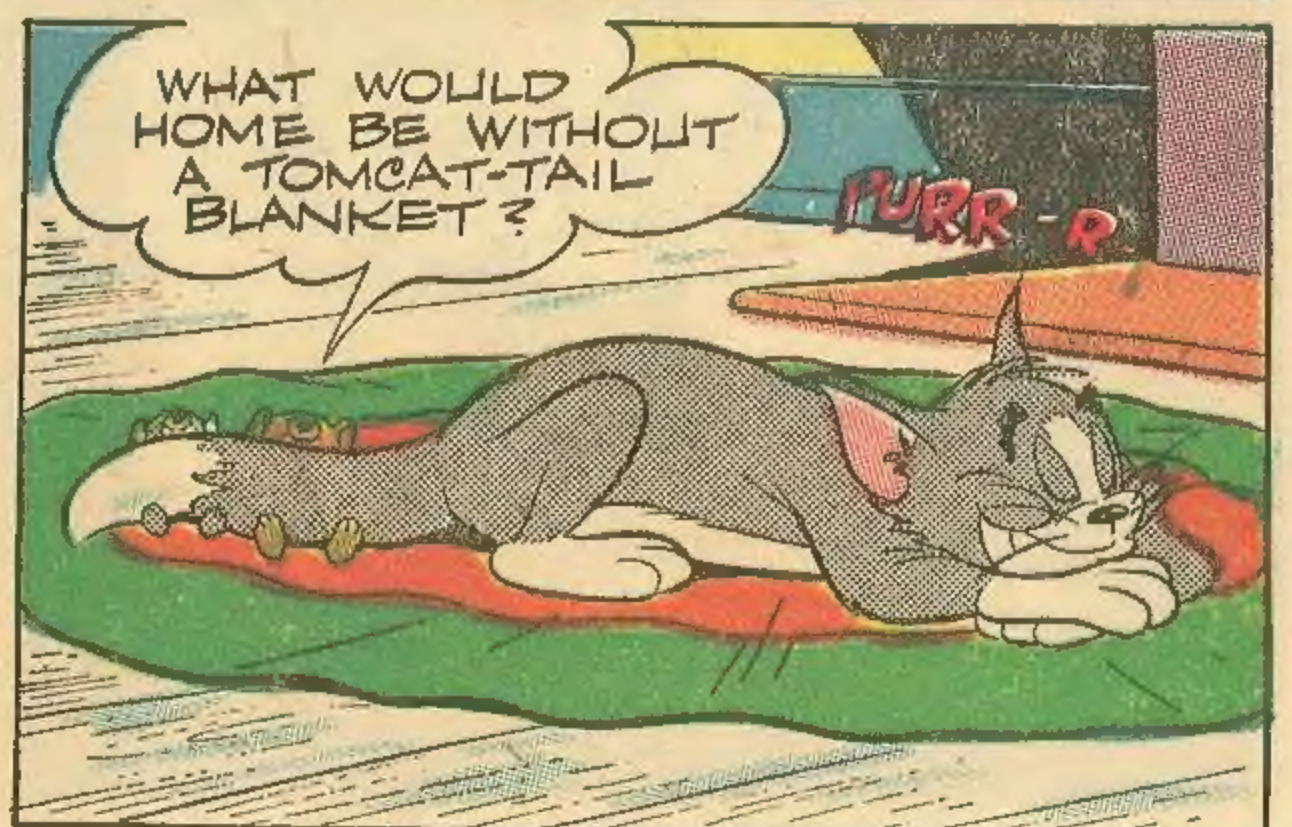
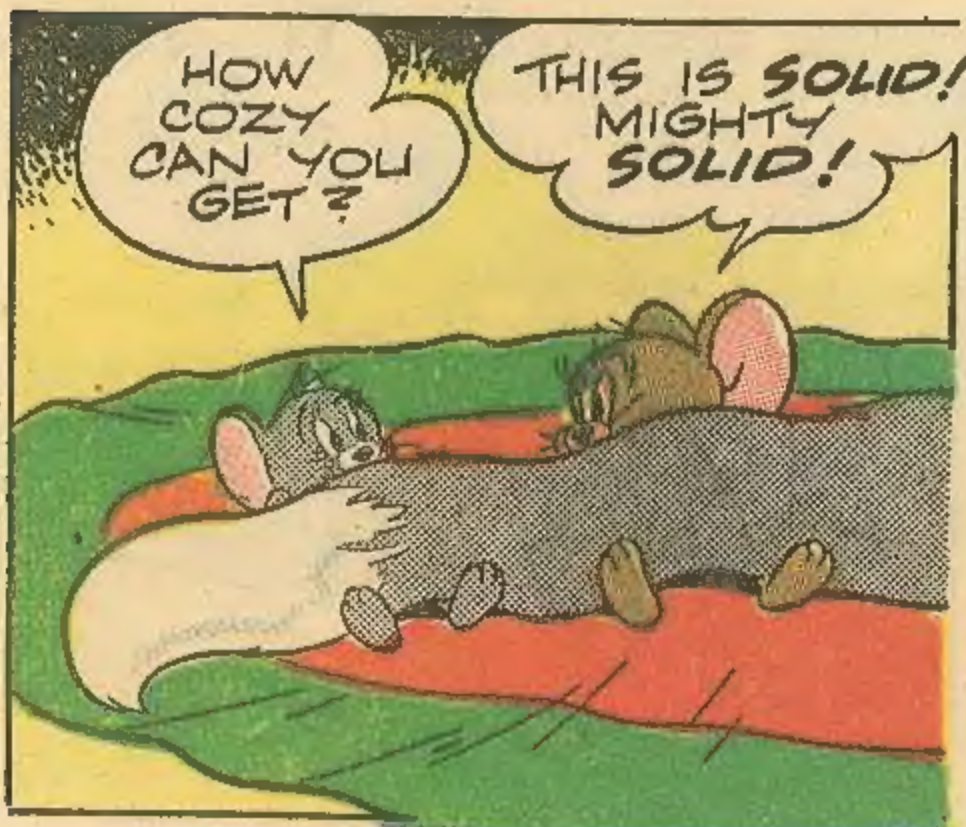
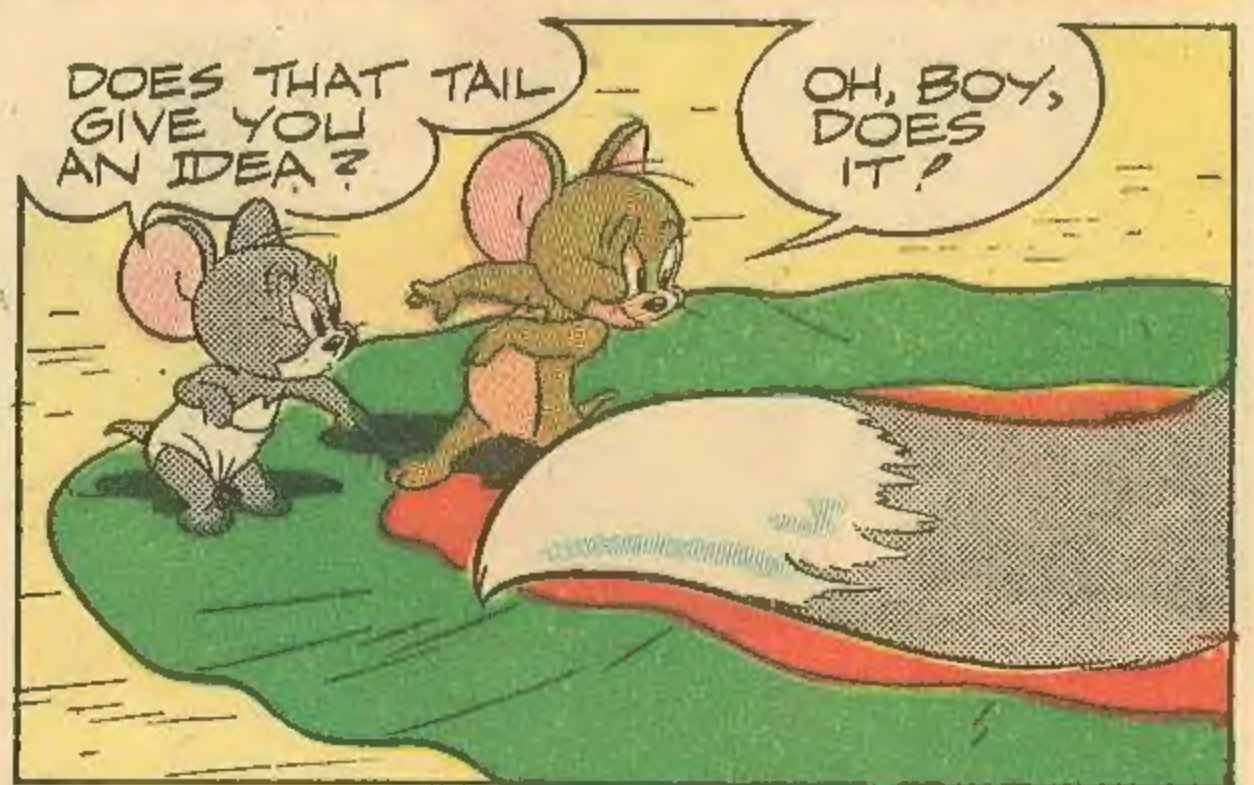
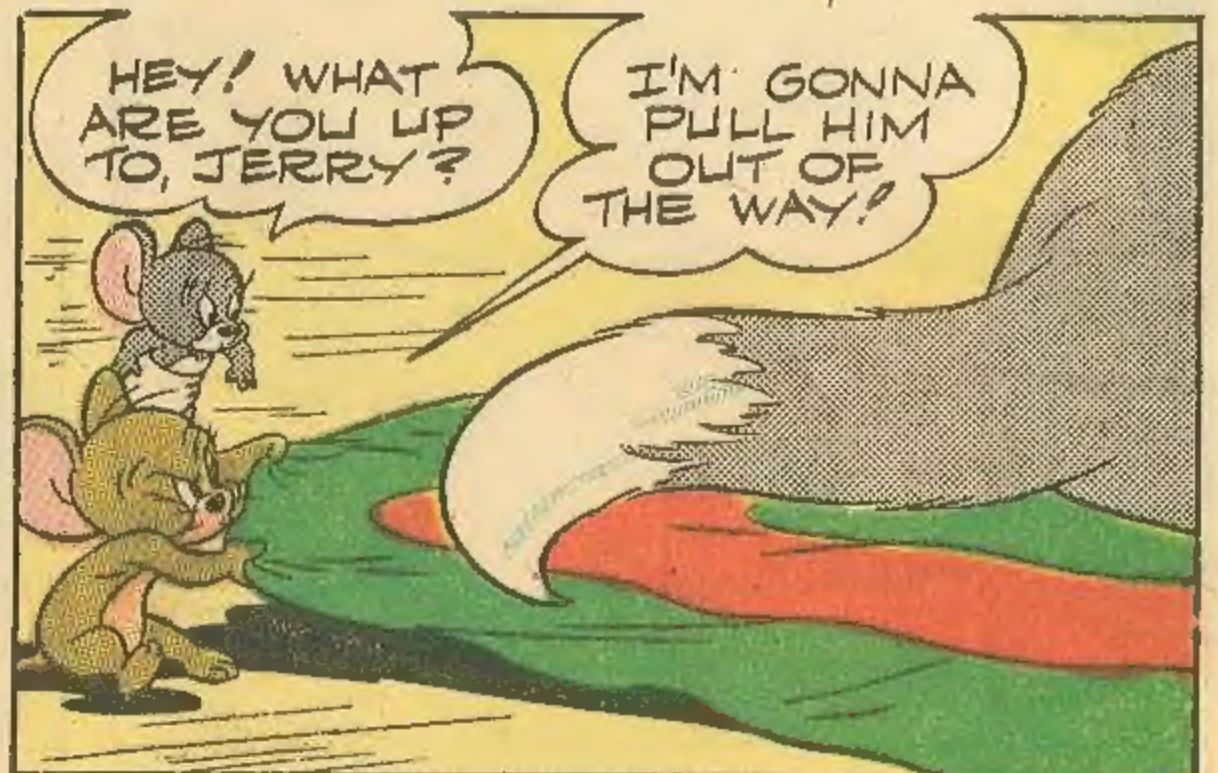
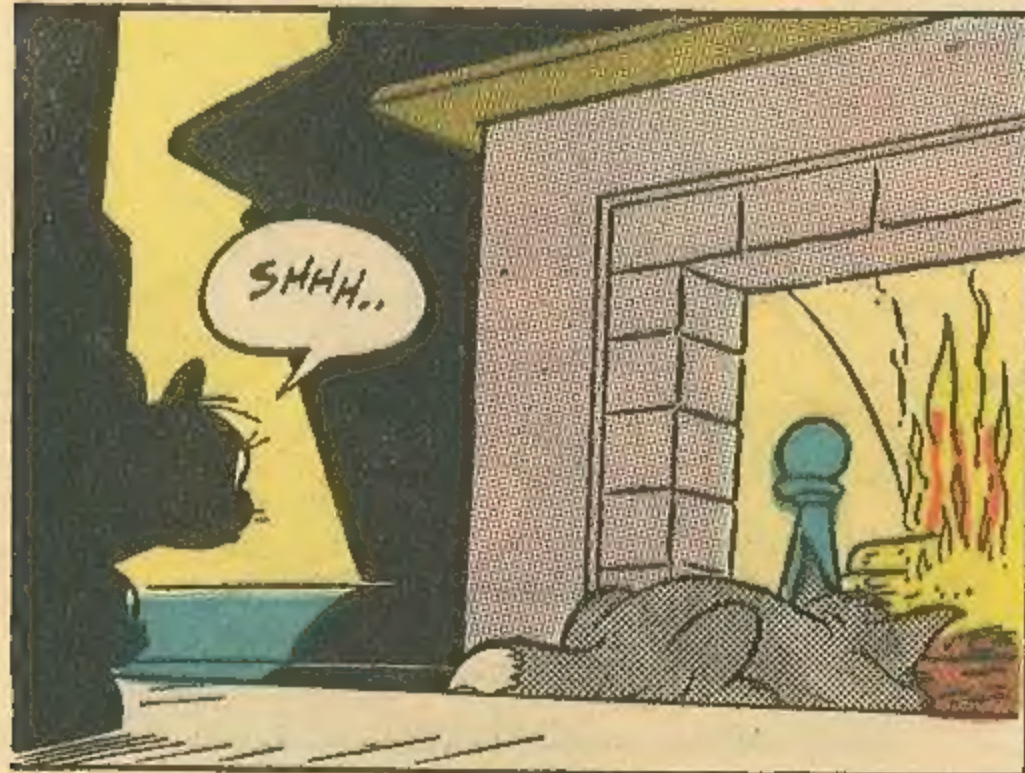
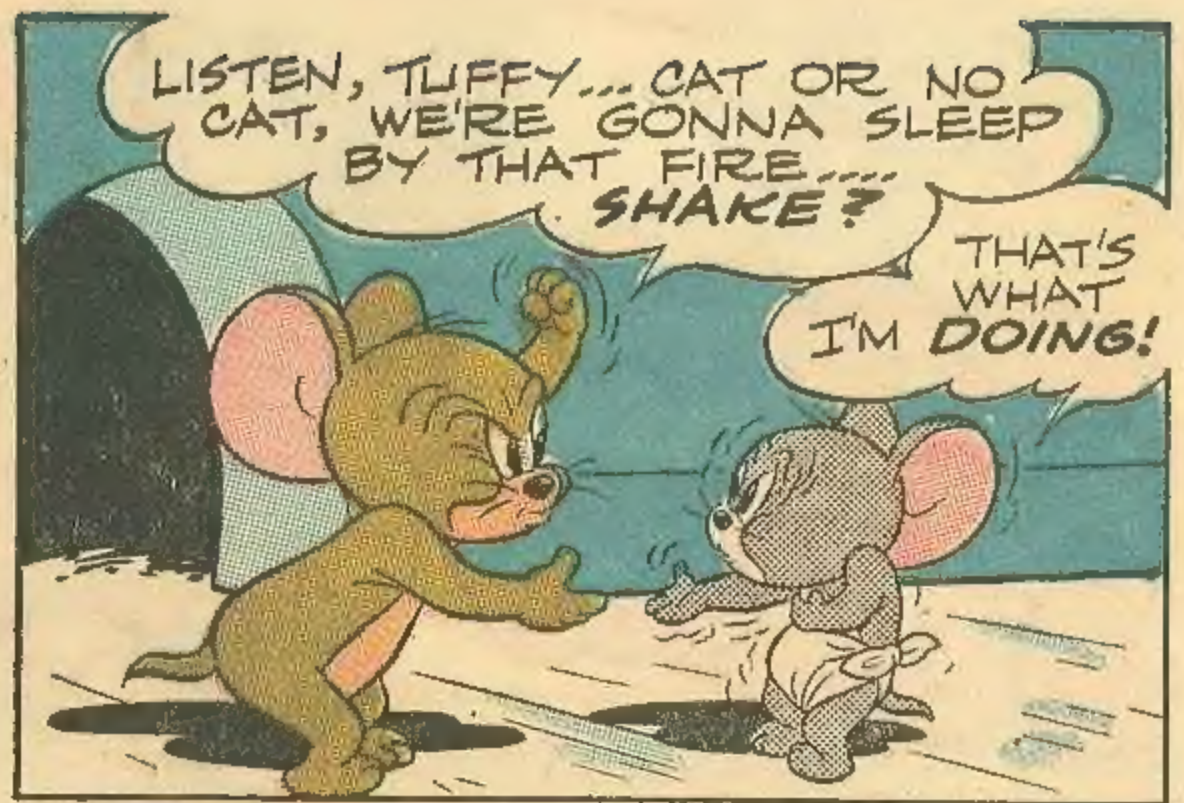
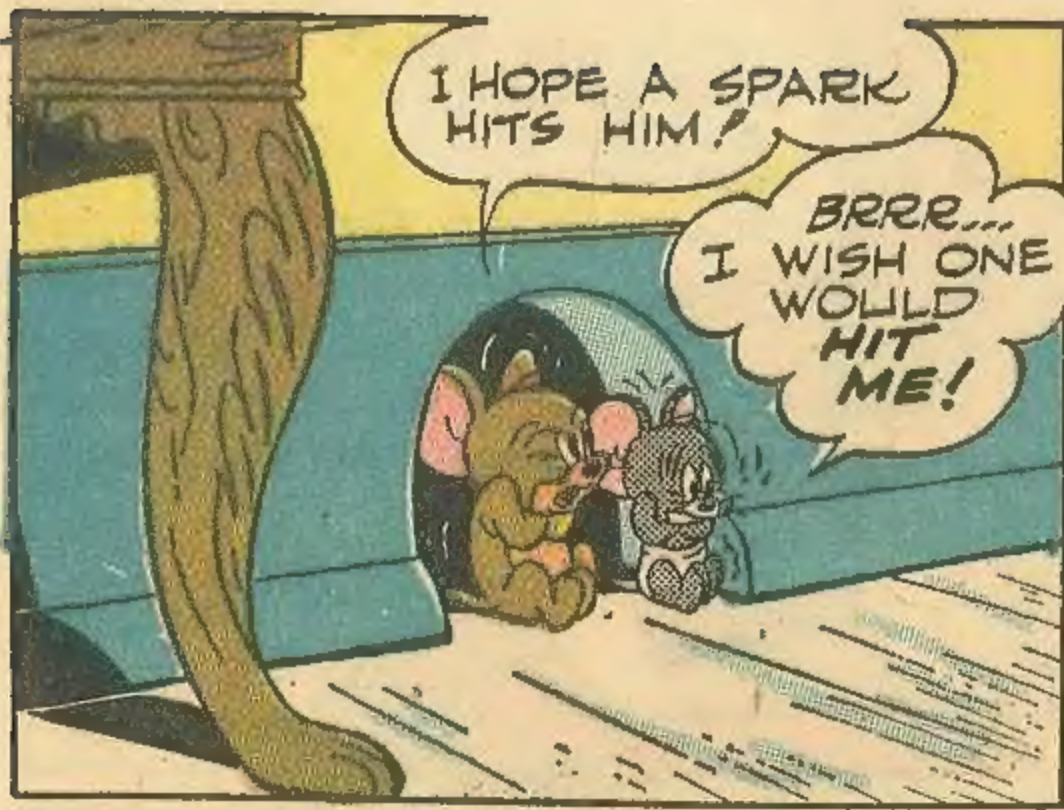
TOM & JERRY COMICS, Vol. 1, No. 90, January, 1952. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Re-entered as second-class matter May 9, 1949, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions in U. S. A., \$1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, \$2.00 per year; Canadian subscriptions \$1.20 per year. Copyright, 1951, by Loew's Incorporated. Printed in U. S. A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

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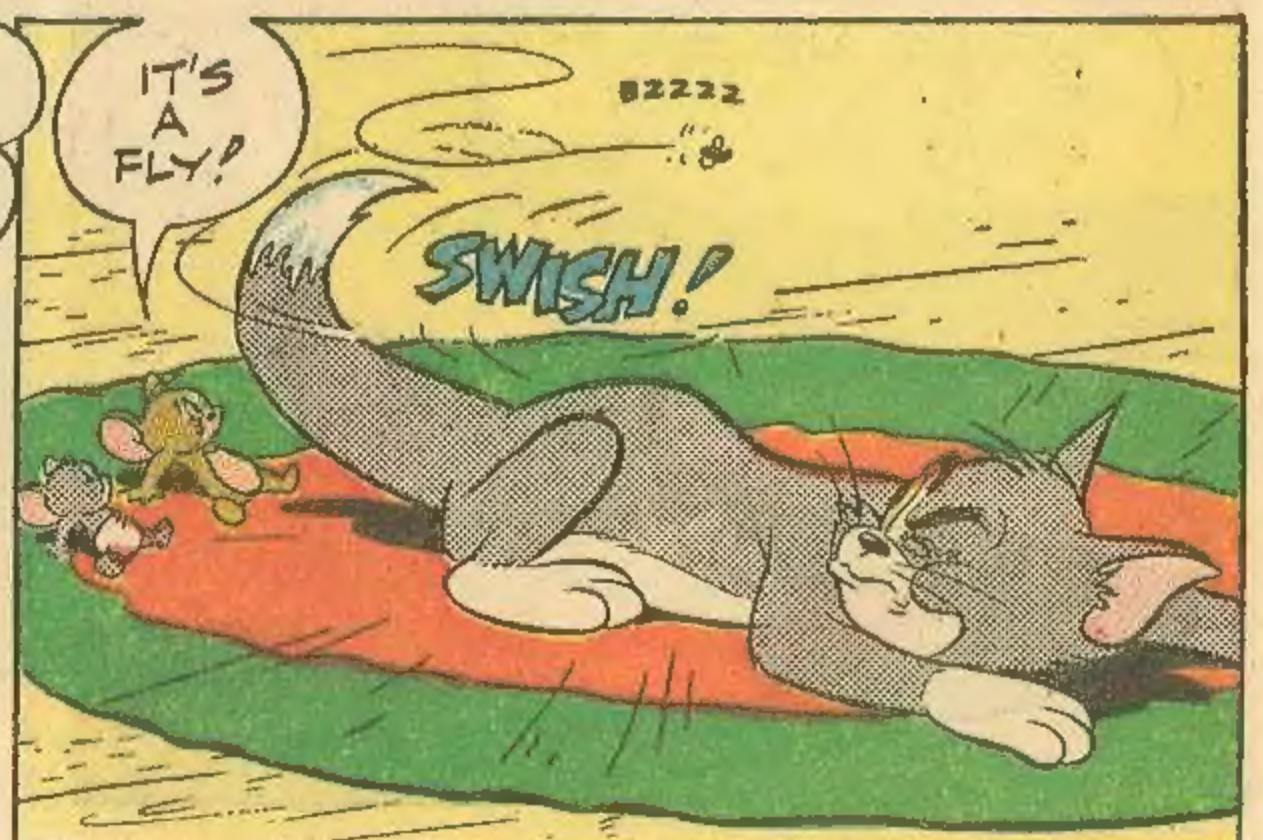
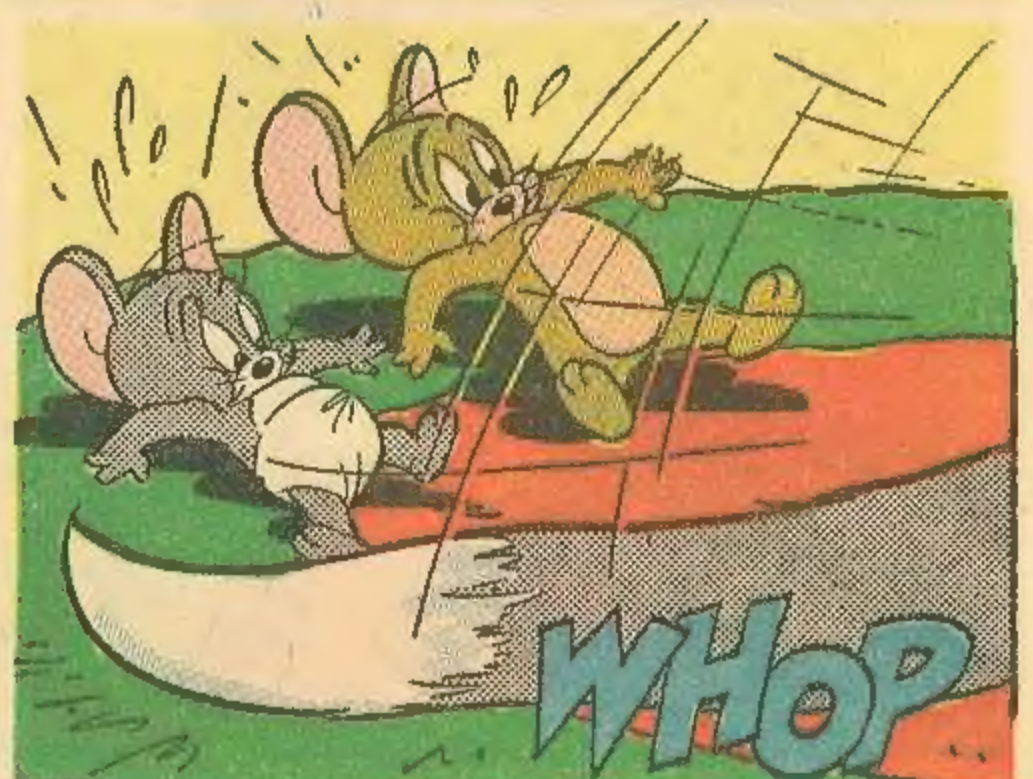
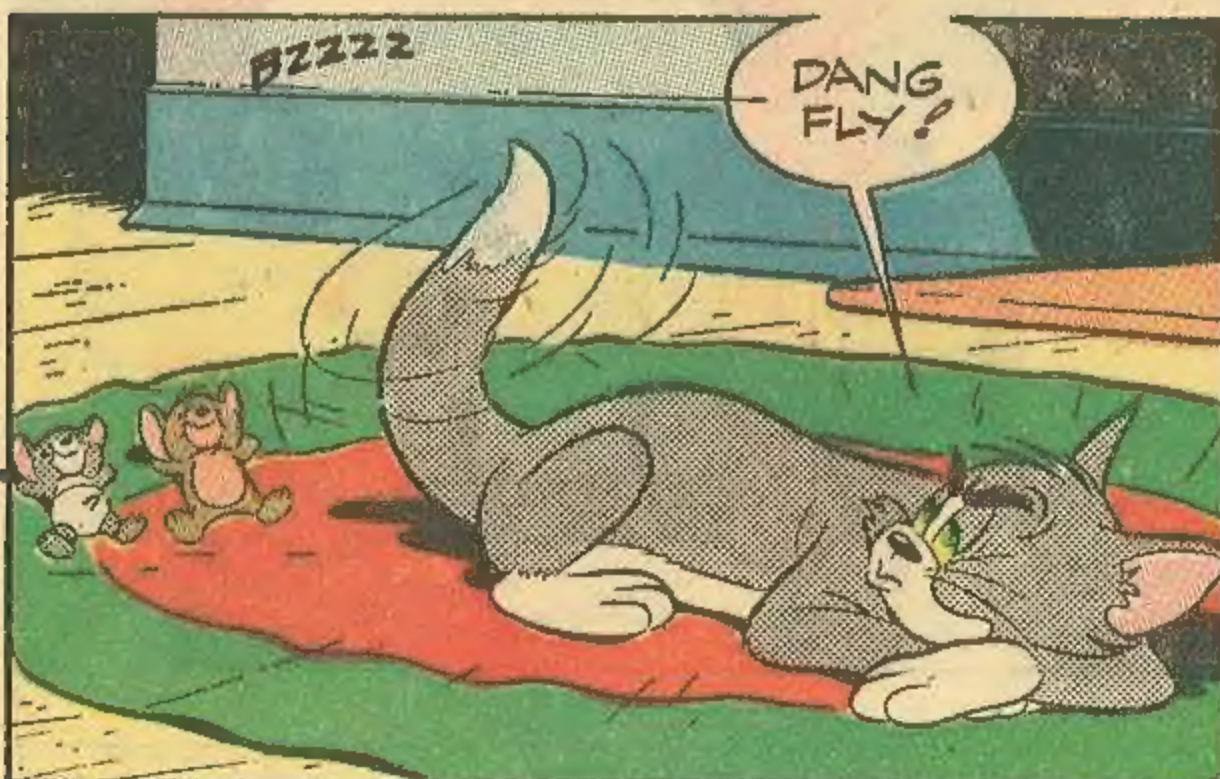
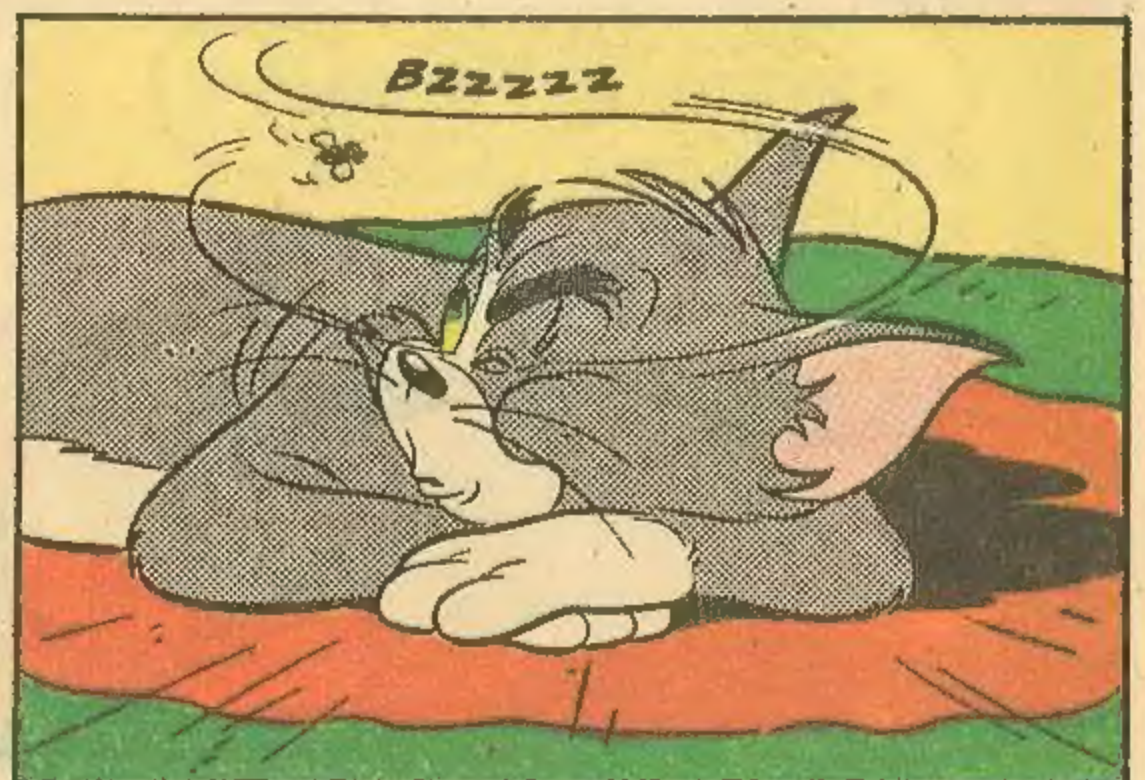
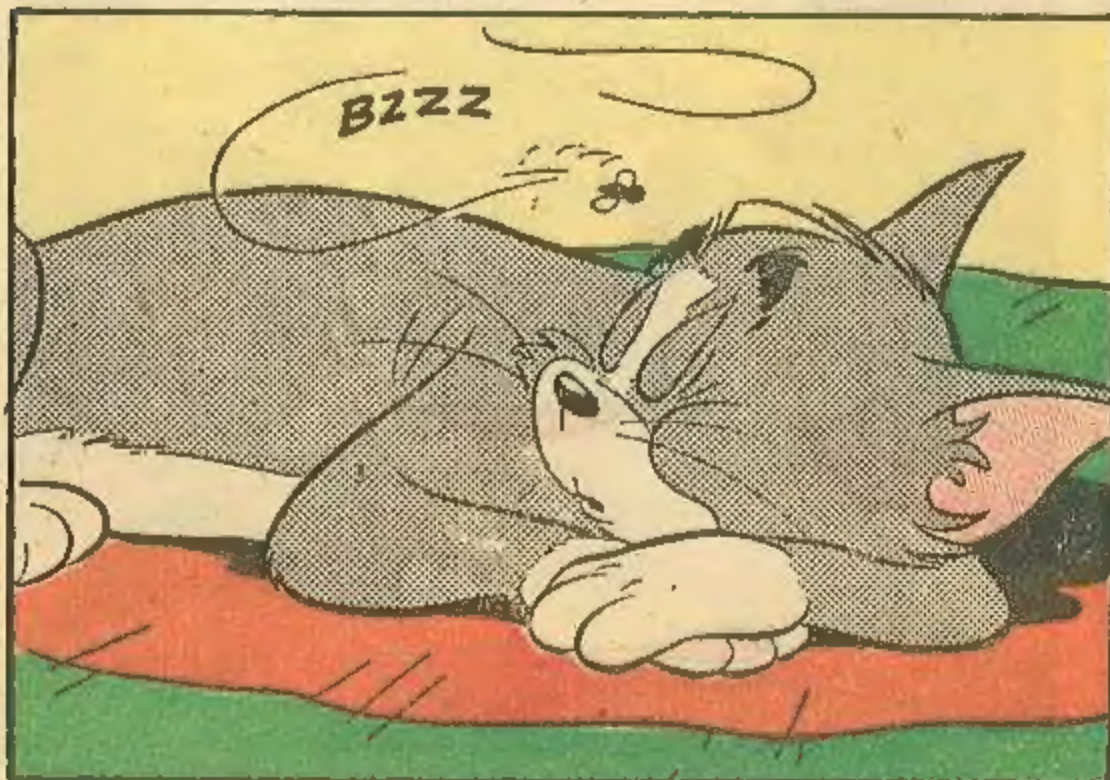




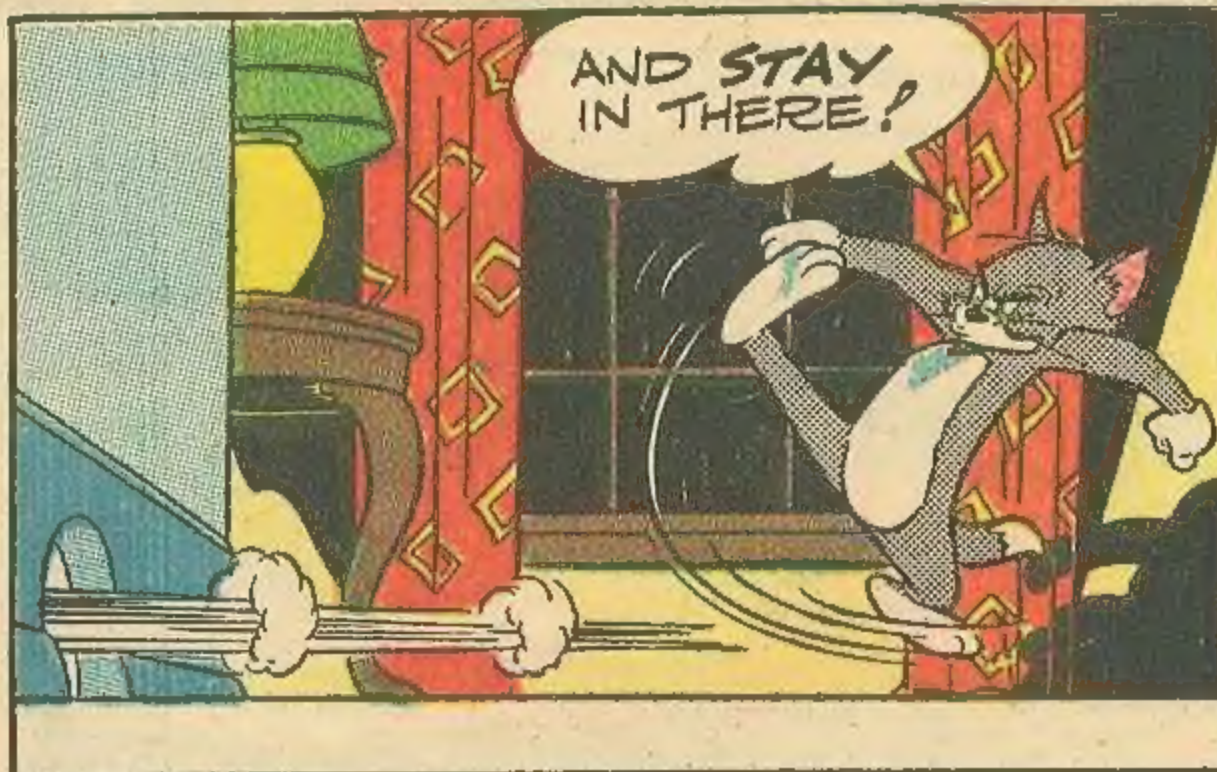
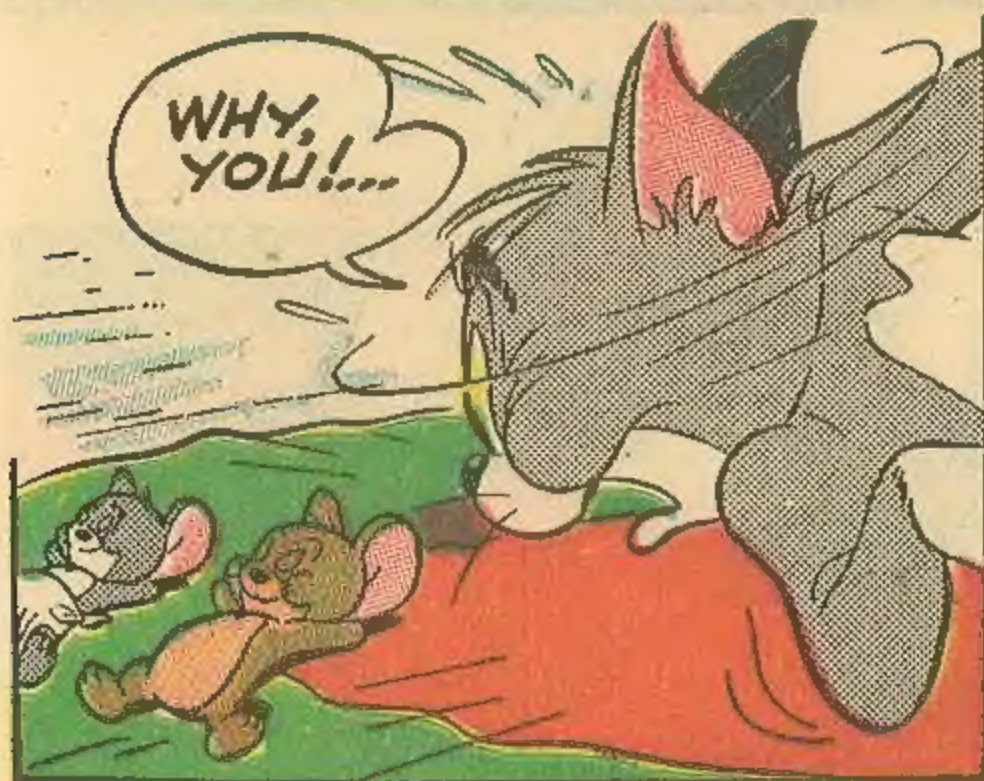
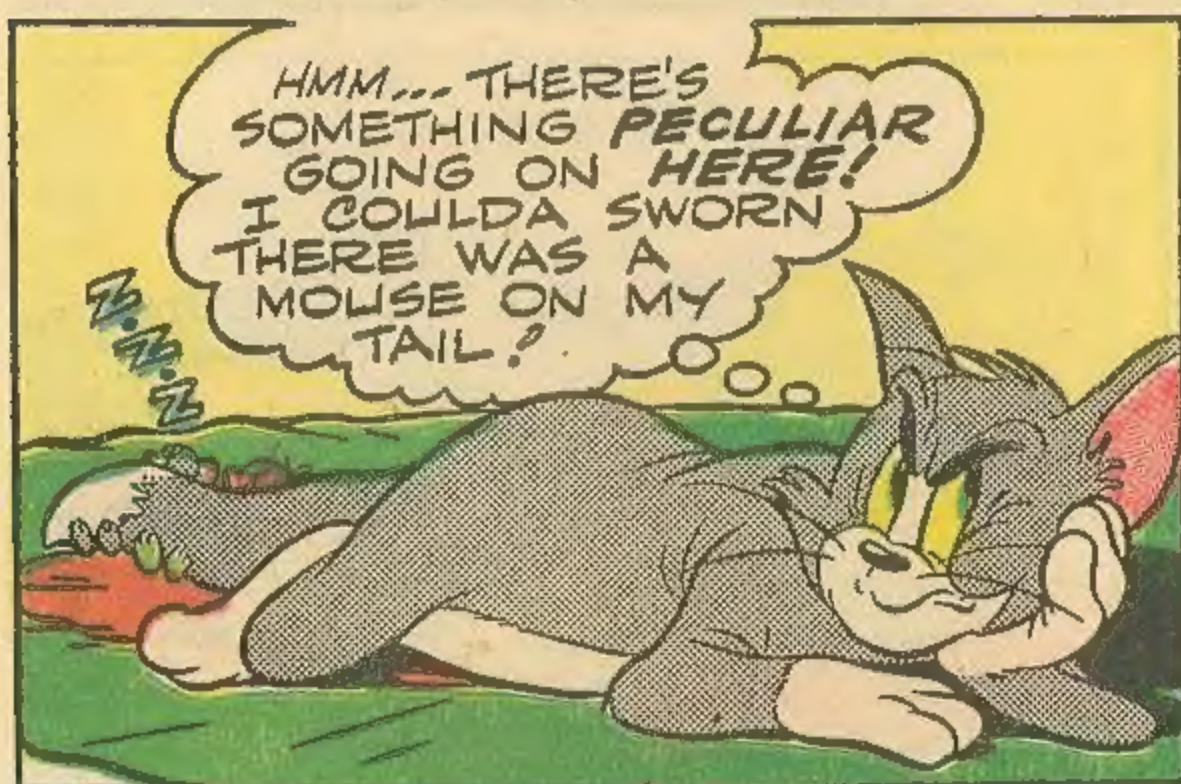
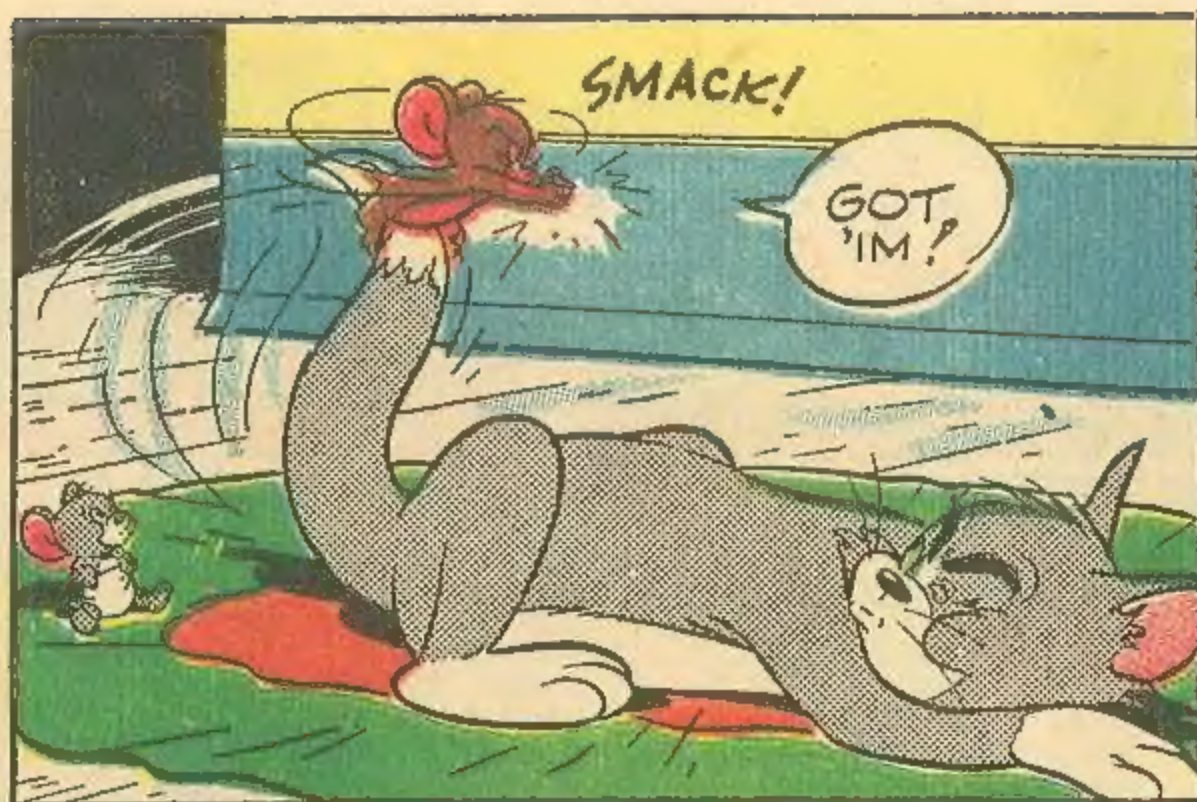
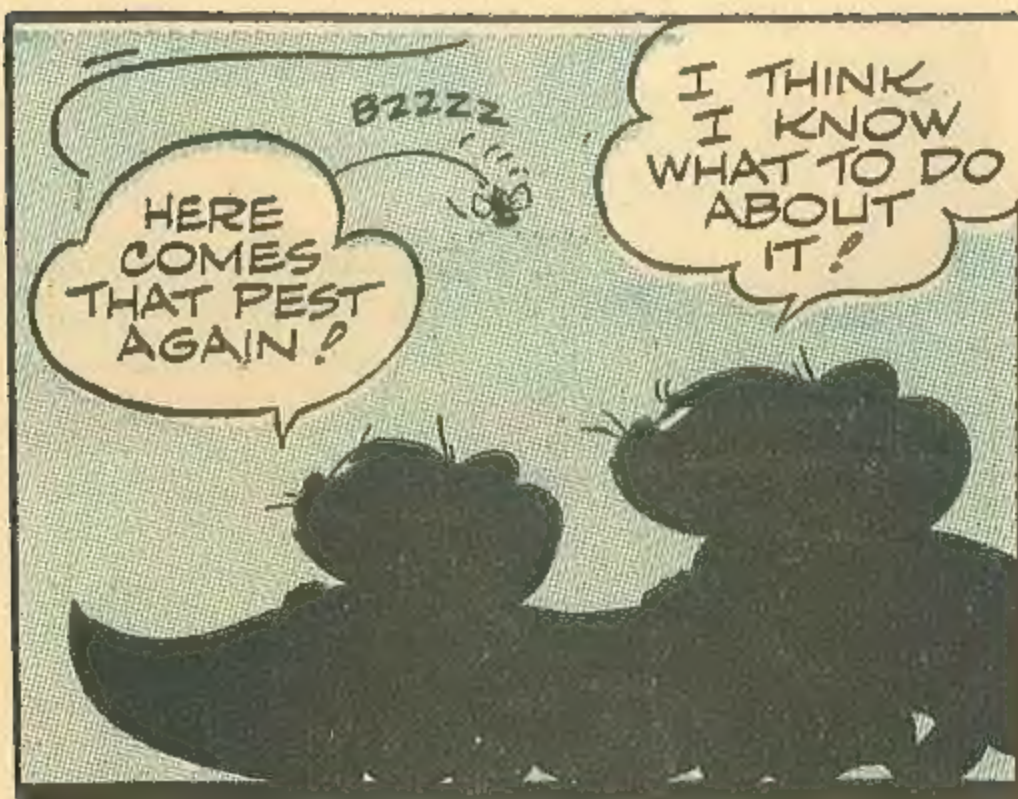




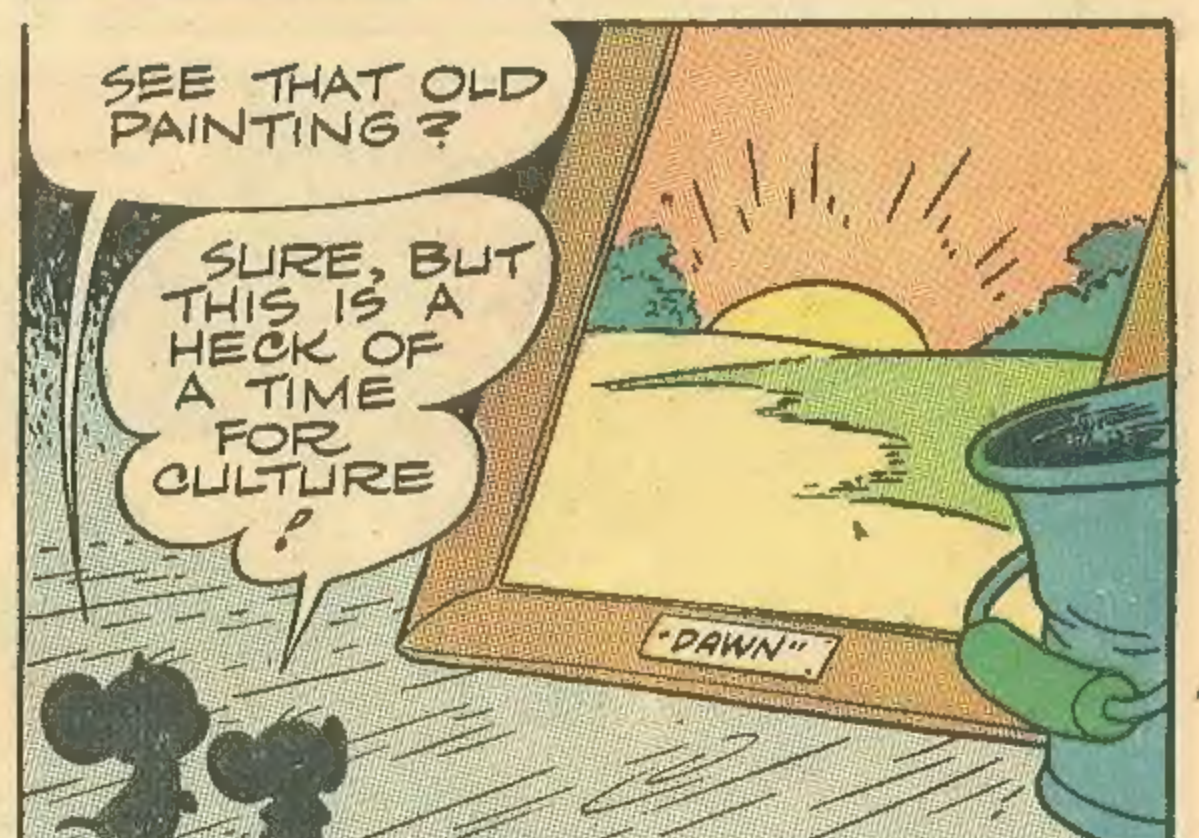
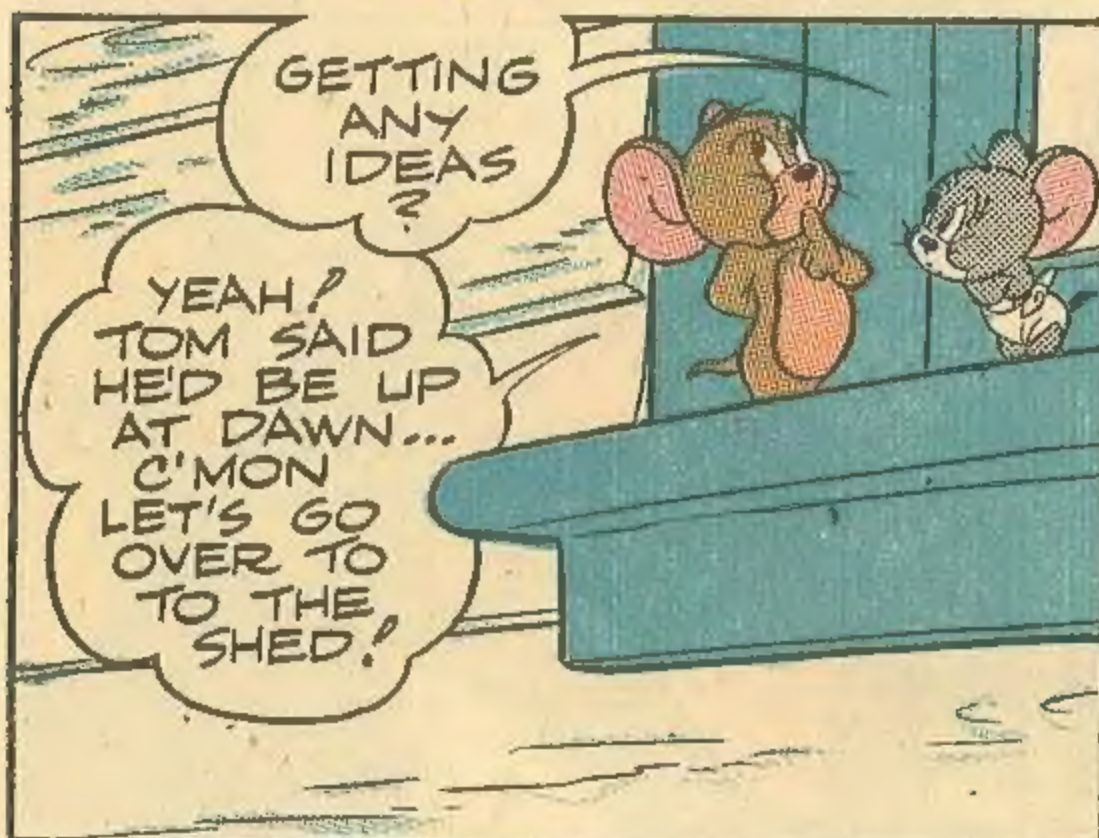
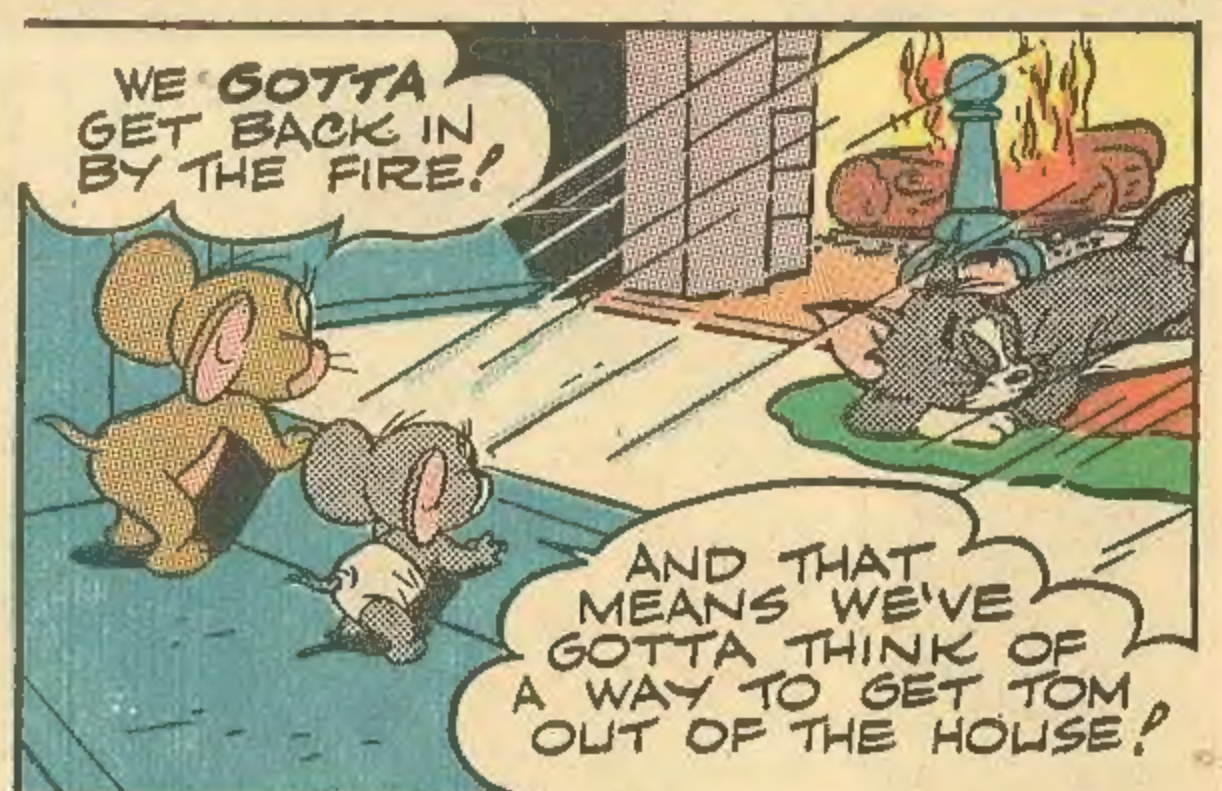
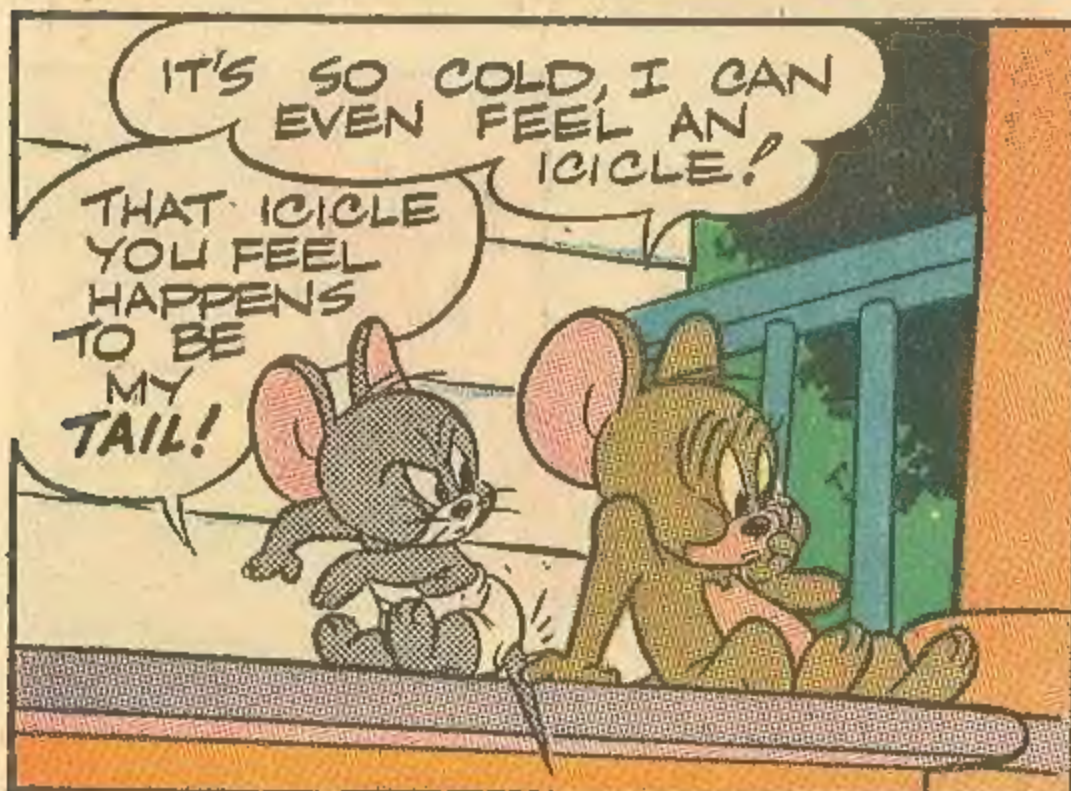
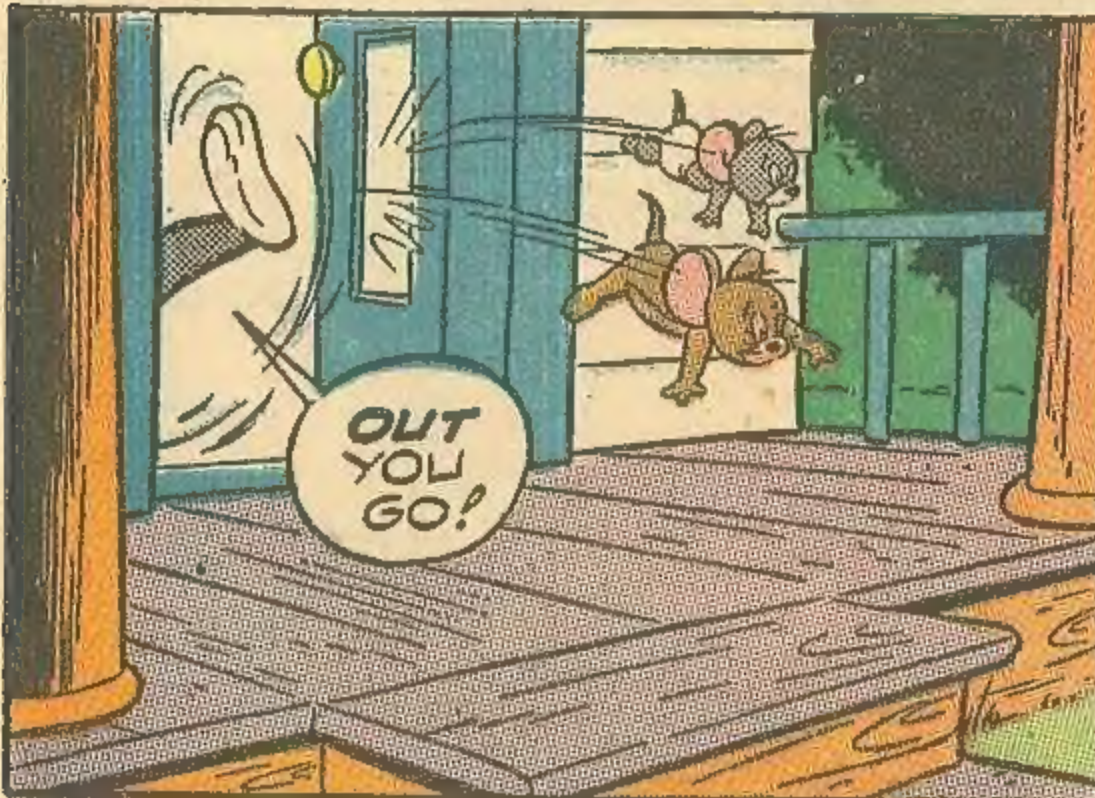
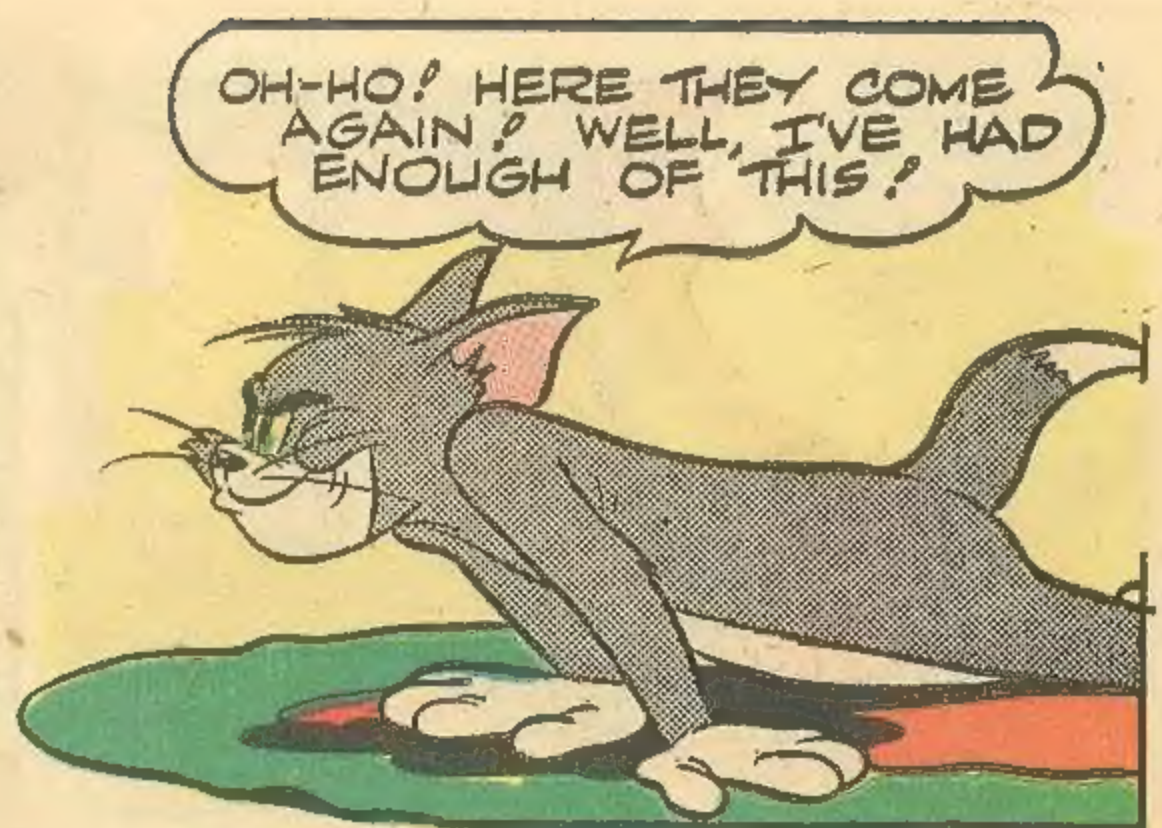




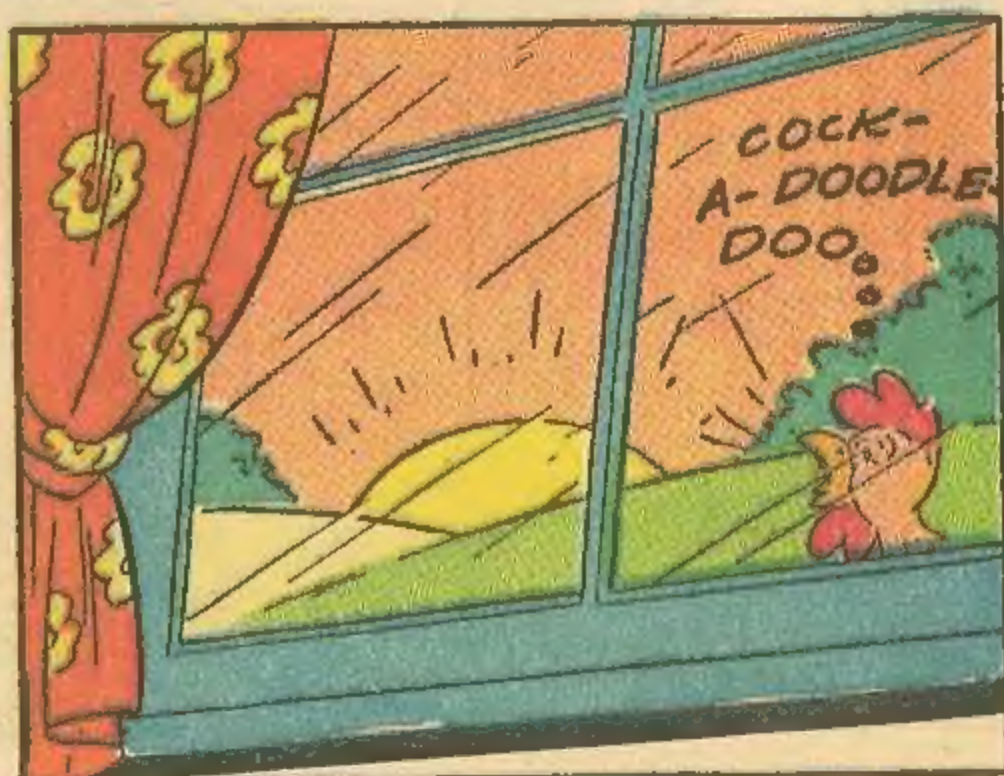
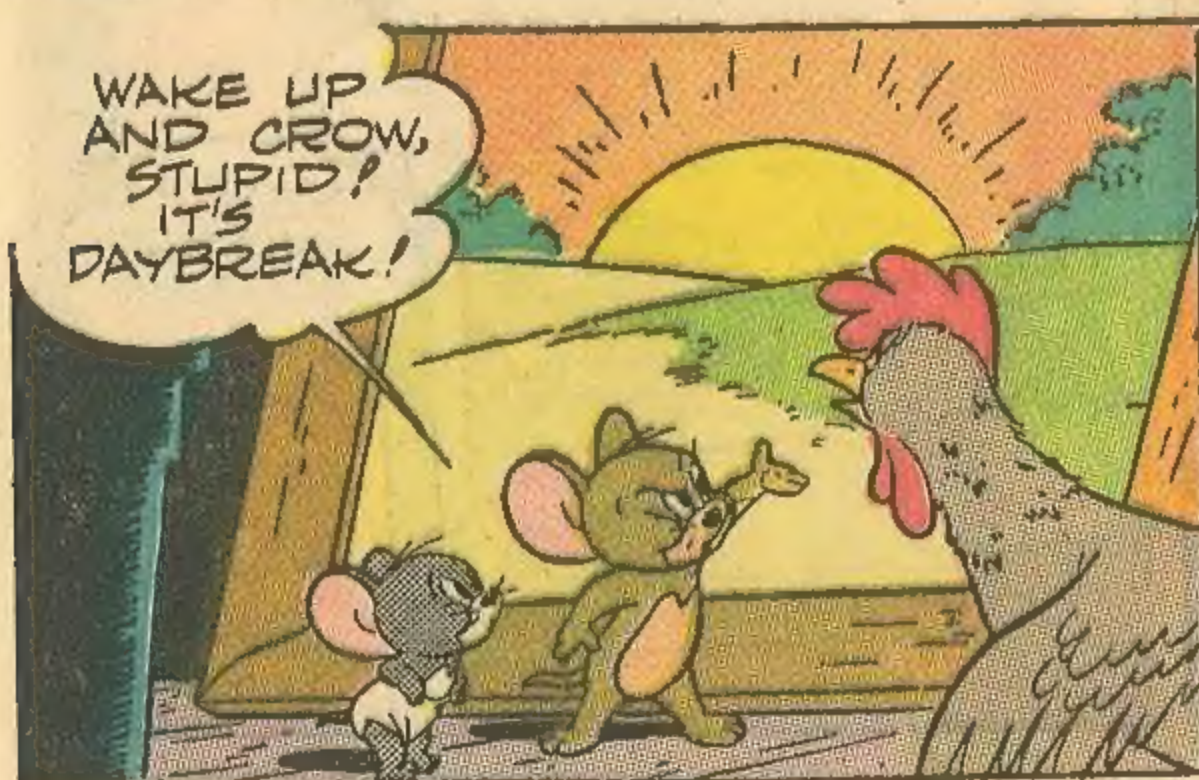
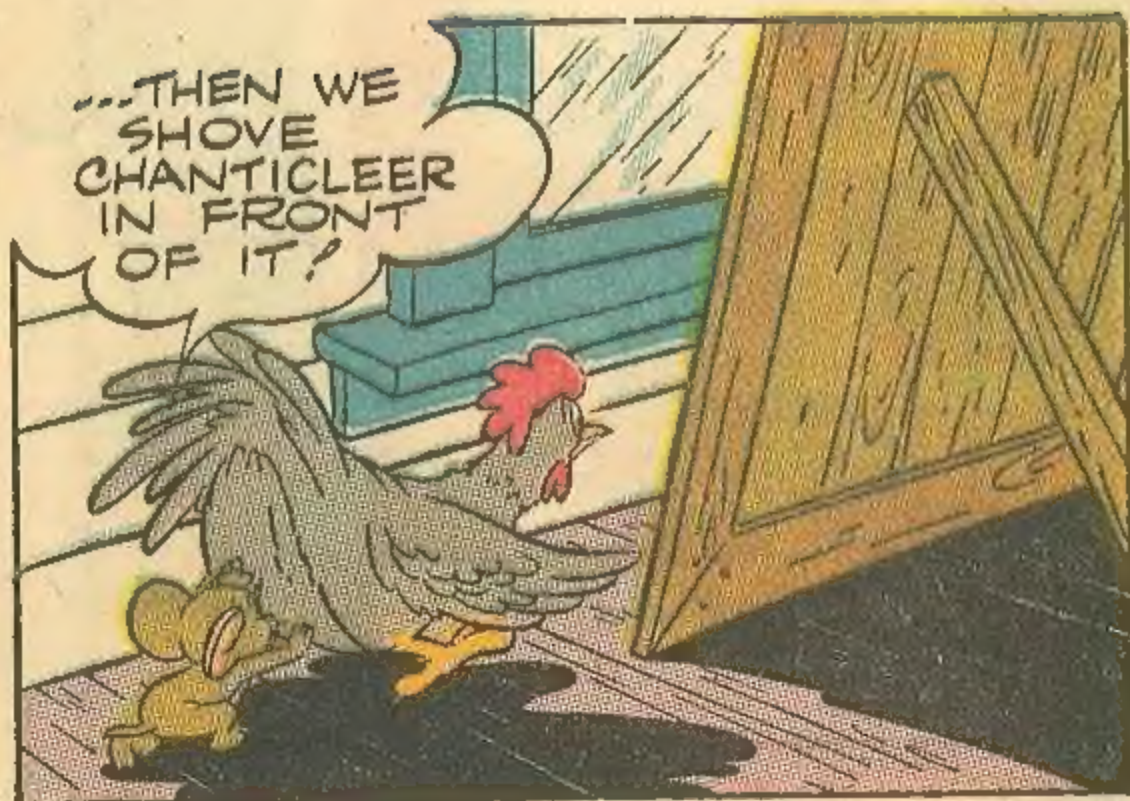
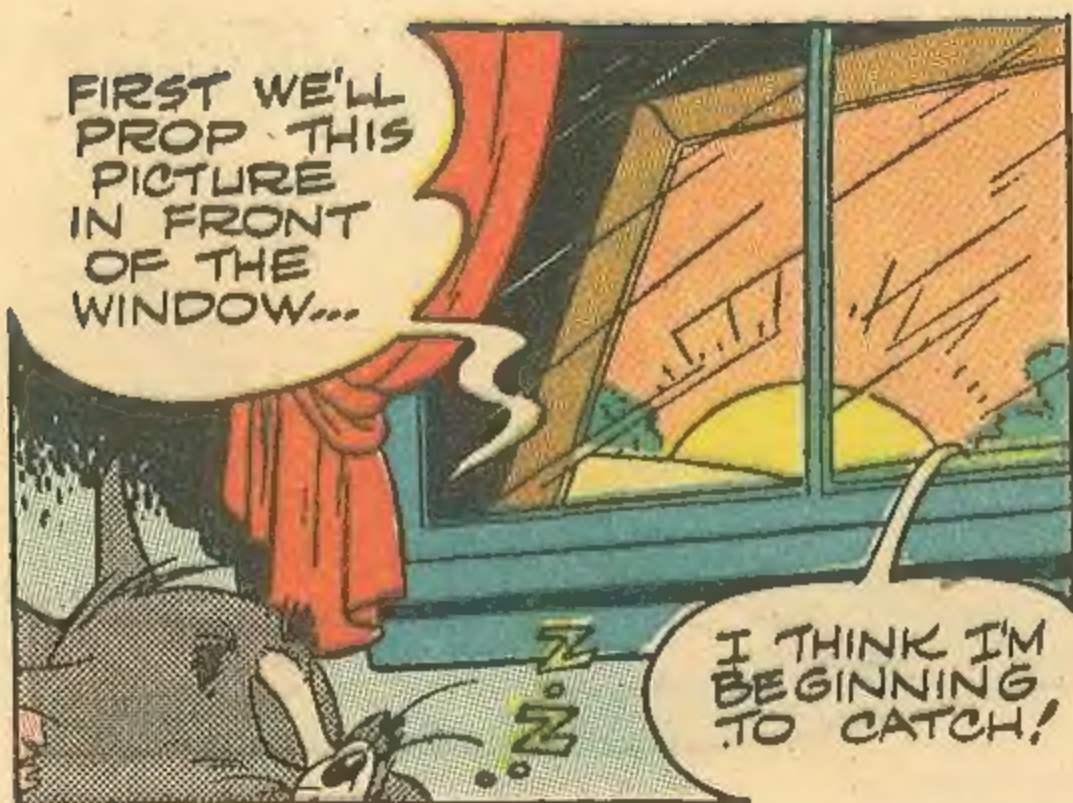




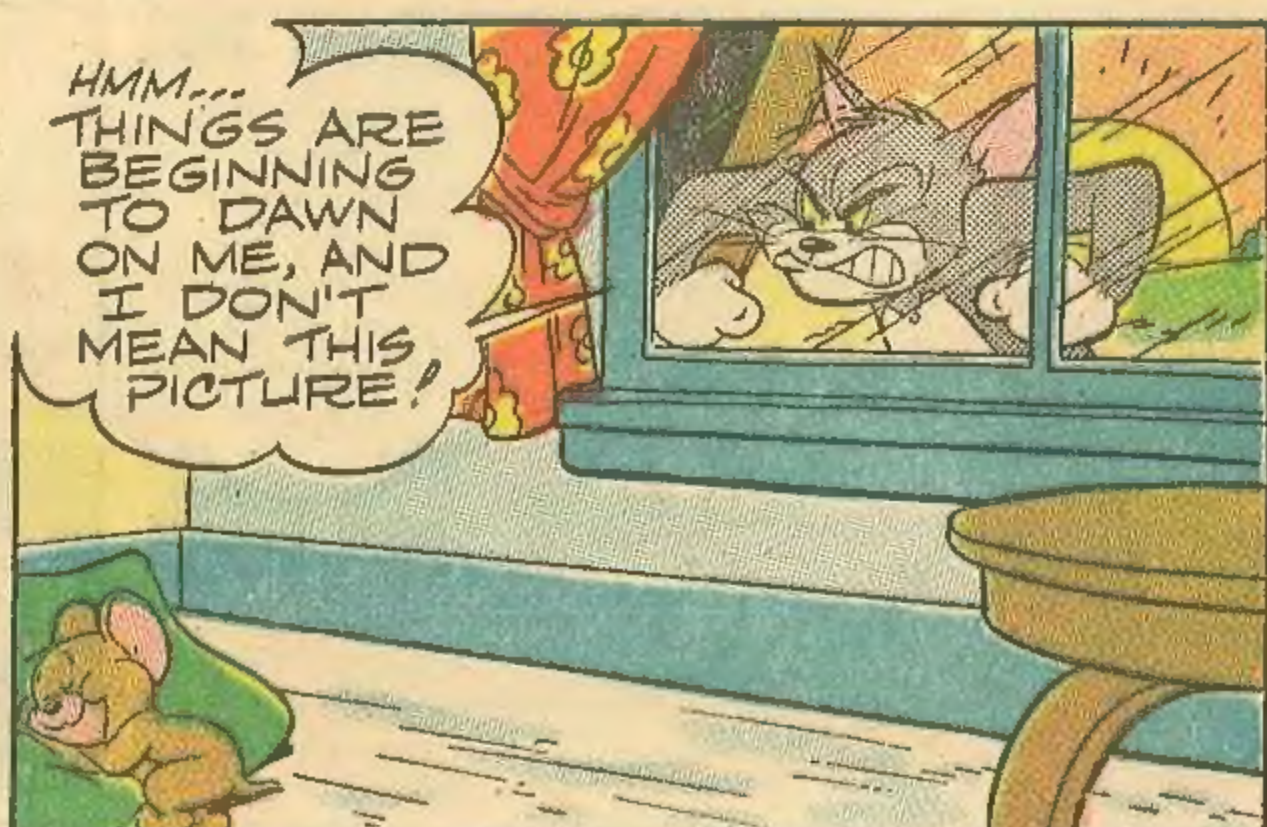
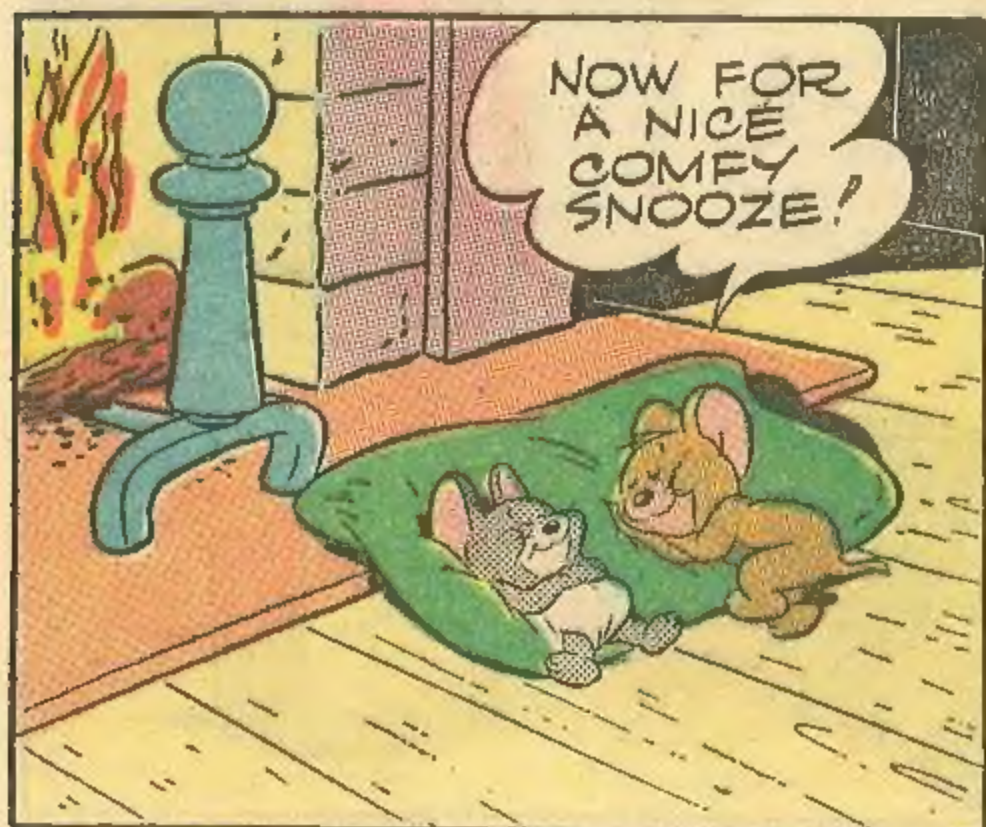
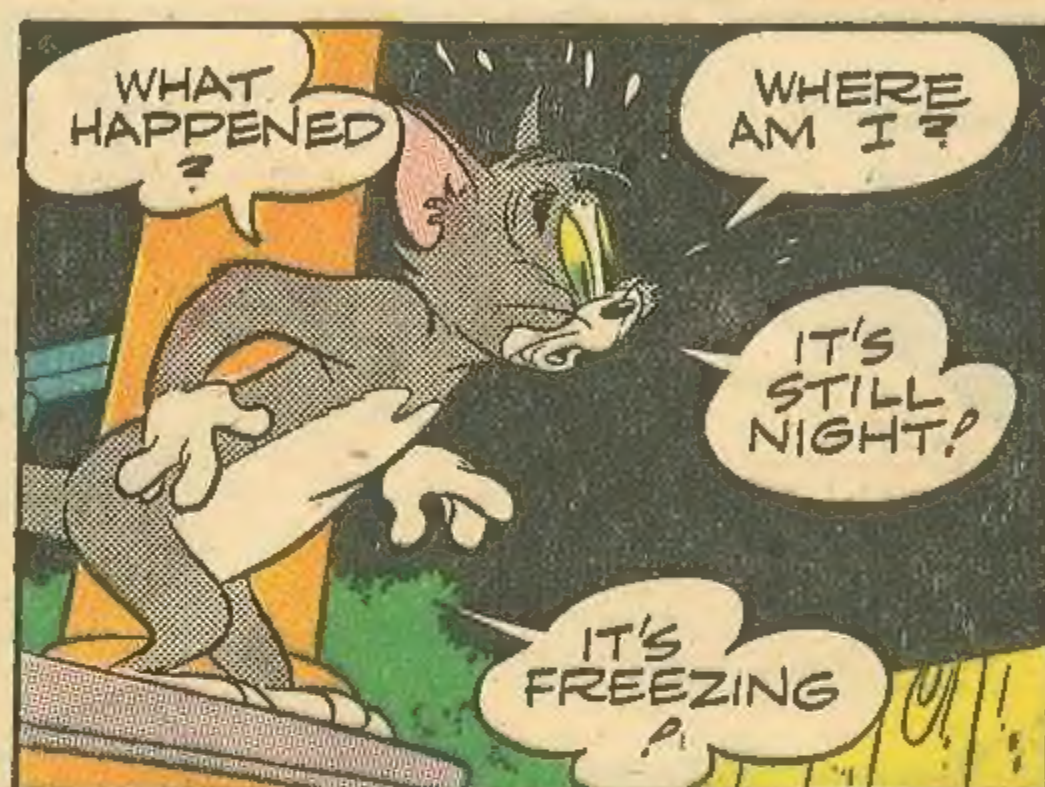
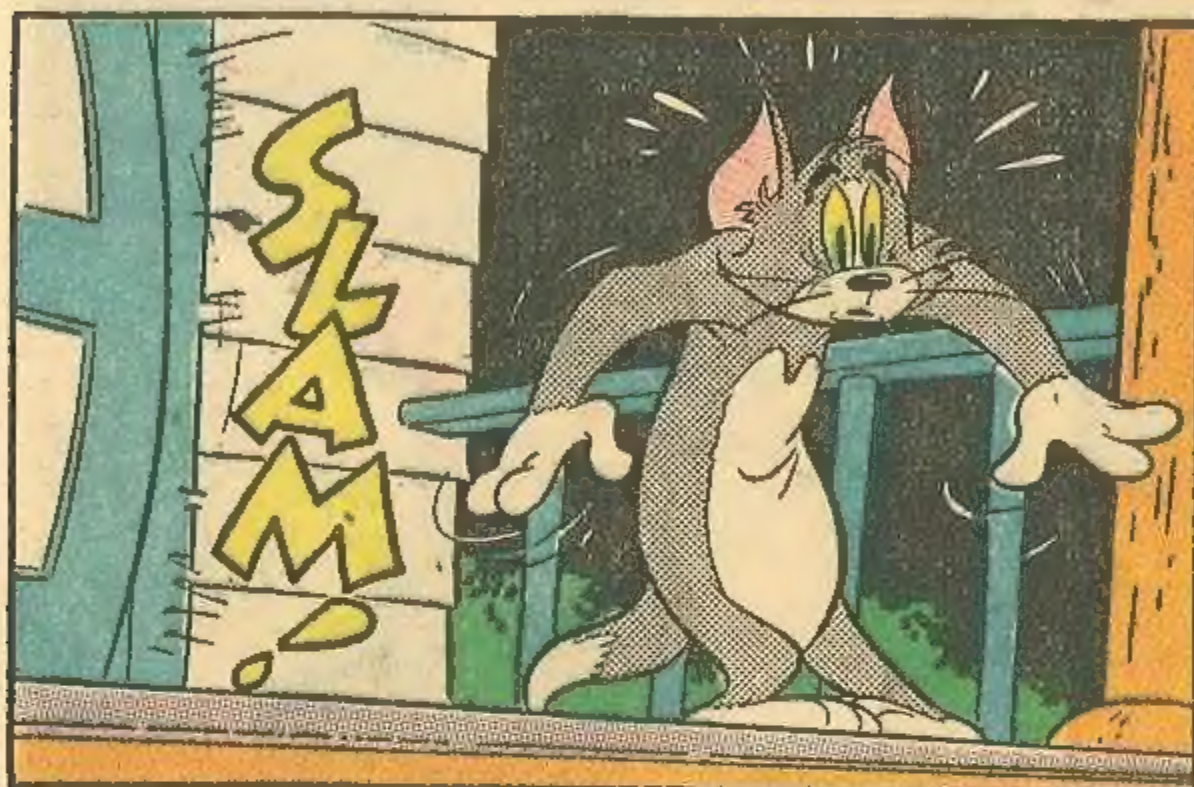
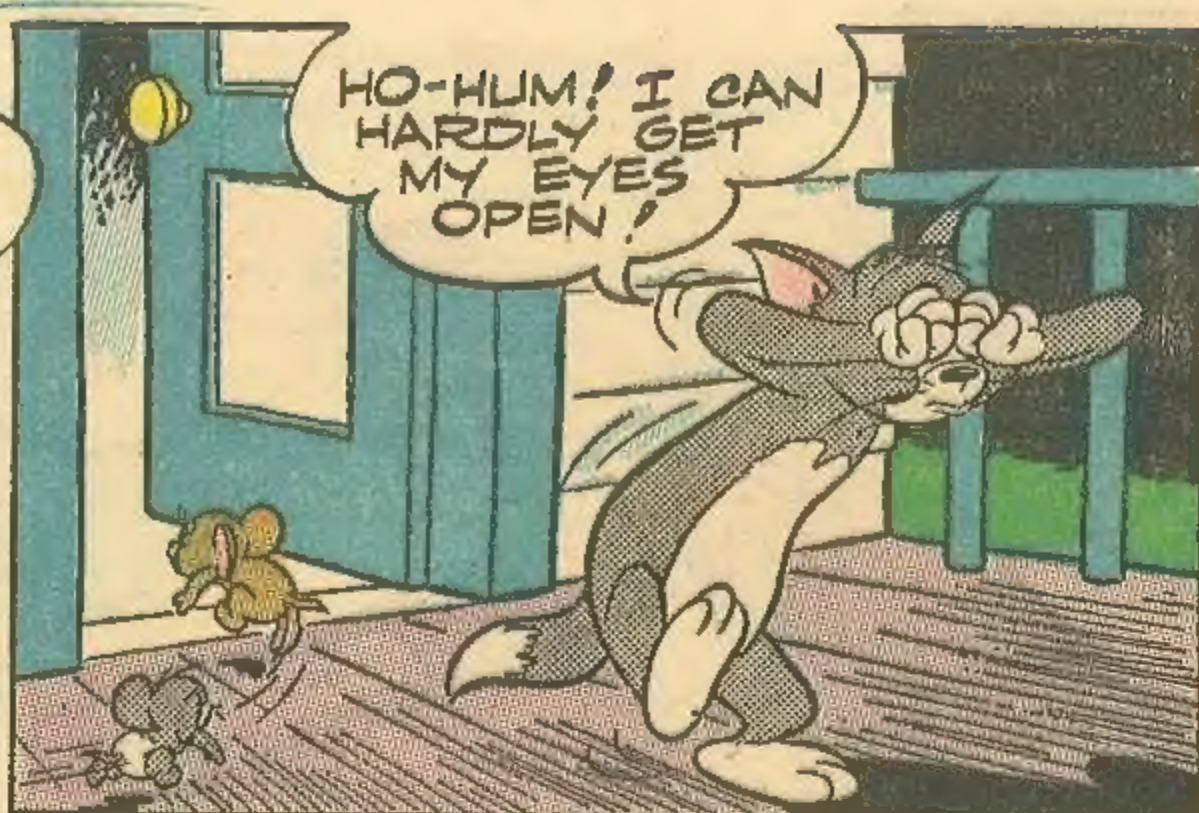




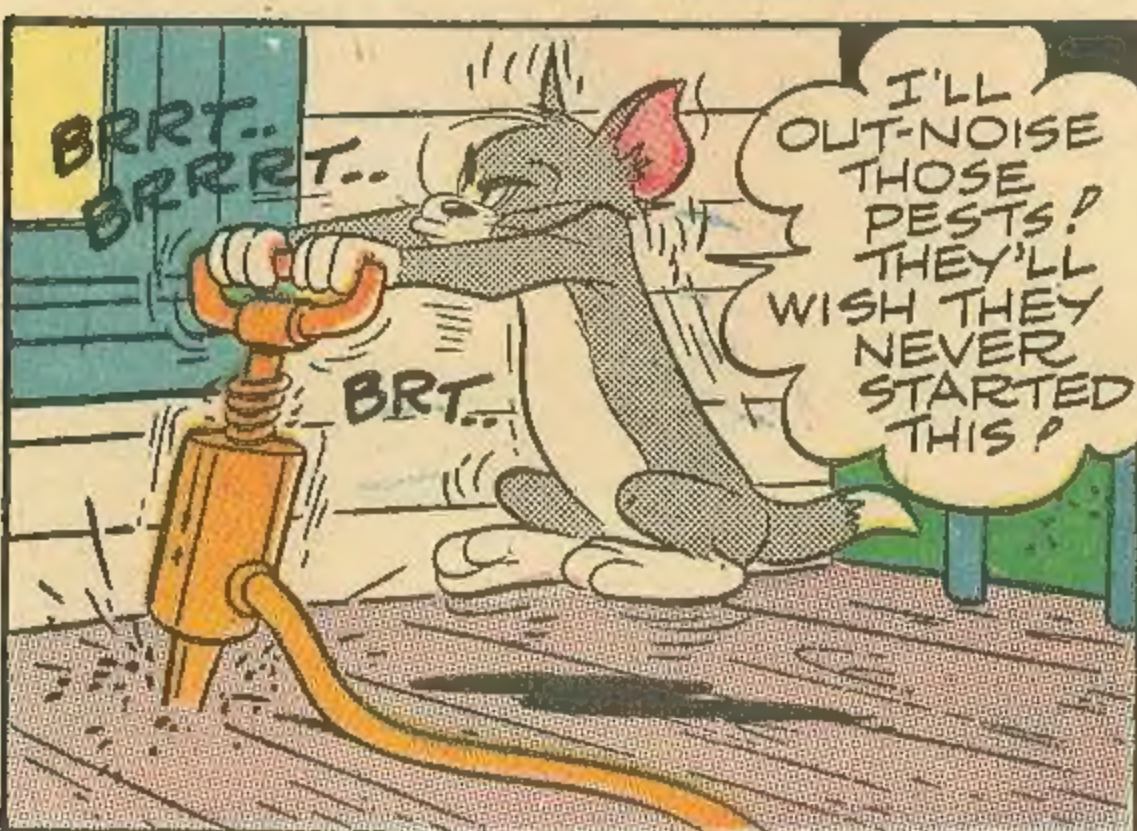
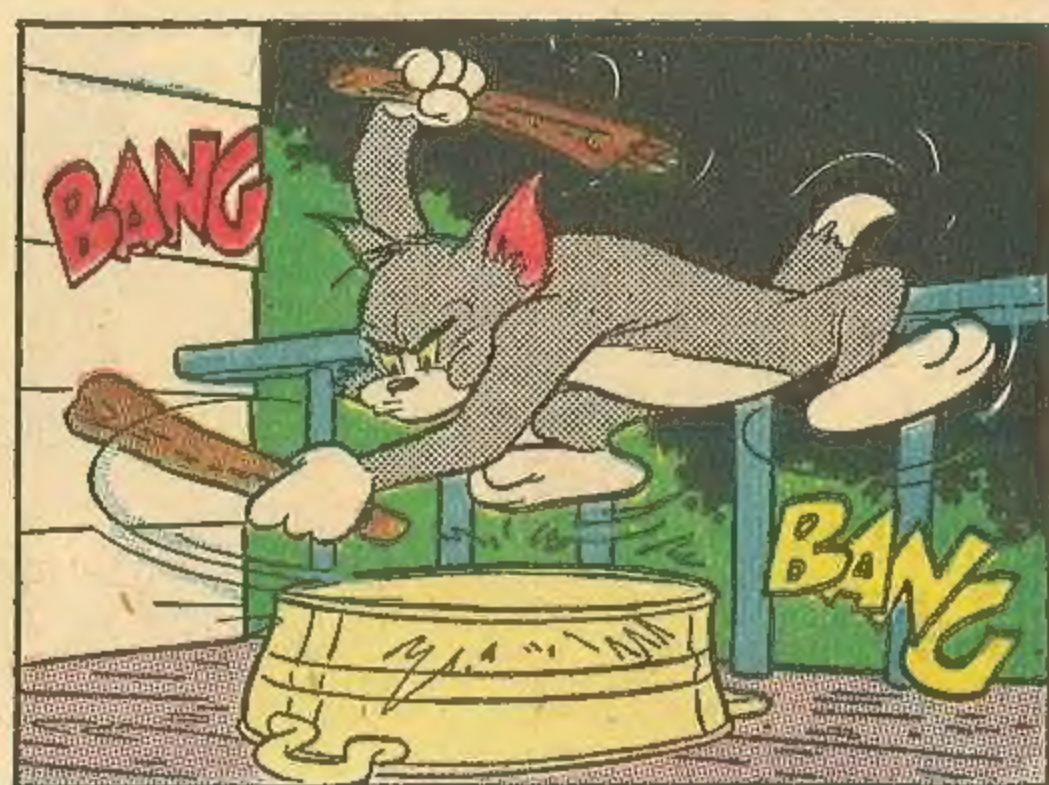
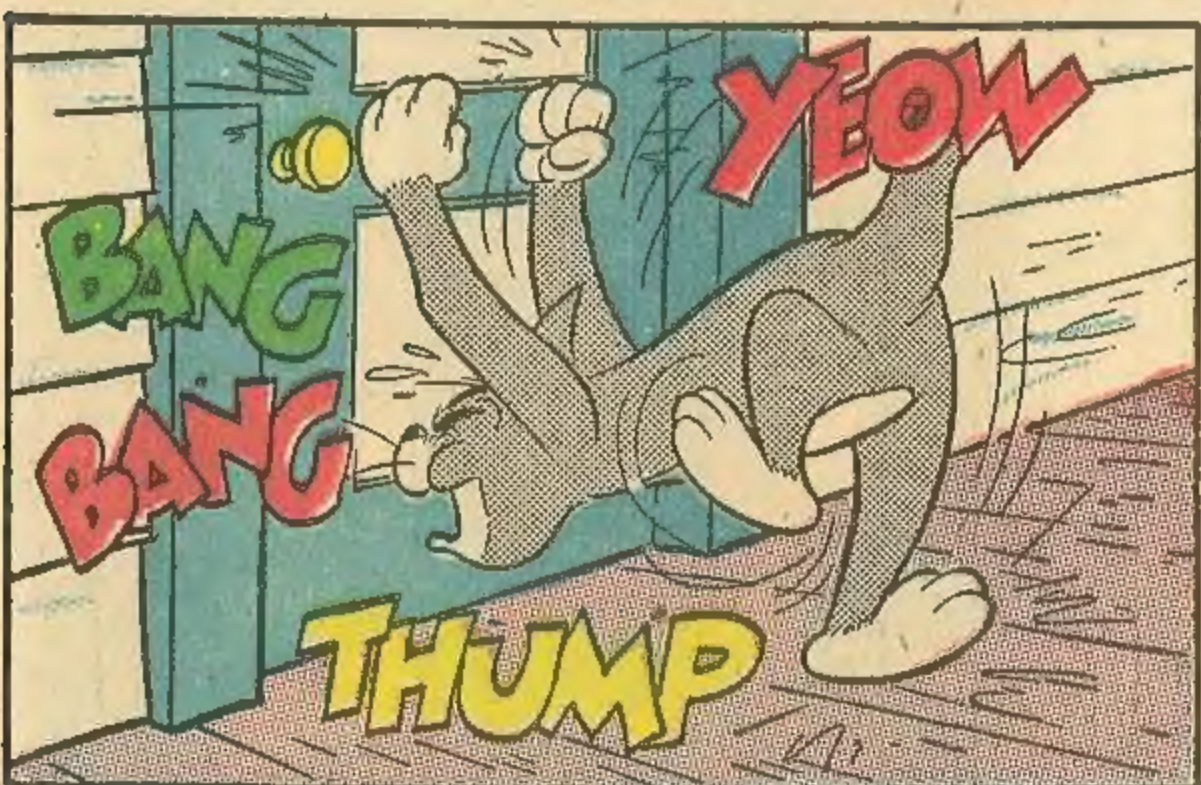
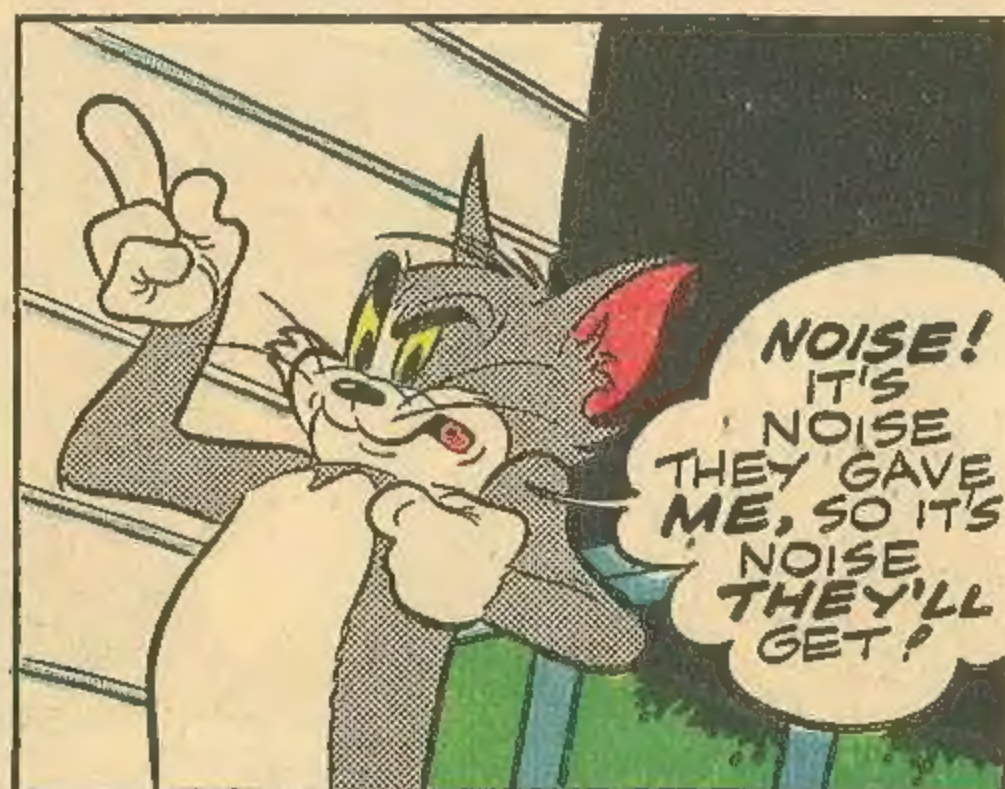
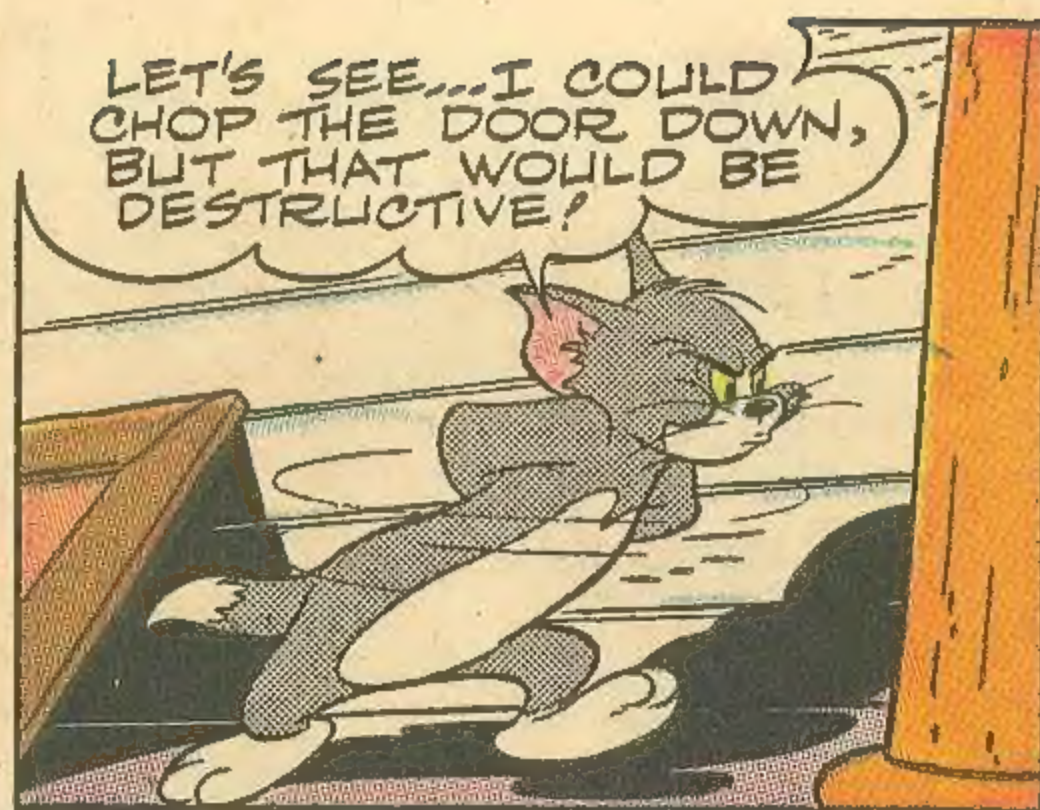




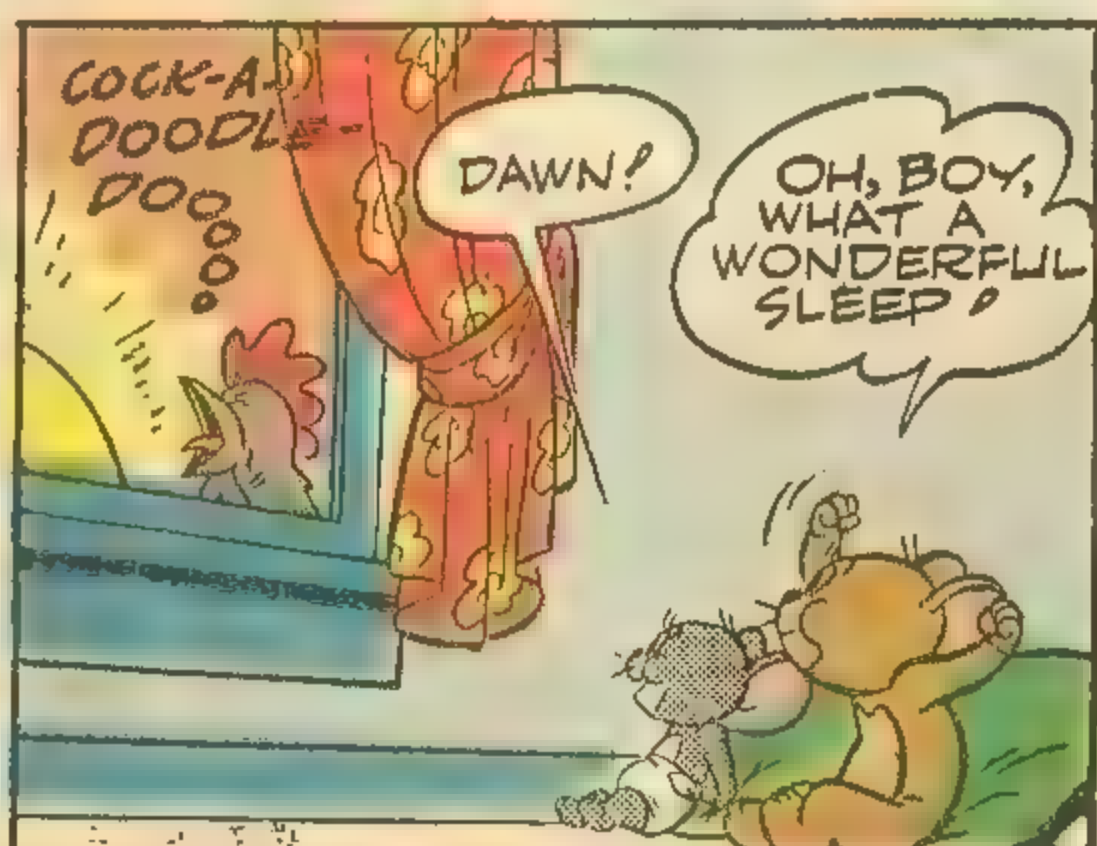
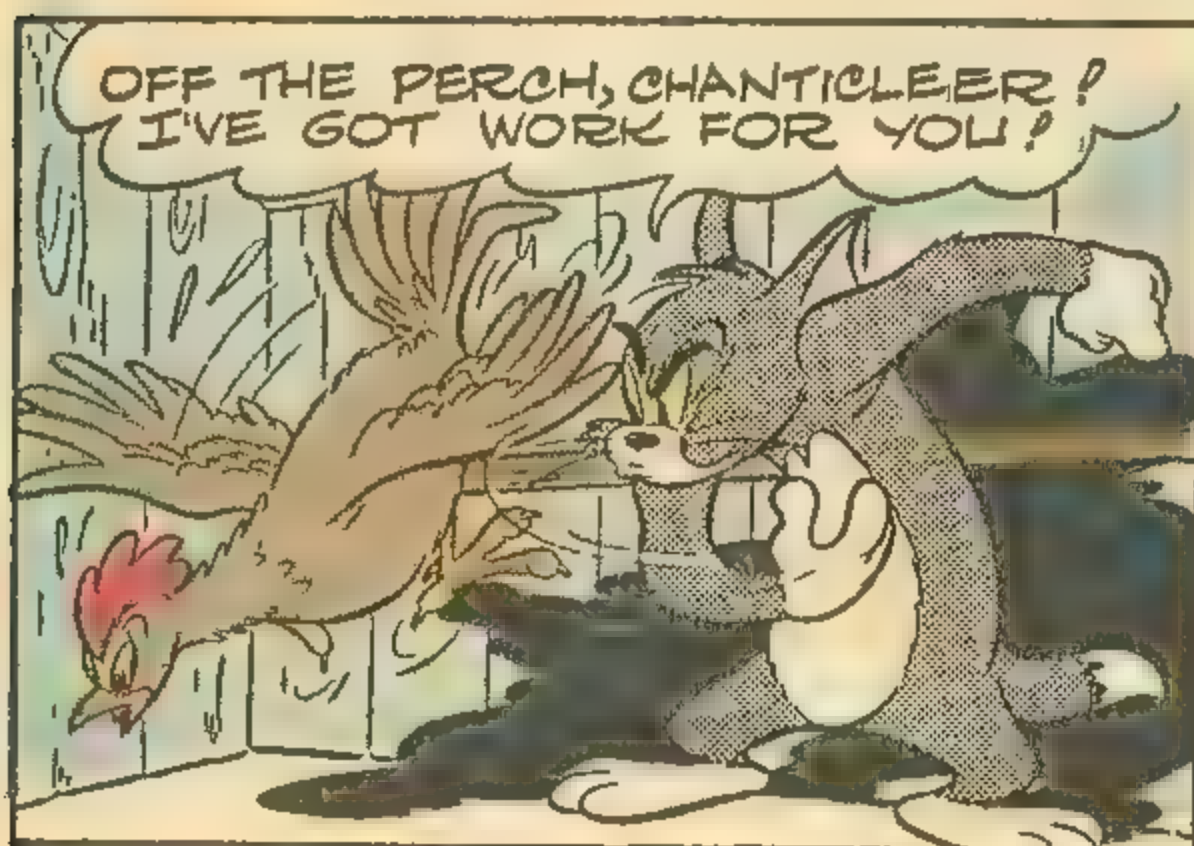
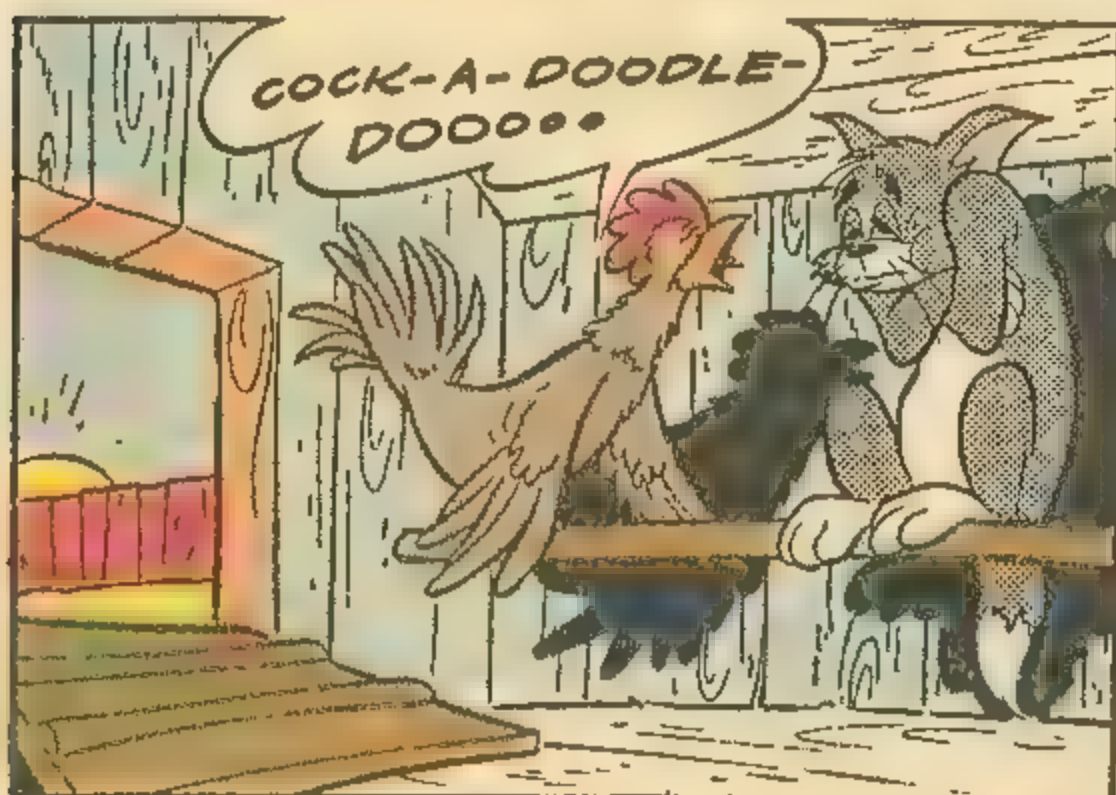
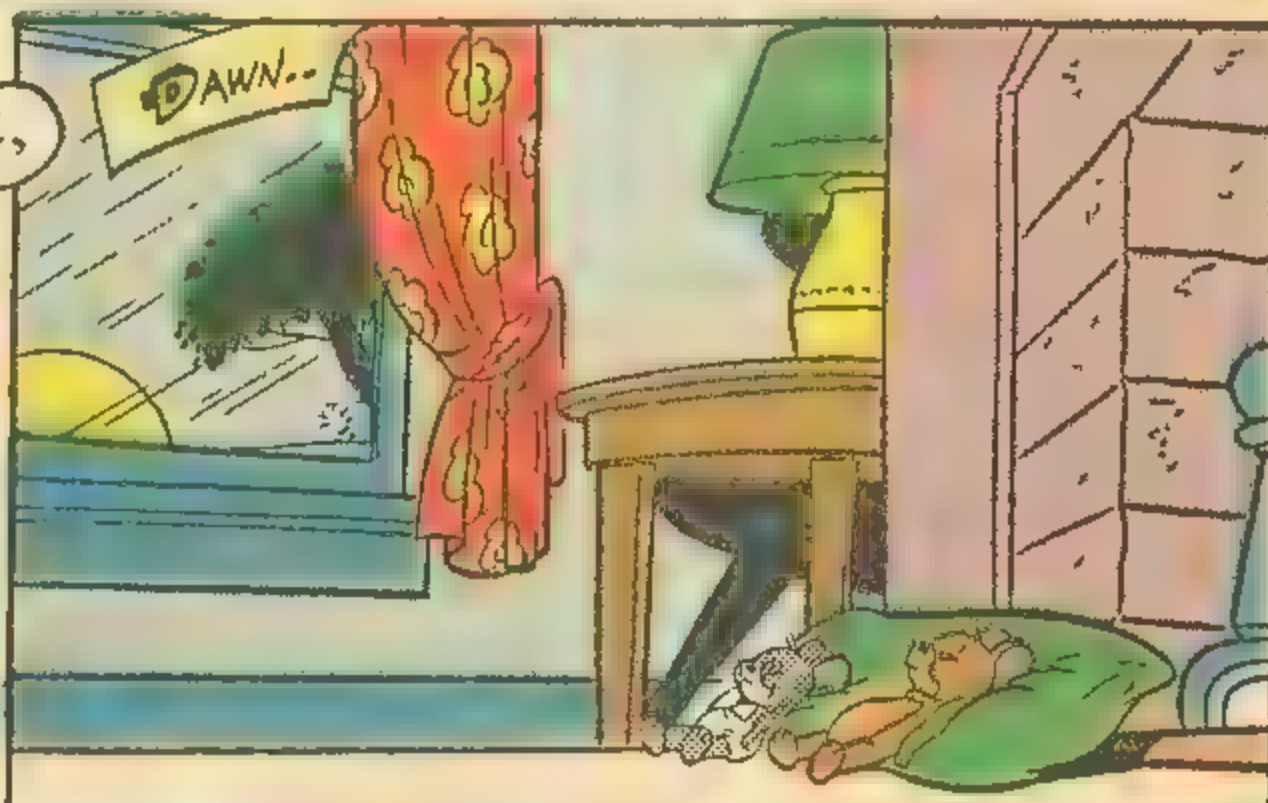
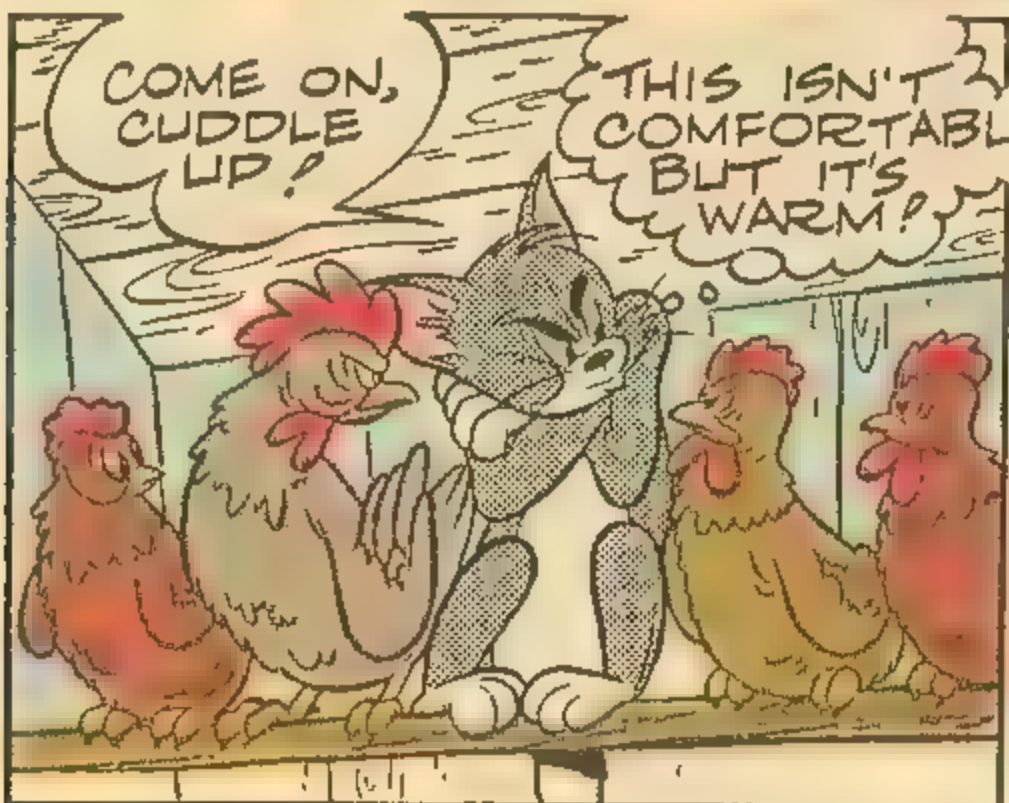
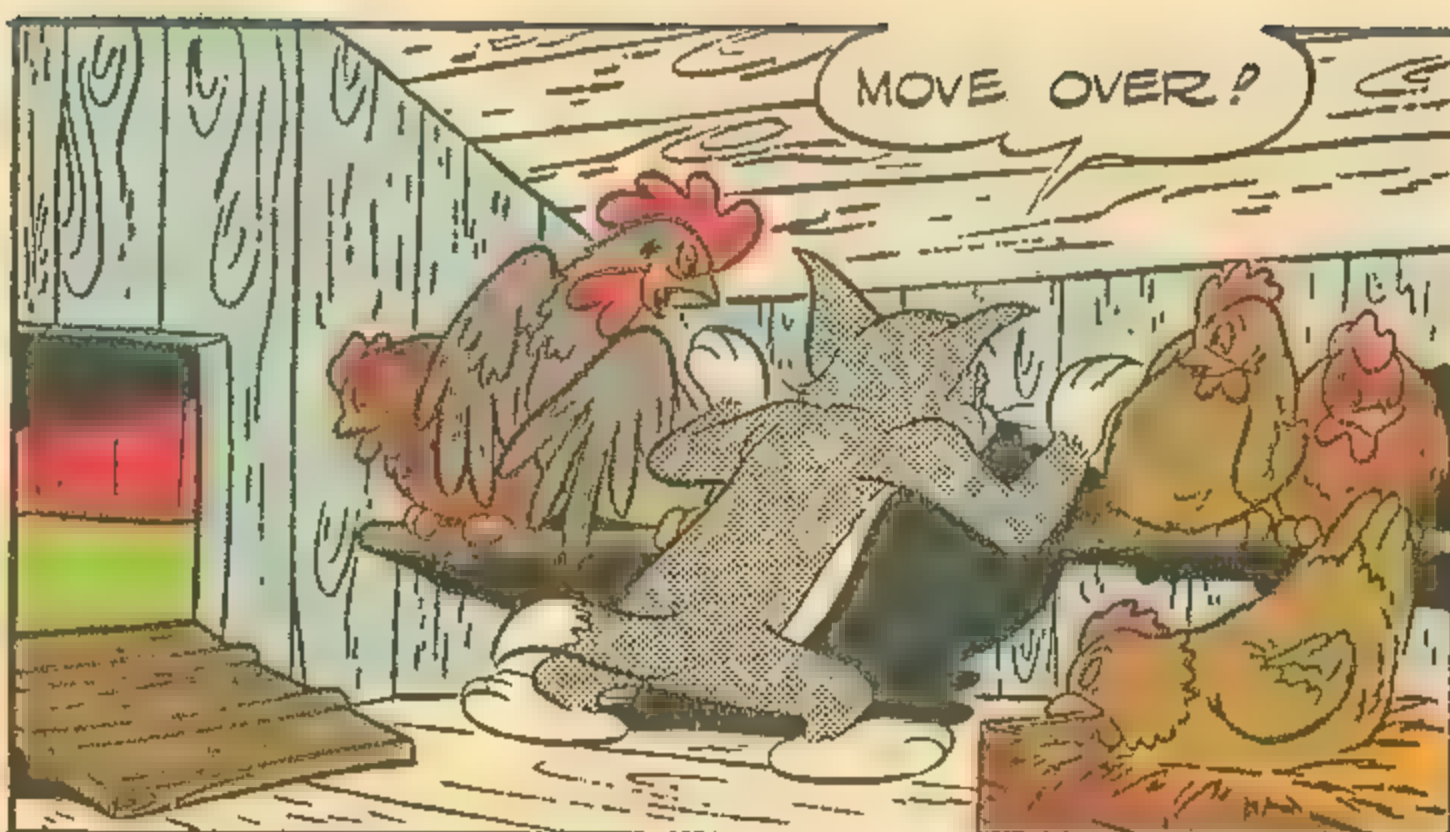




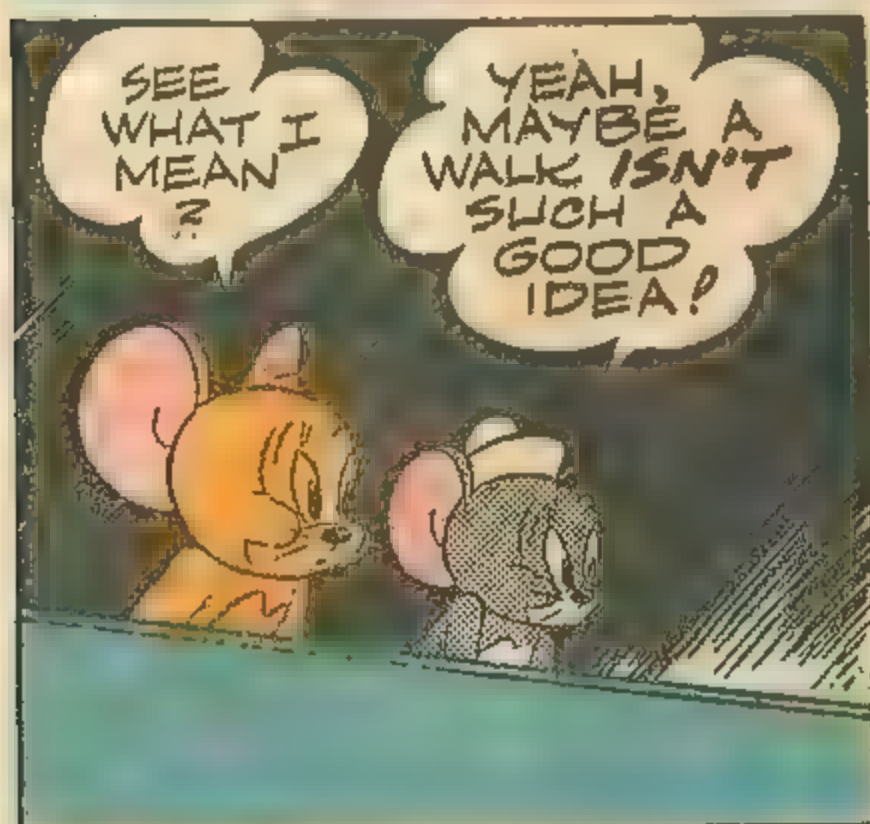
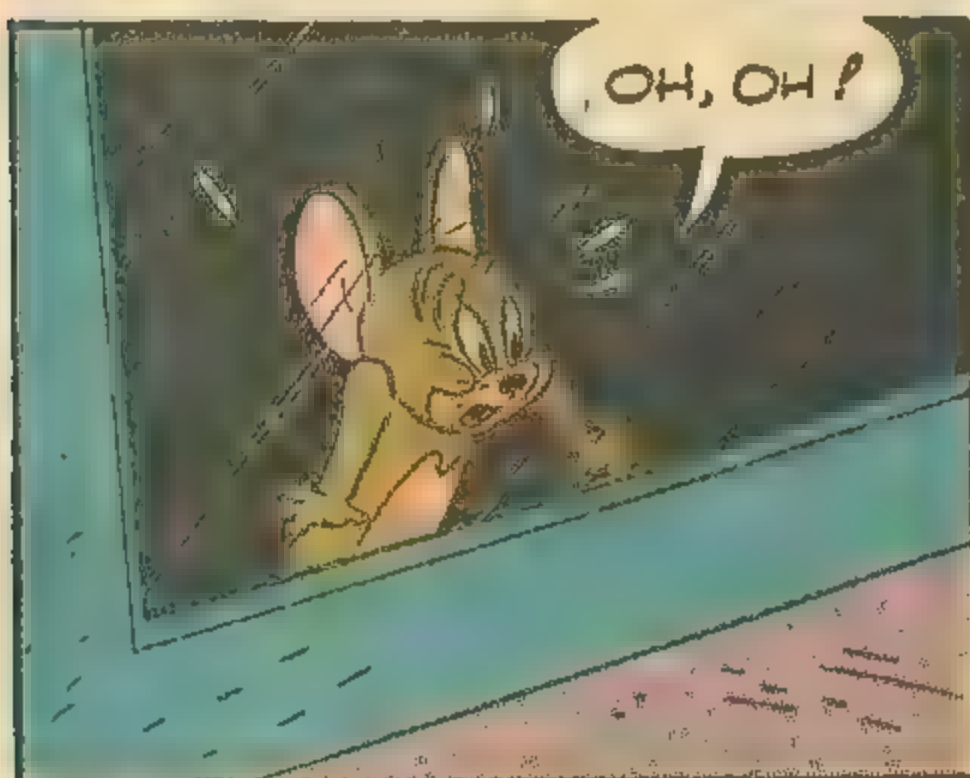
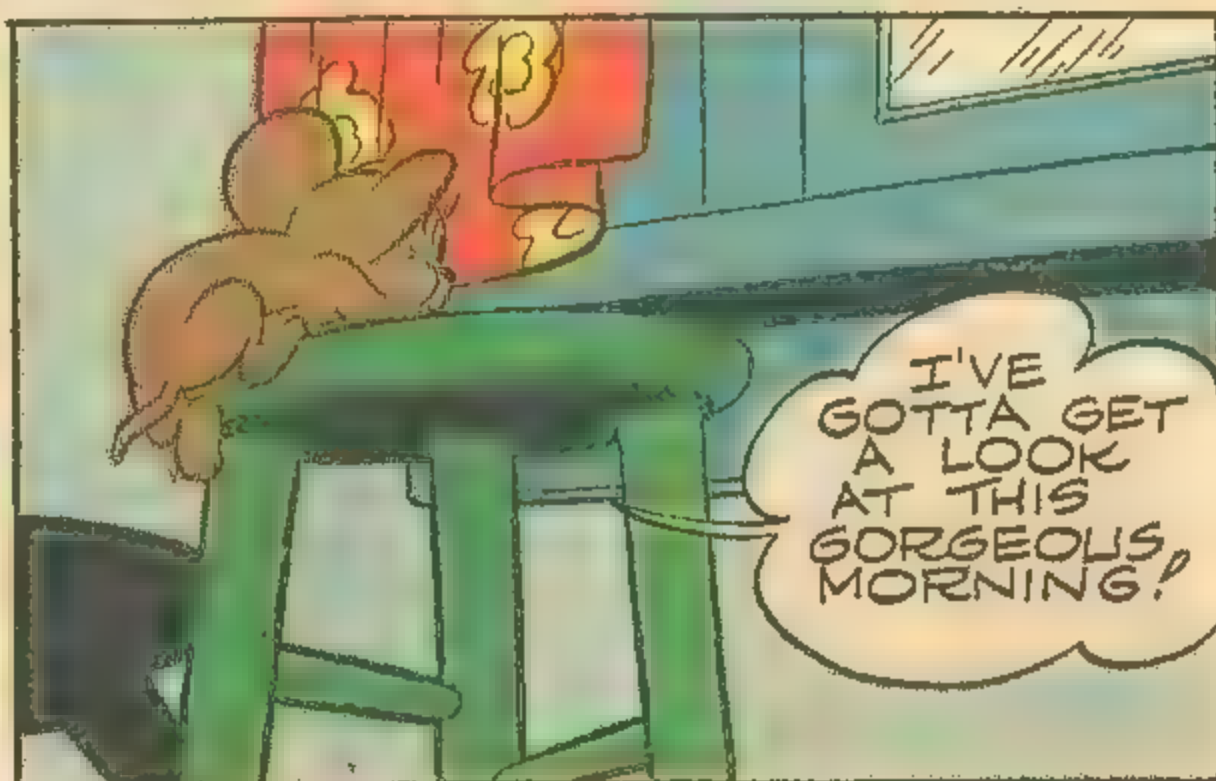
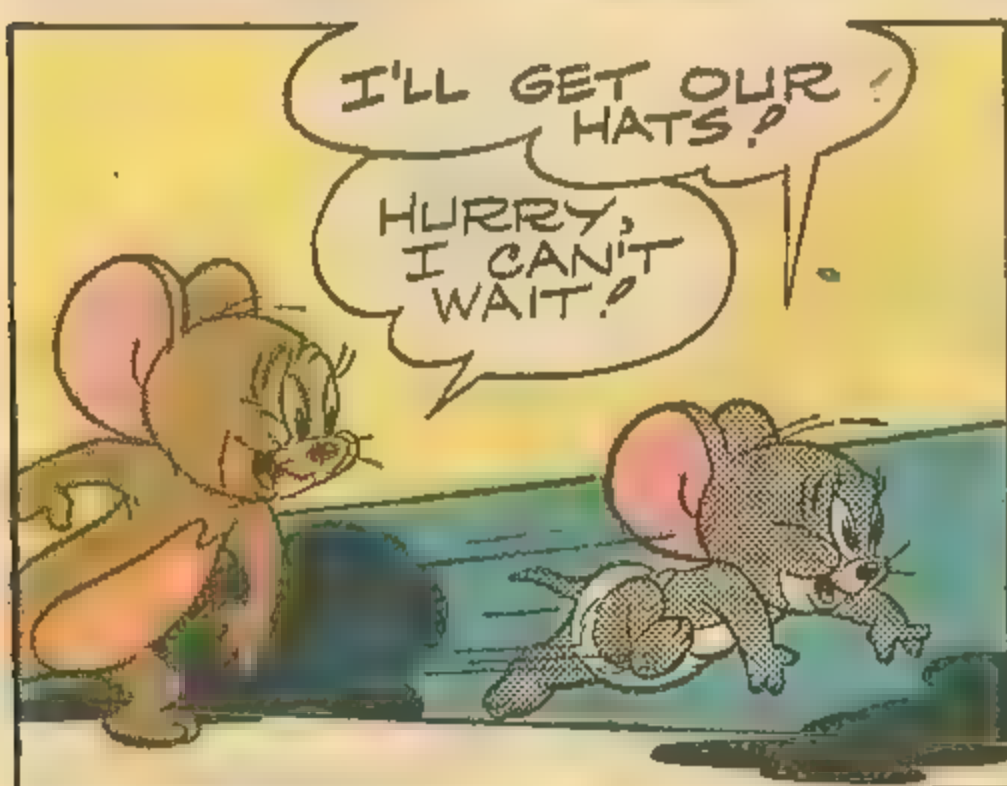
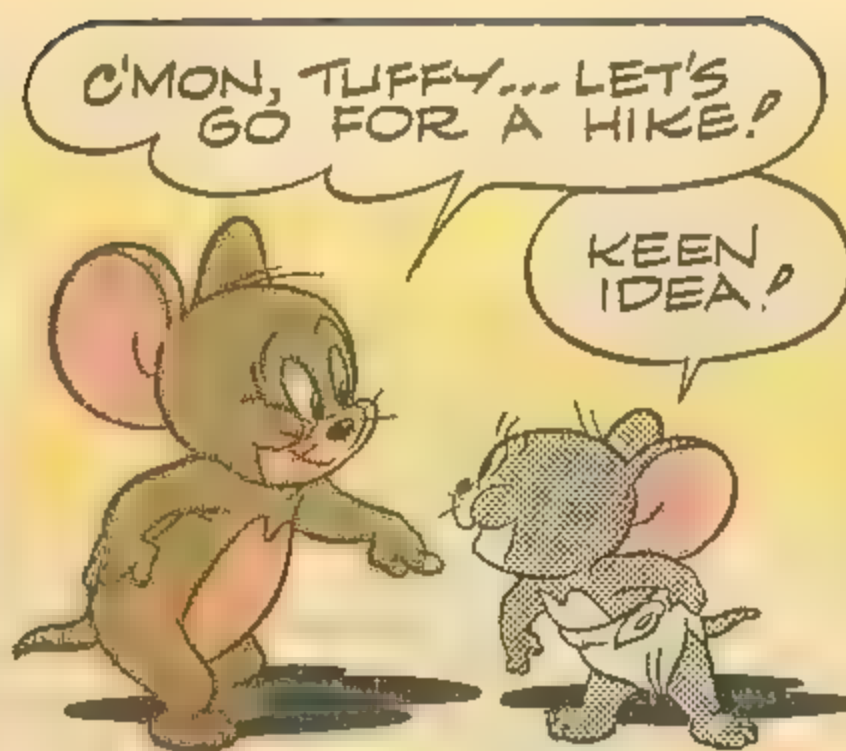
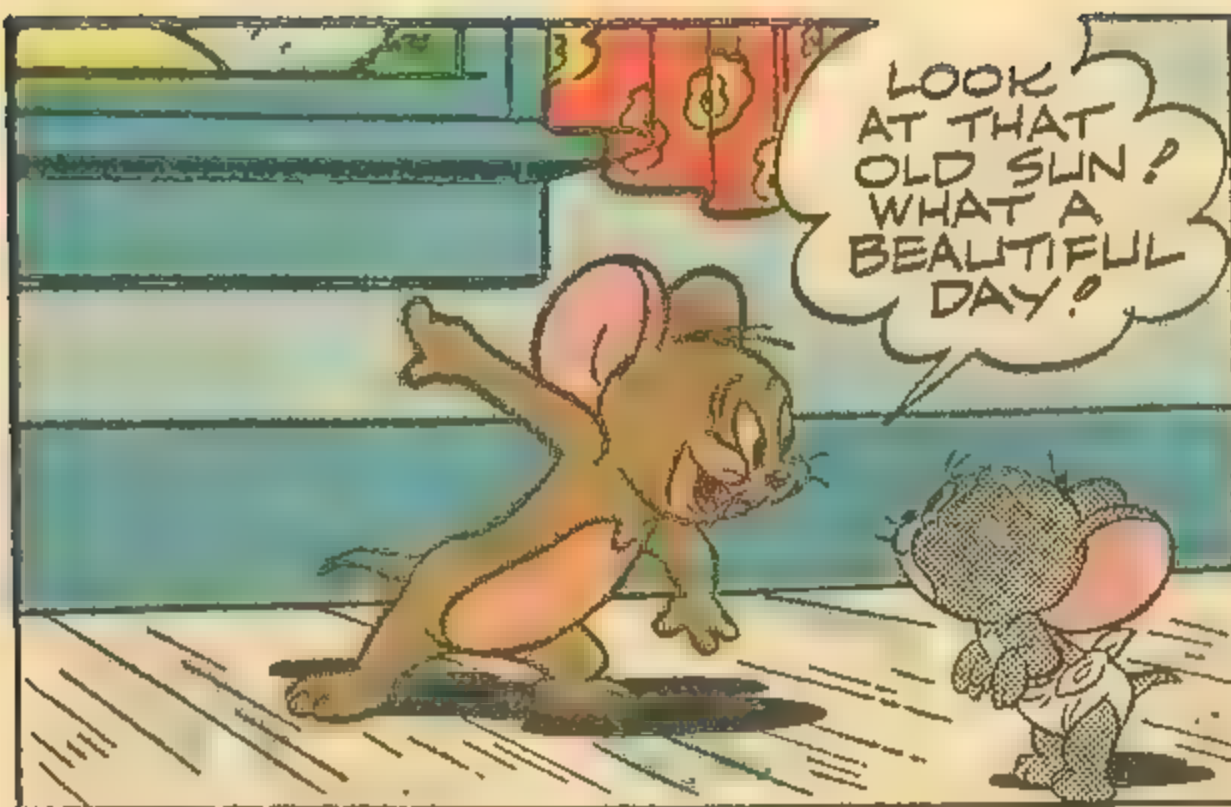












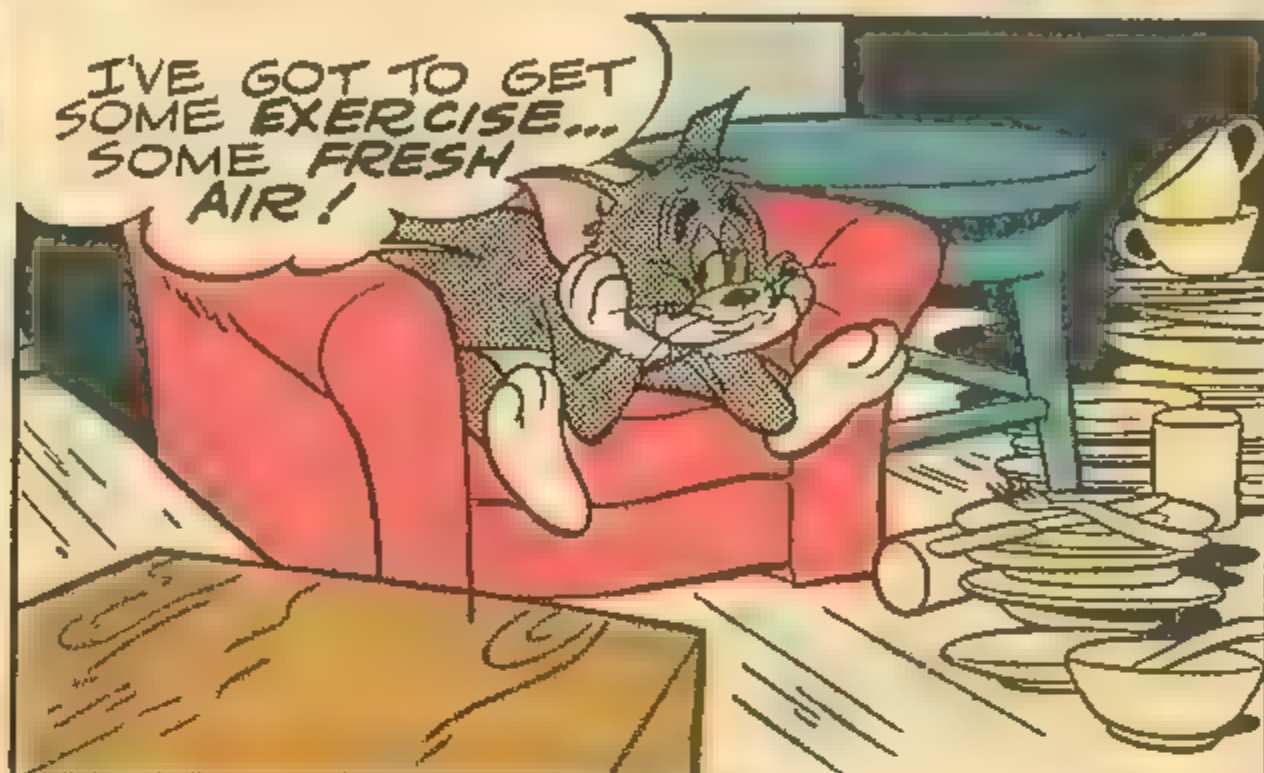
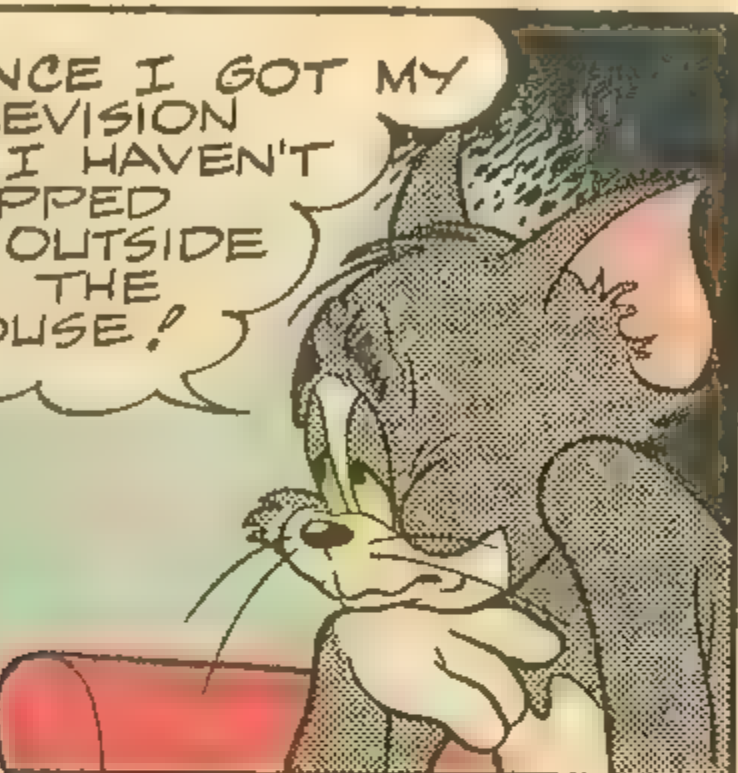


m. g. m. cartoons  
present  
the  
adventures  
of Tom

THIS HAS  
GOT TO  
STOP!

SINCE I GOT MY  
TELEVISION  
SET, I HAVEN'T  
STEPPED  
FOOT OUTSIDE  
OF THE  
HOUSE!

I'VE GOT TO GET  
SOME EXERCISE...  
SOME FRESH  
AIR!



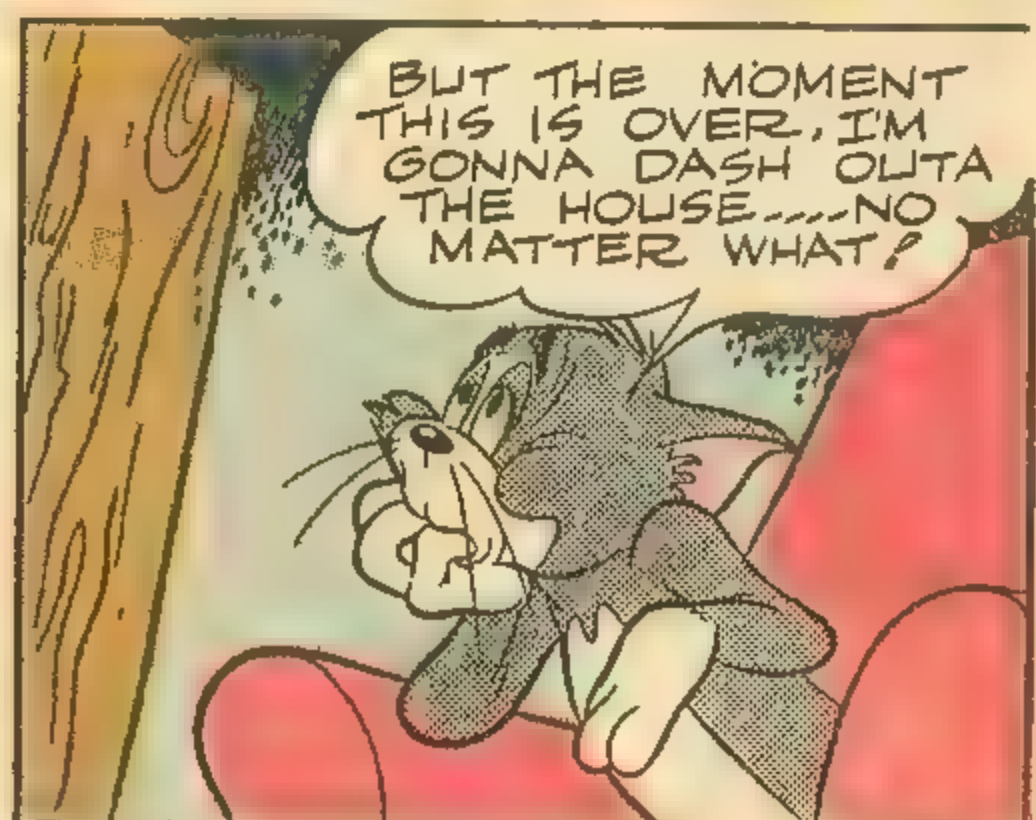
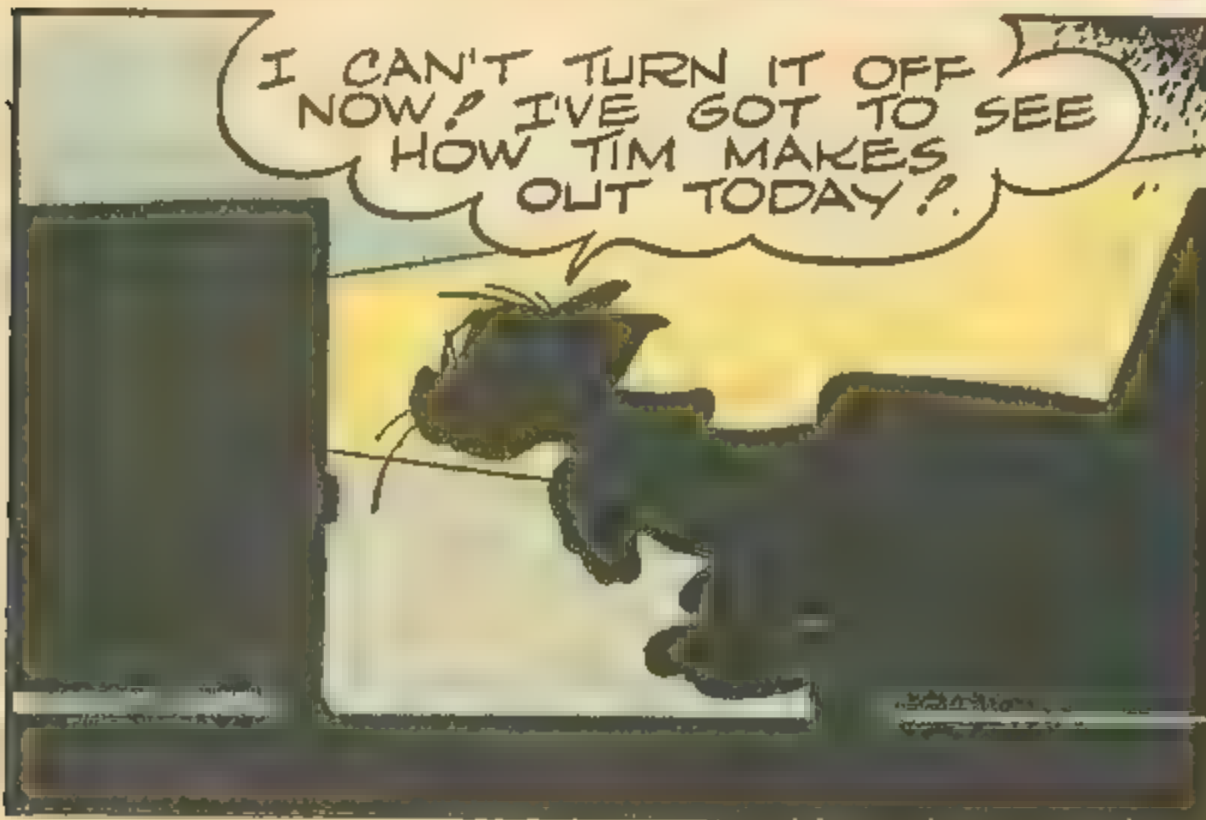
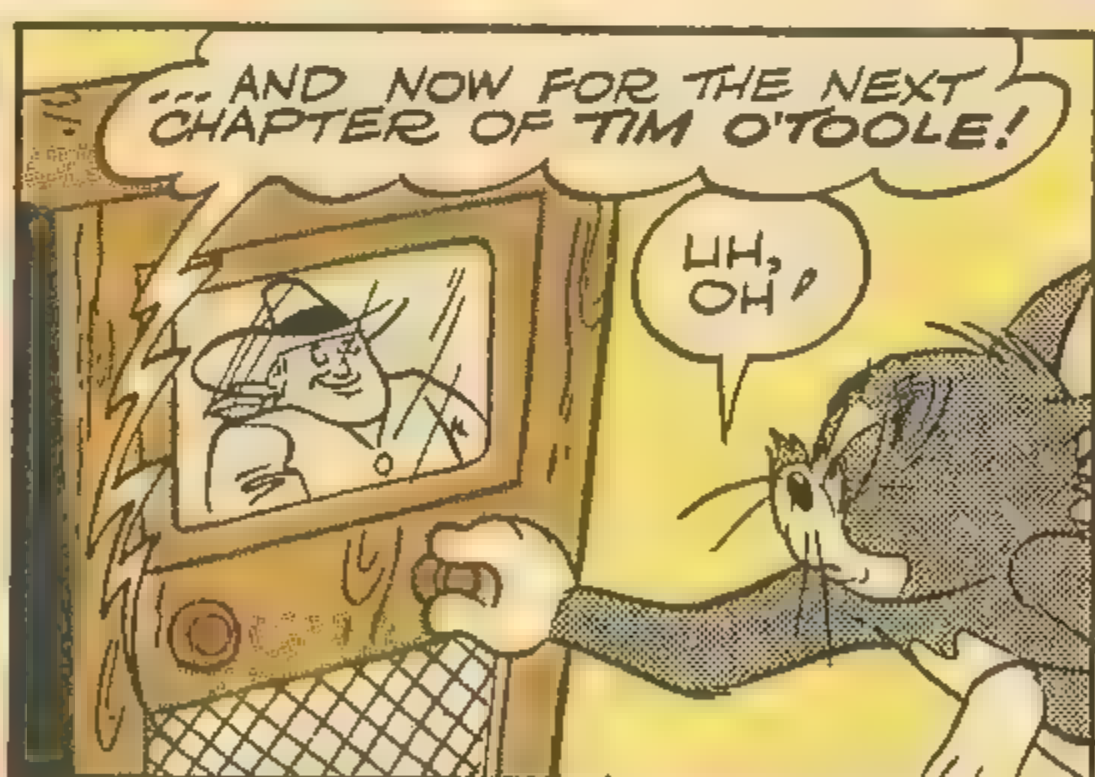
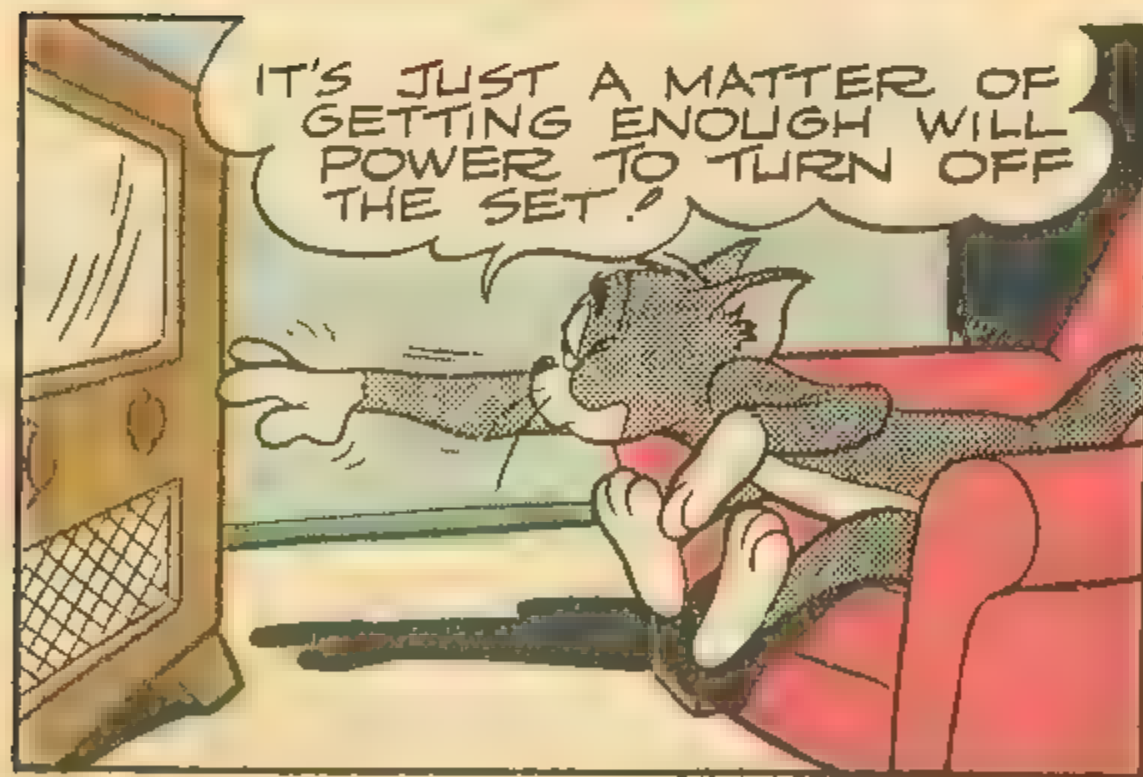
IT'S JUST A MATTER OF  
GETTING ENOUGH WILL  
POWER TO TURN OFF  
THE SET!

... AND NOW FOR THE NEXT  
CHAPTER OF TIM O'TOOLE!

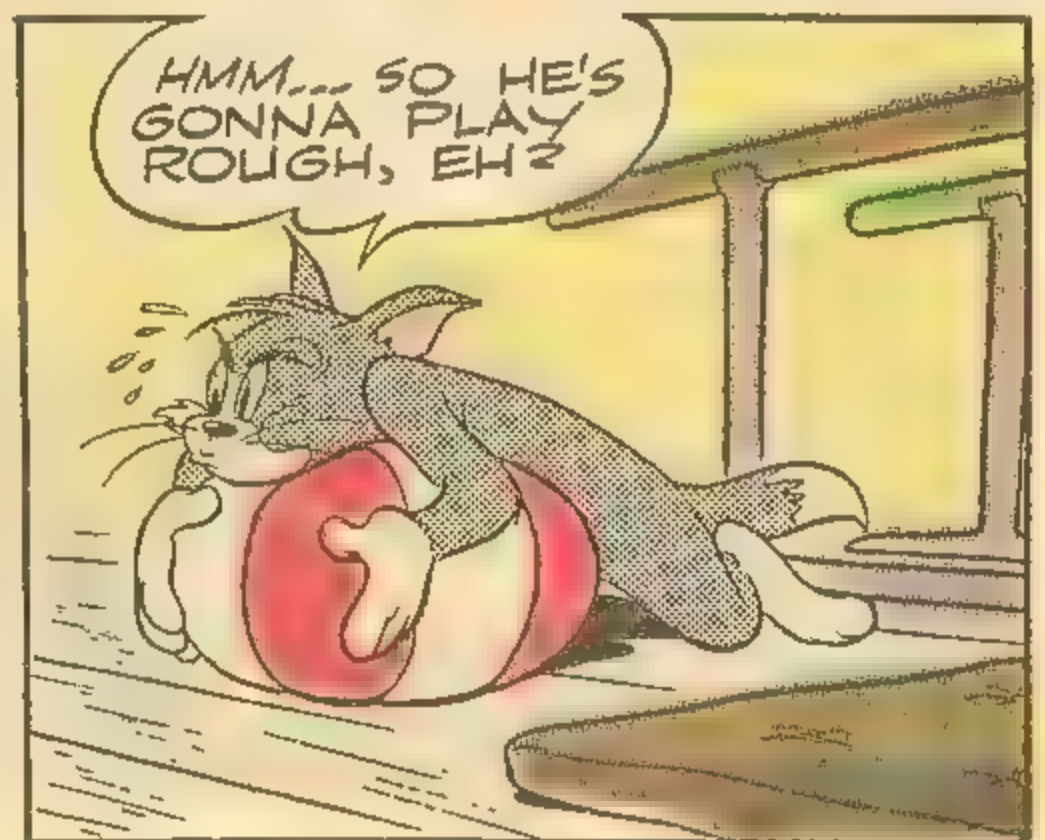
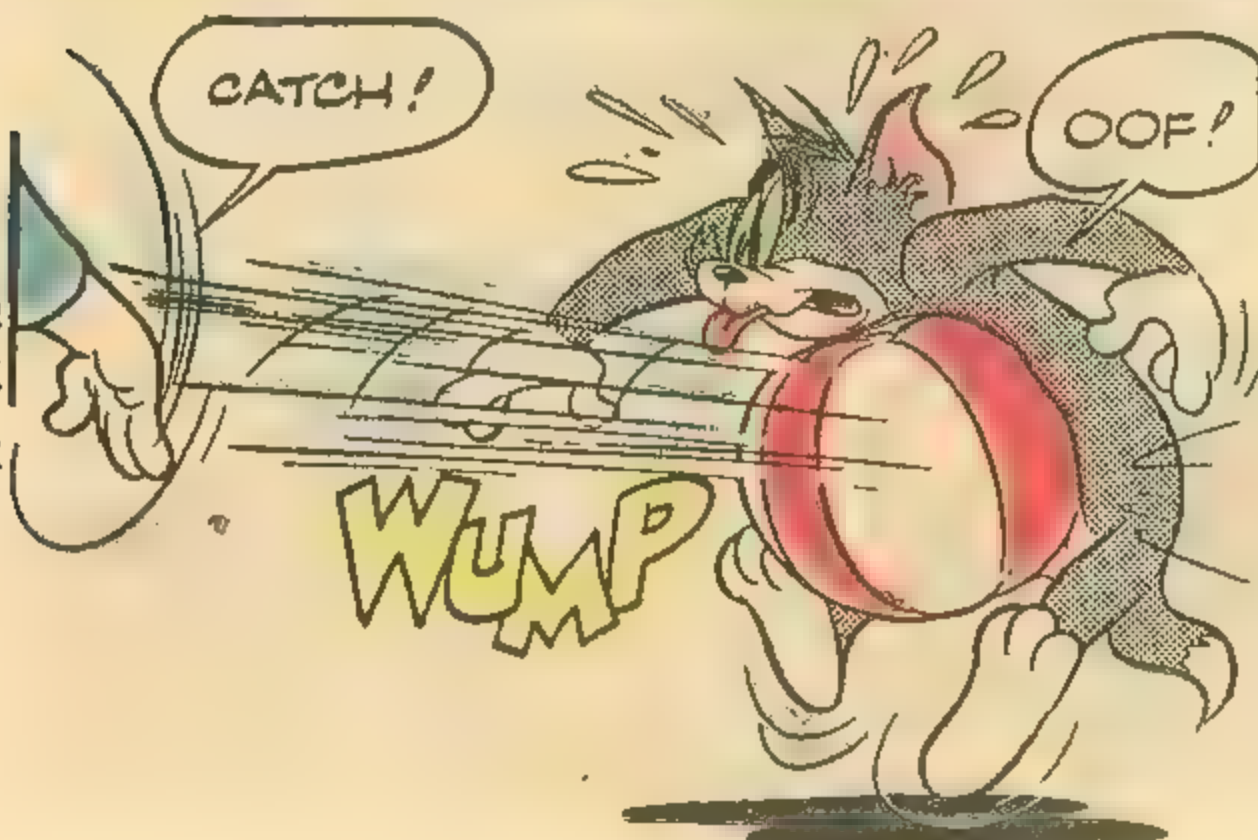
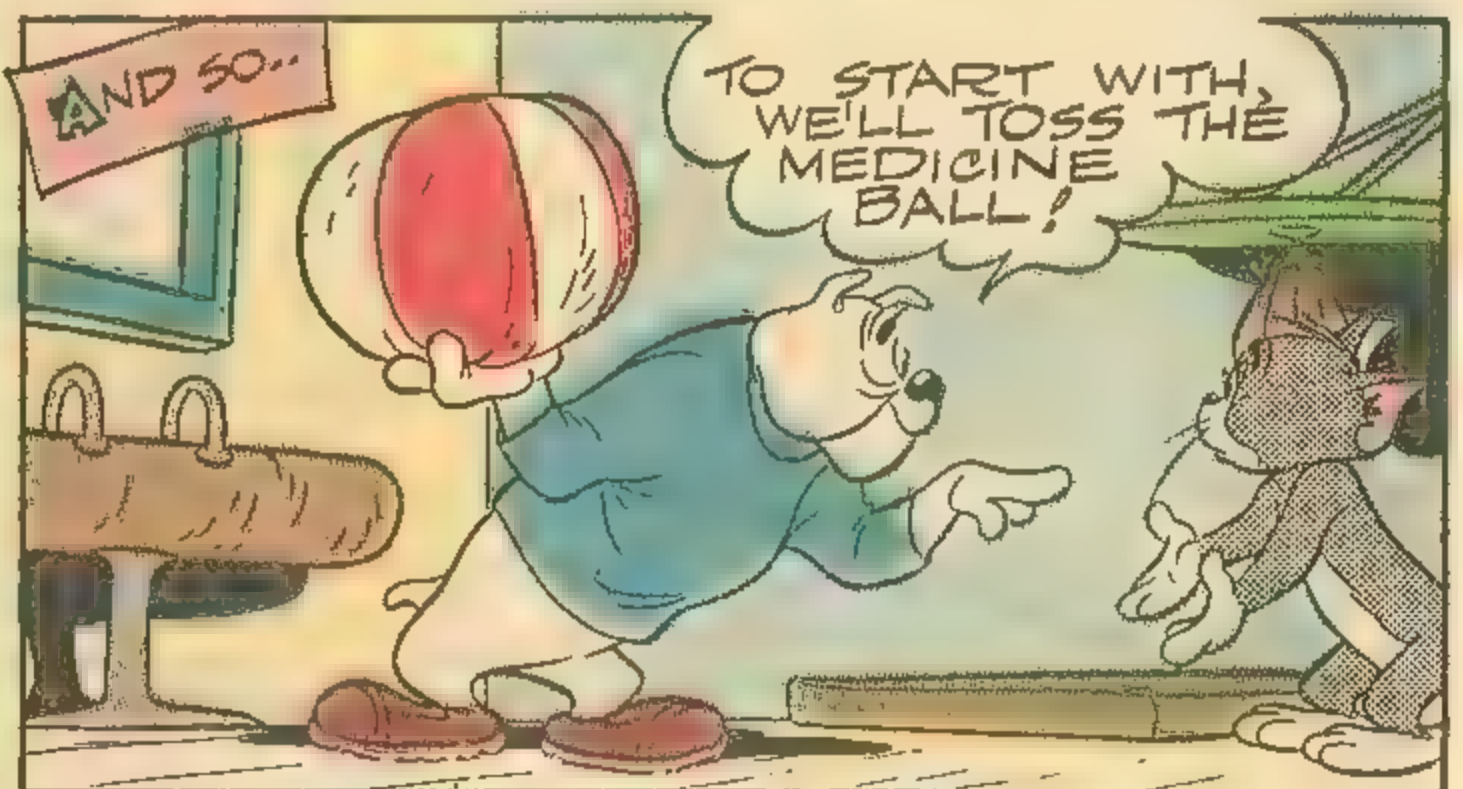
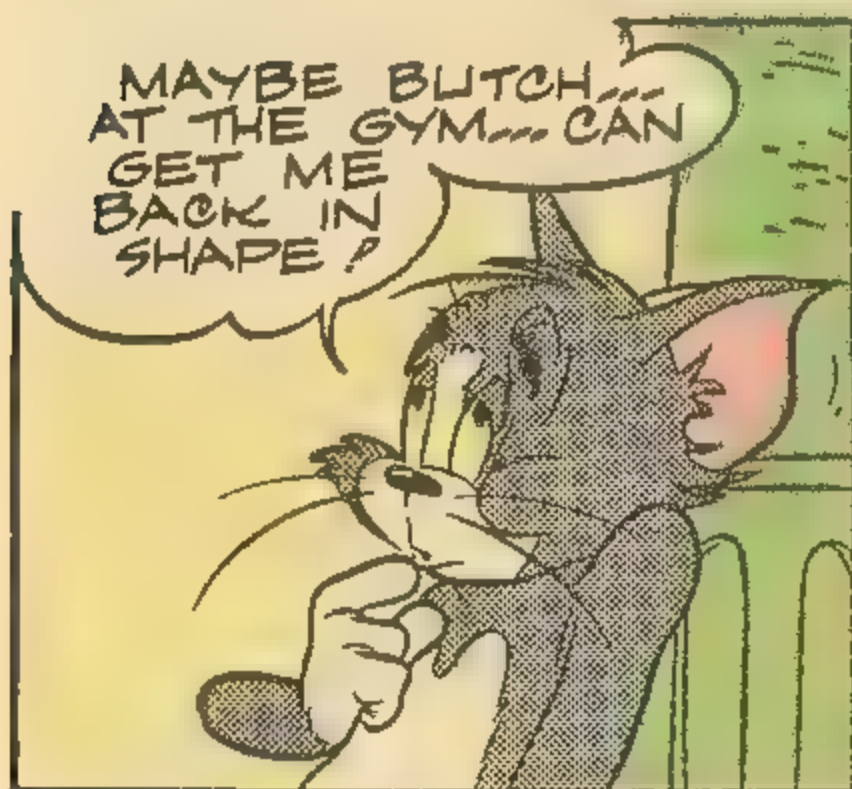
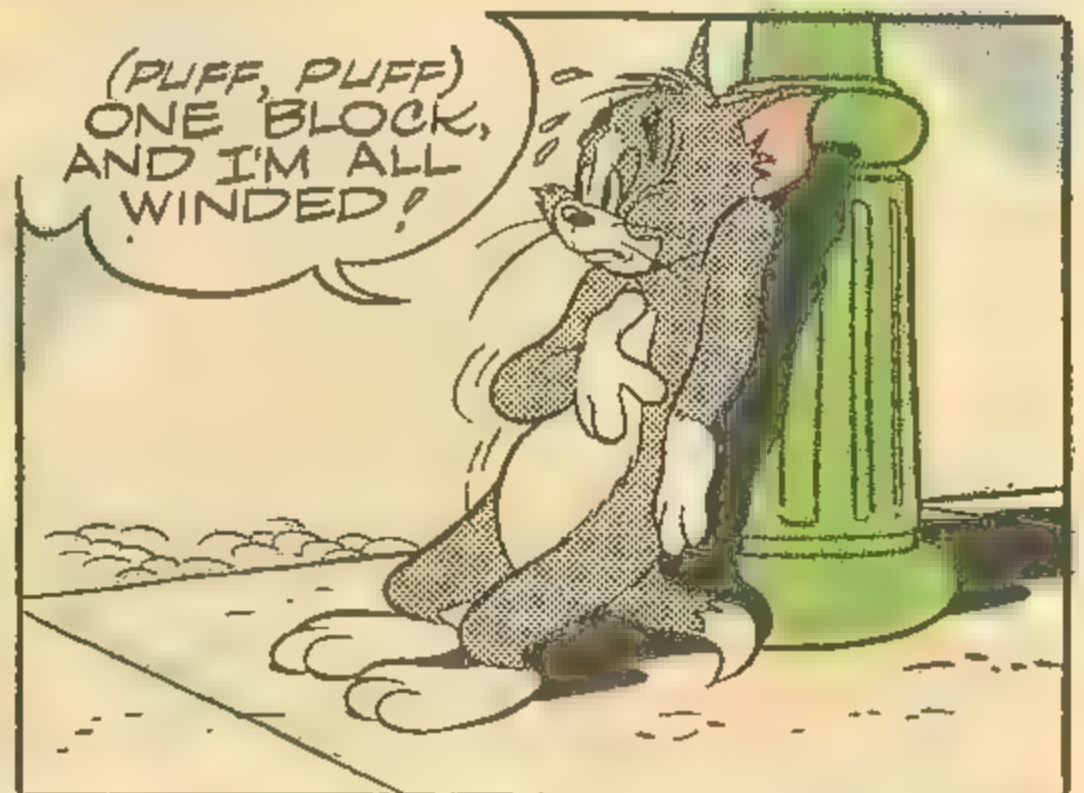
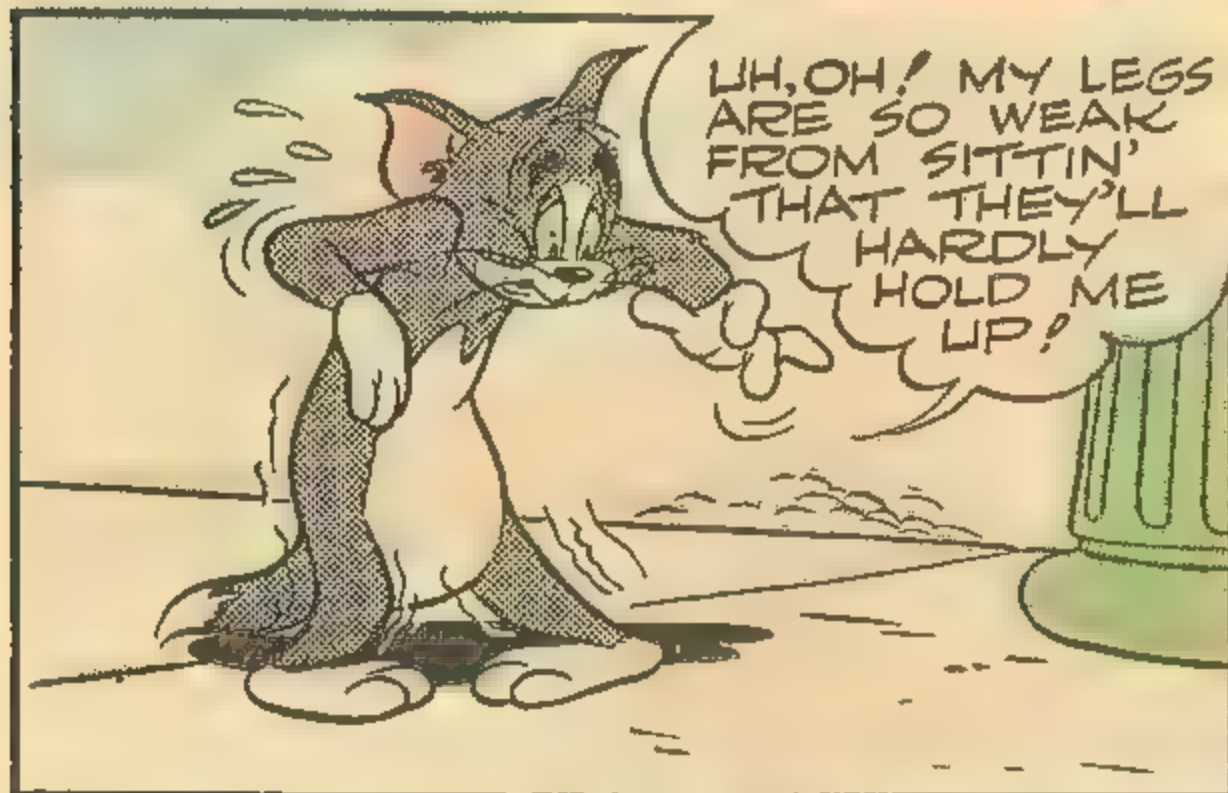
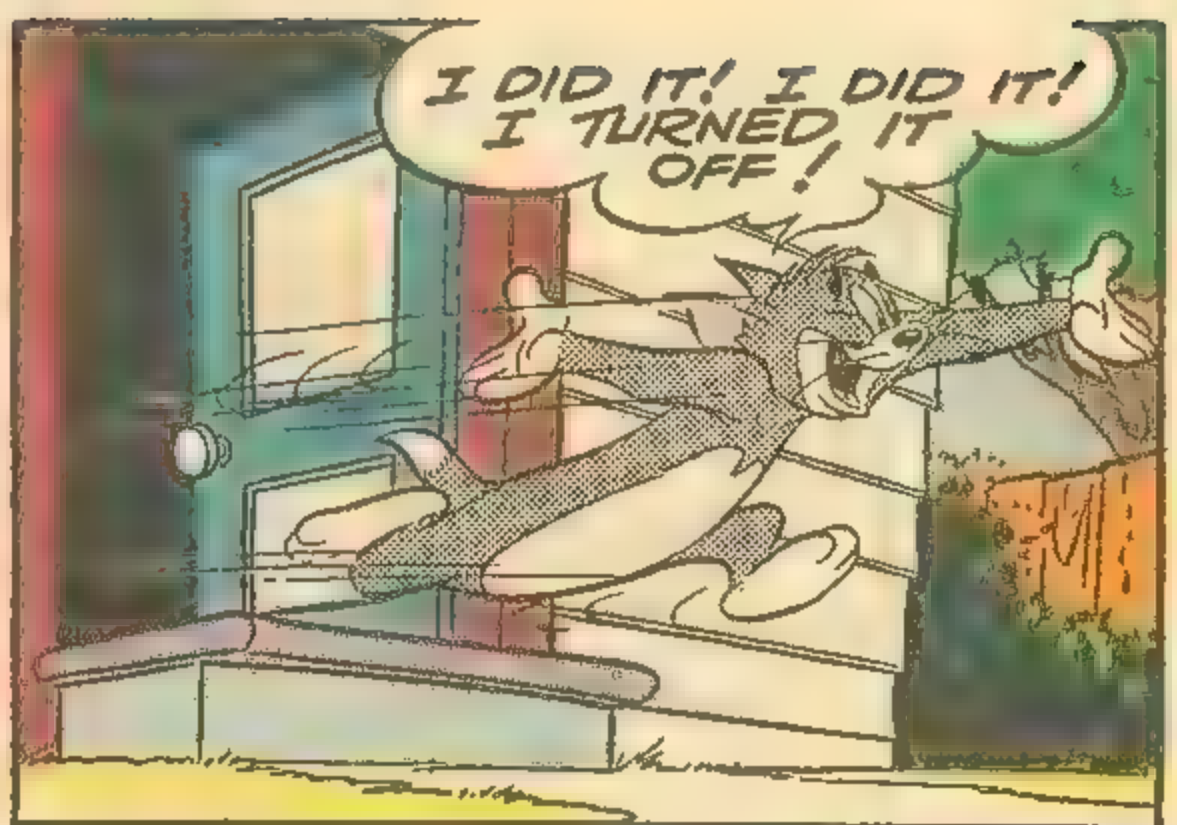
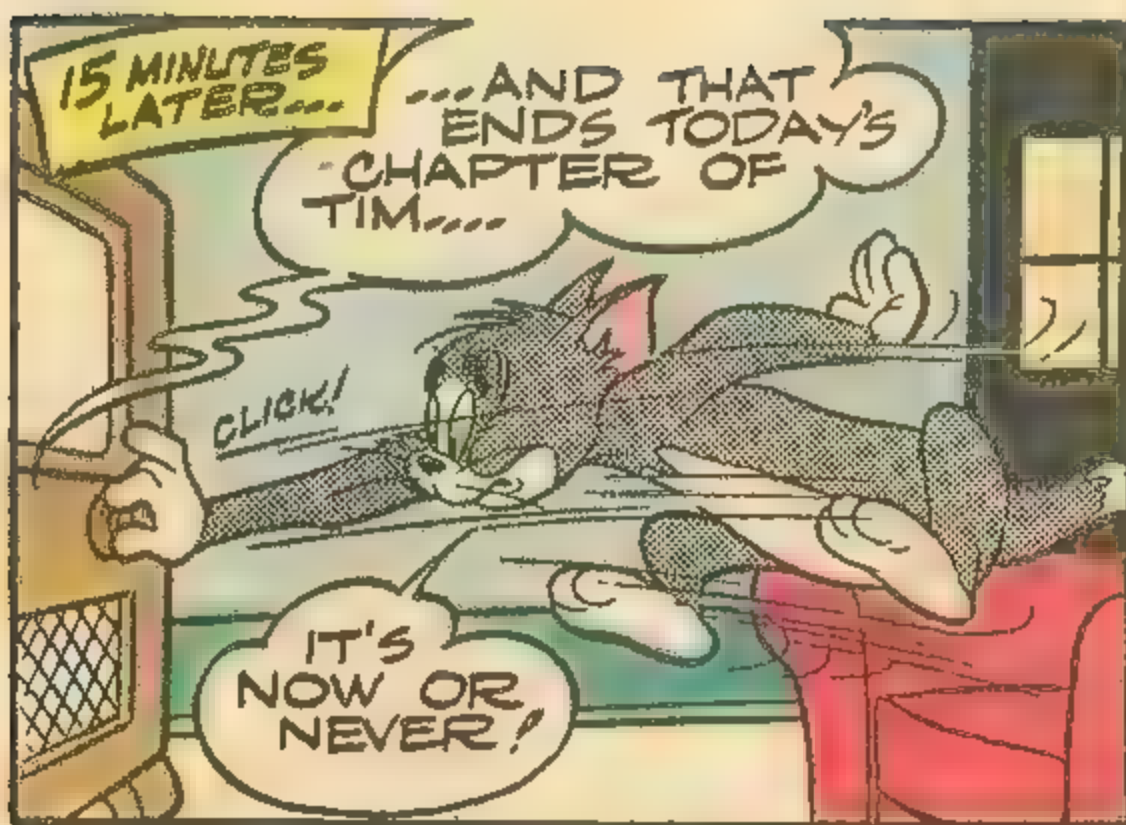
UH,  
OH!

I CAN'T TURN IT OFF  
NOW! I'VE GOT TO SEE  
HOW TIM MAKES  
OUT TODAY!

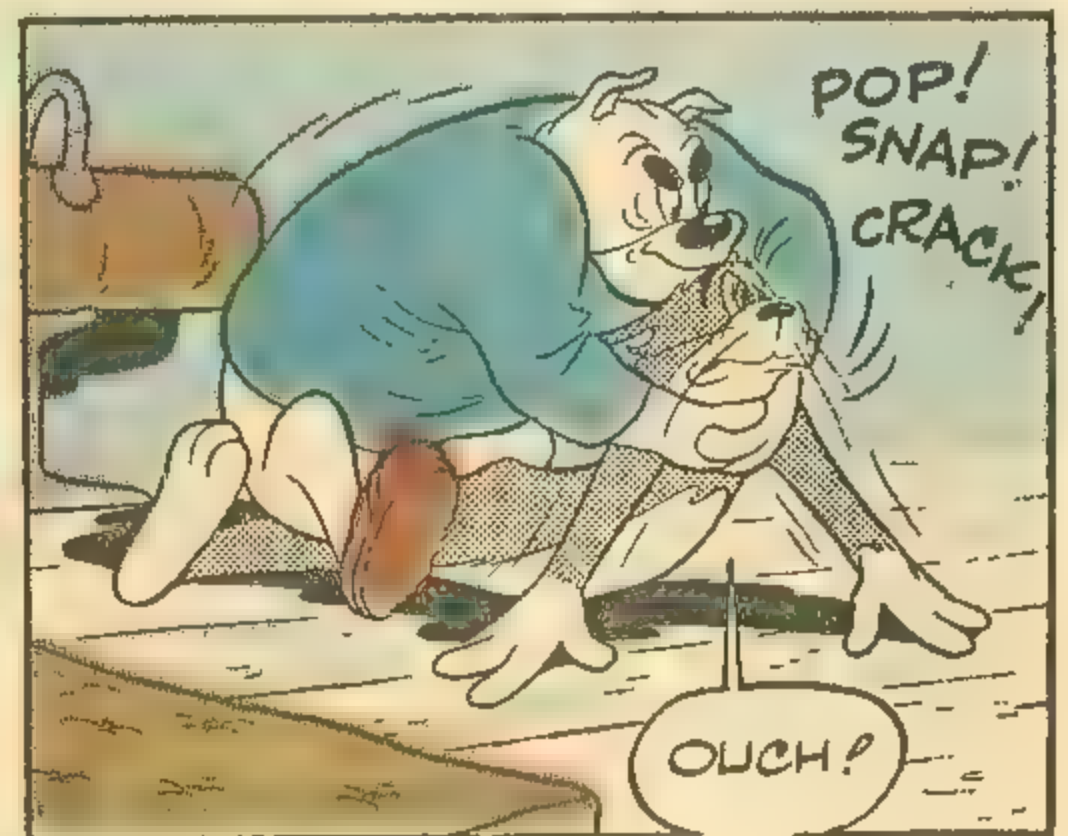
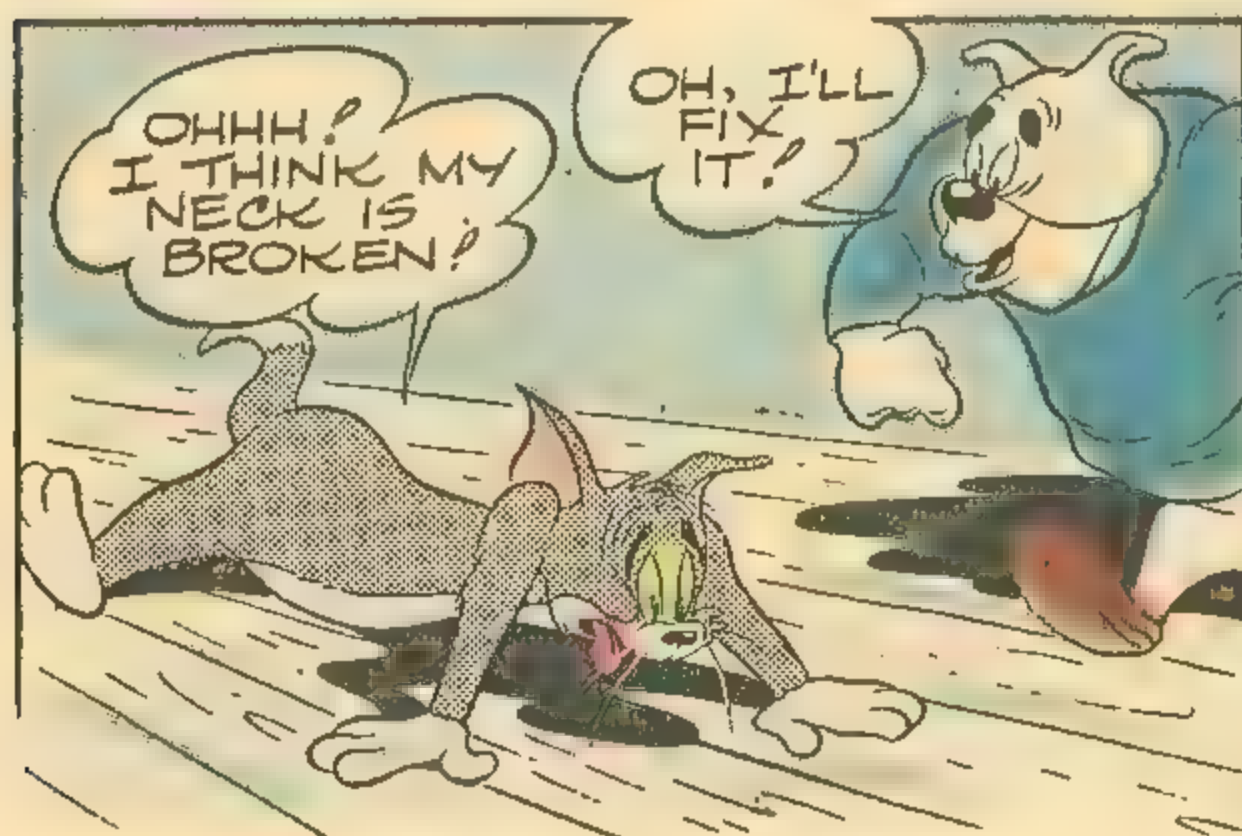
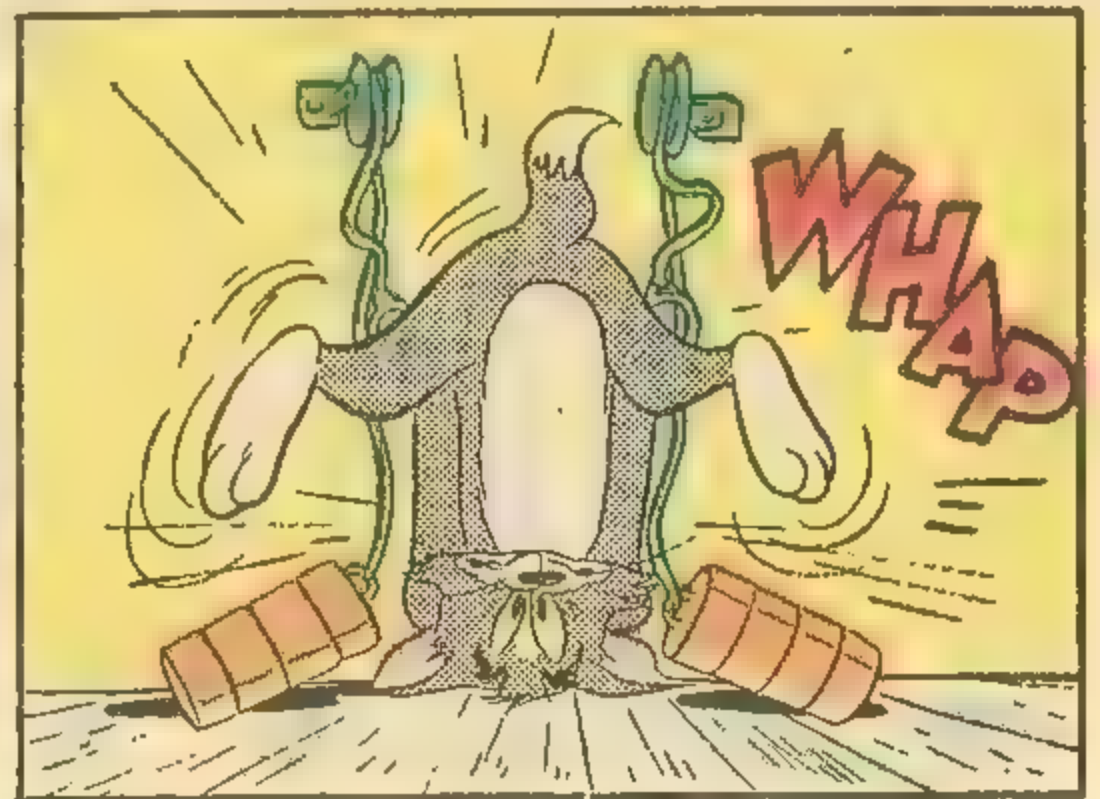
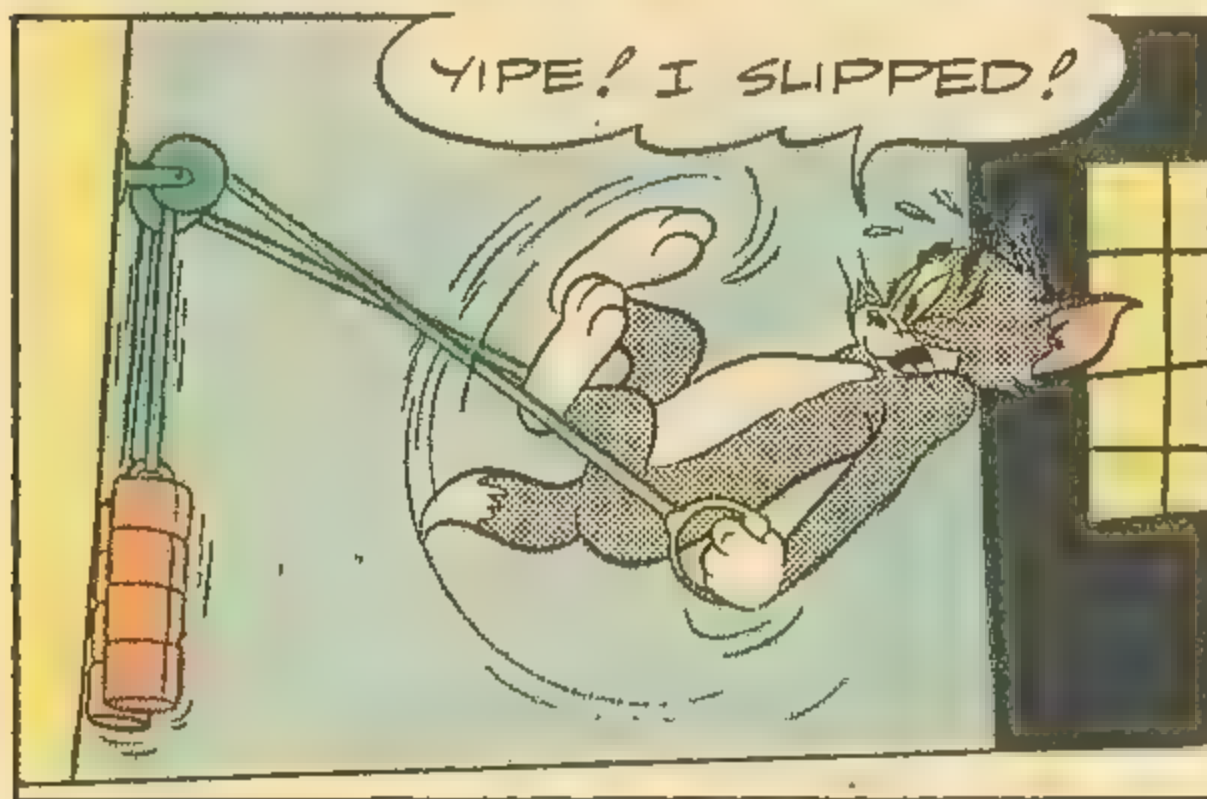
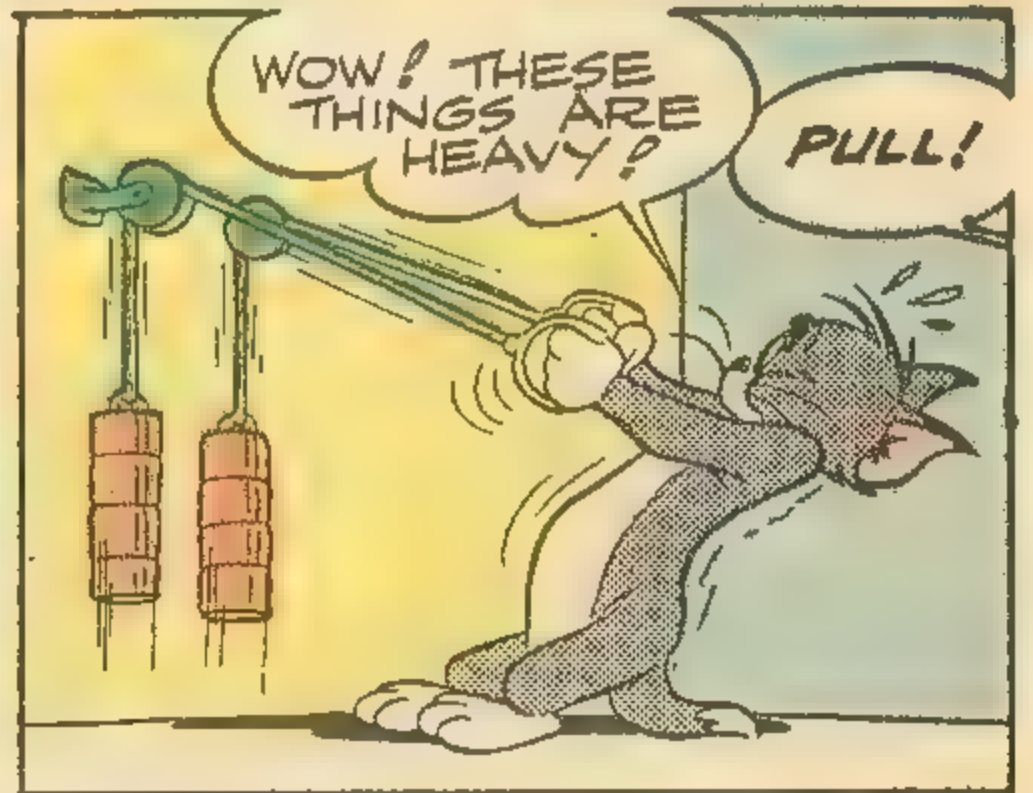
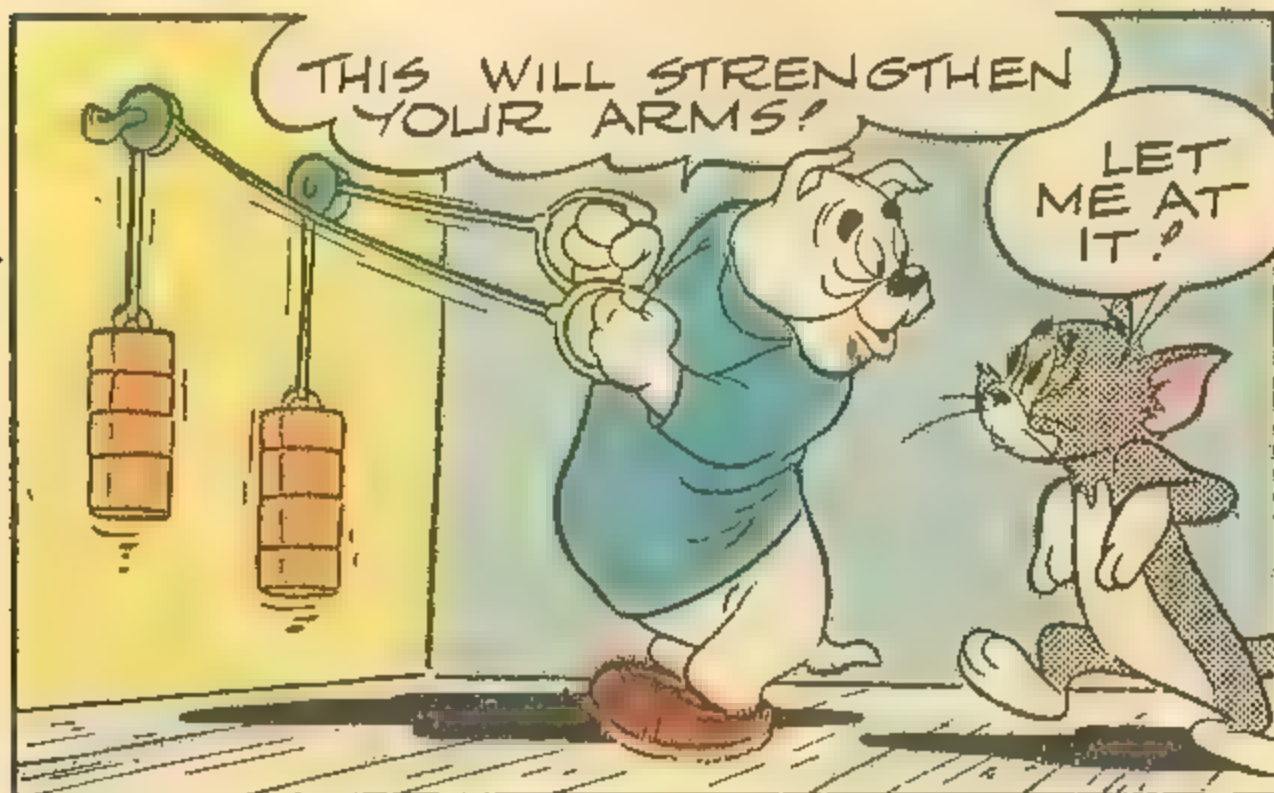
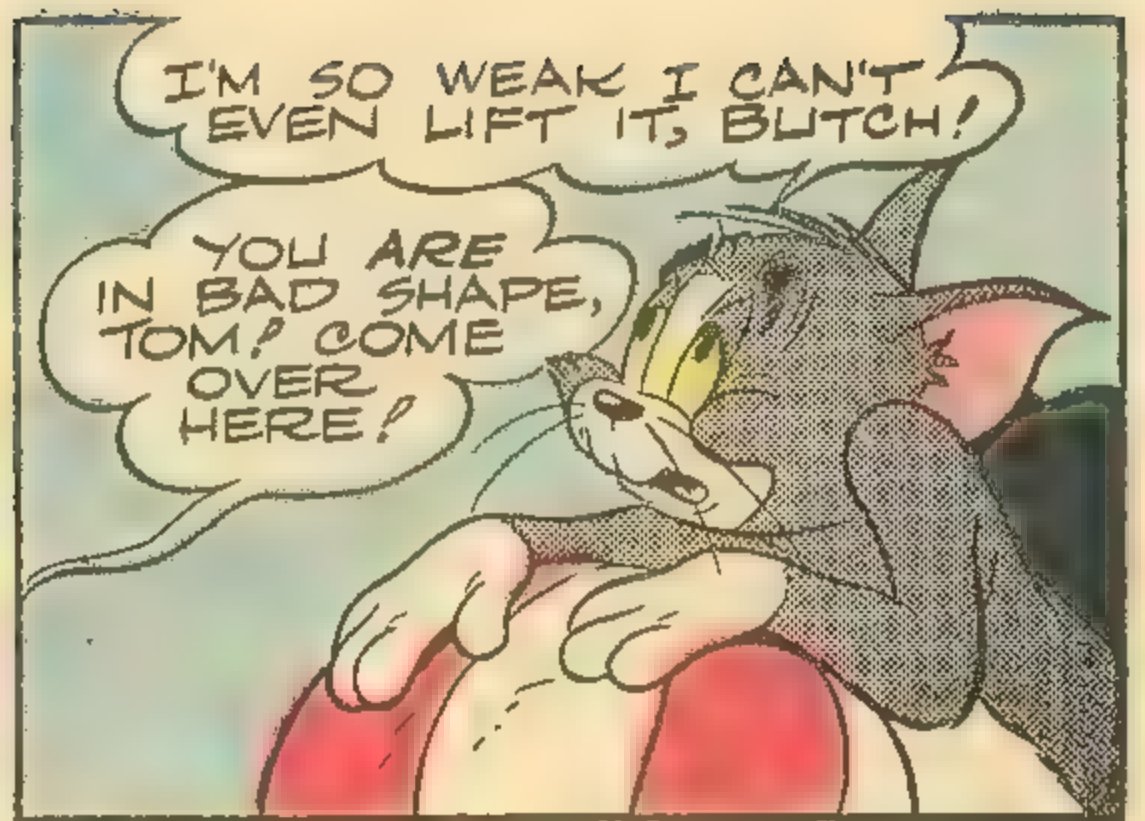
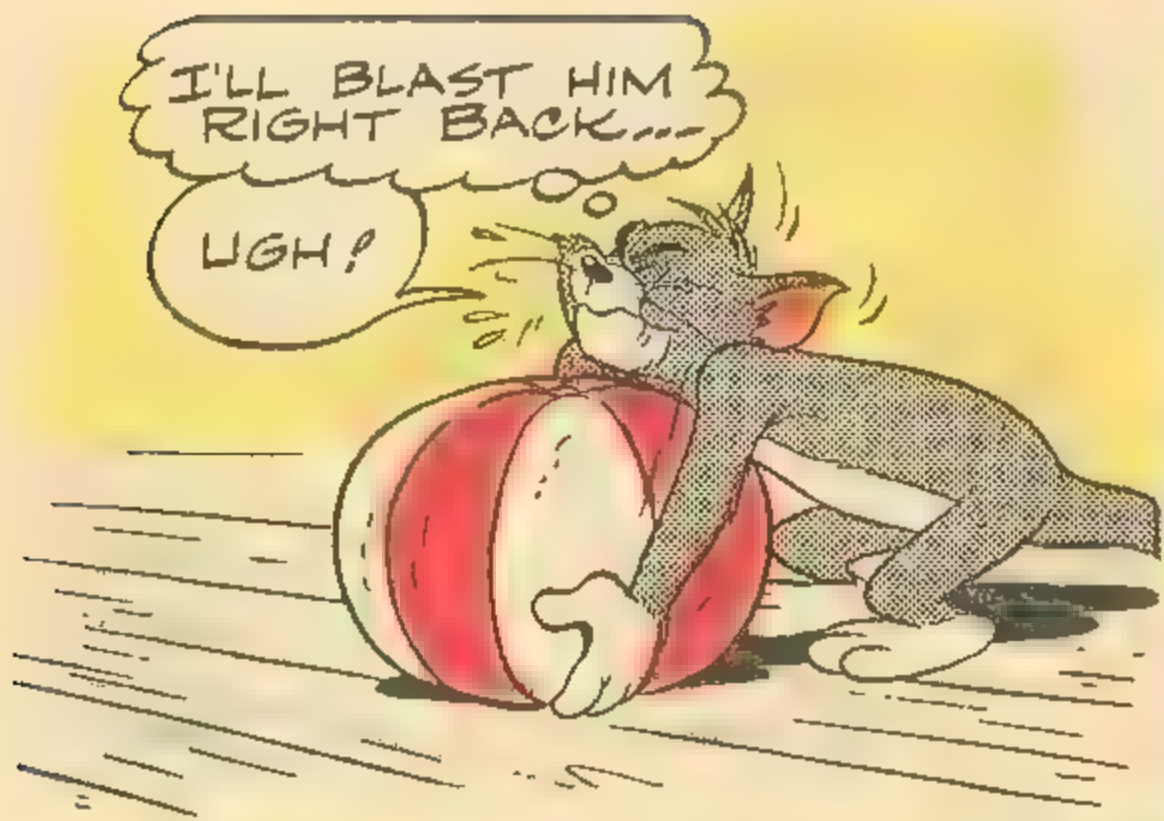
BUT THE MOMENT  
THIS IS OVER, I'M  
GONNA DASH OUTTA  
THE HOUSE... NO  
MATTER WHAT!



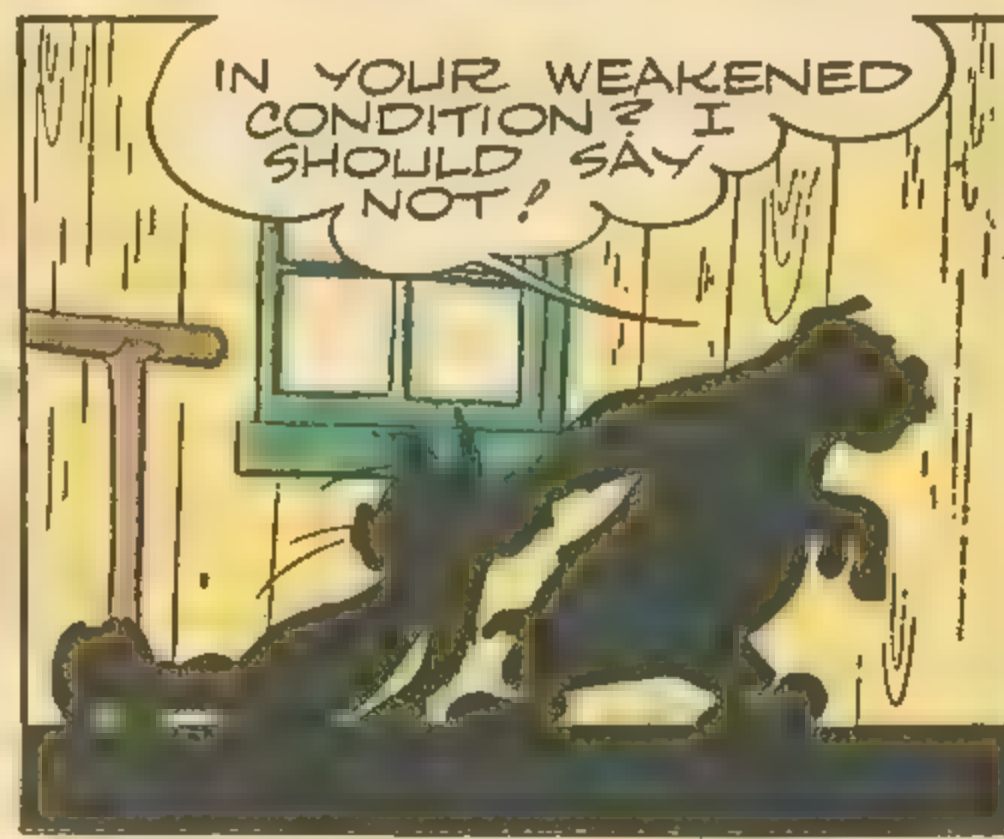
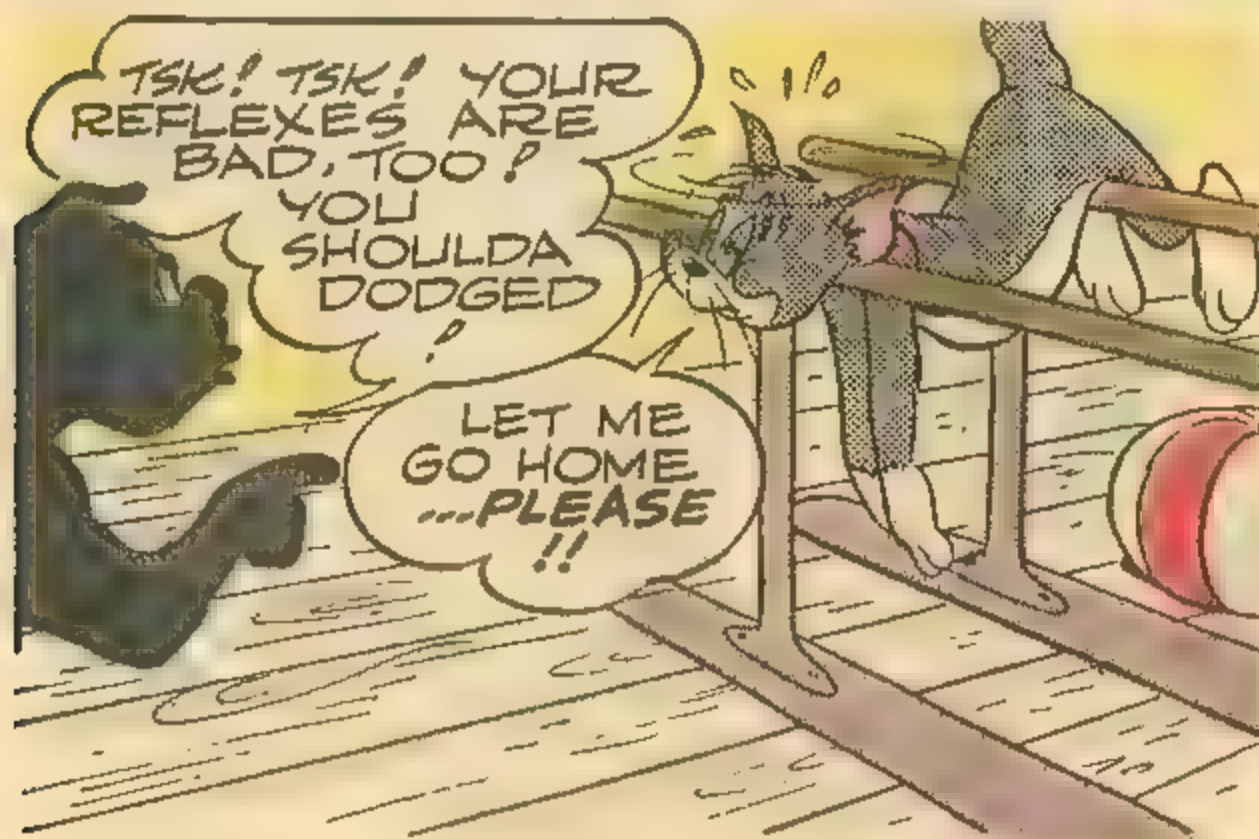
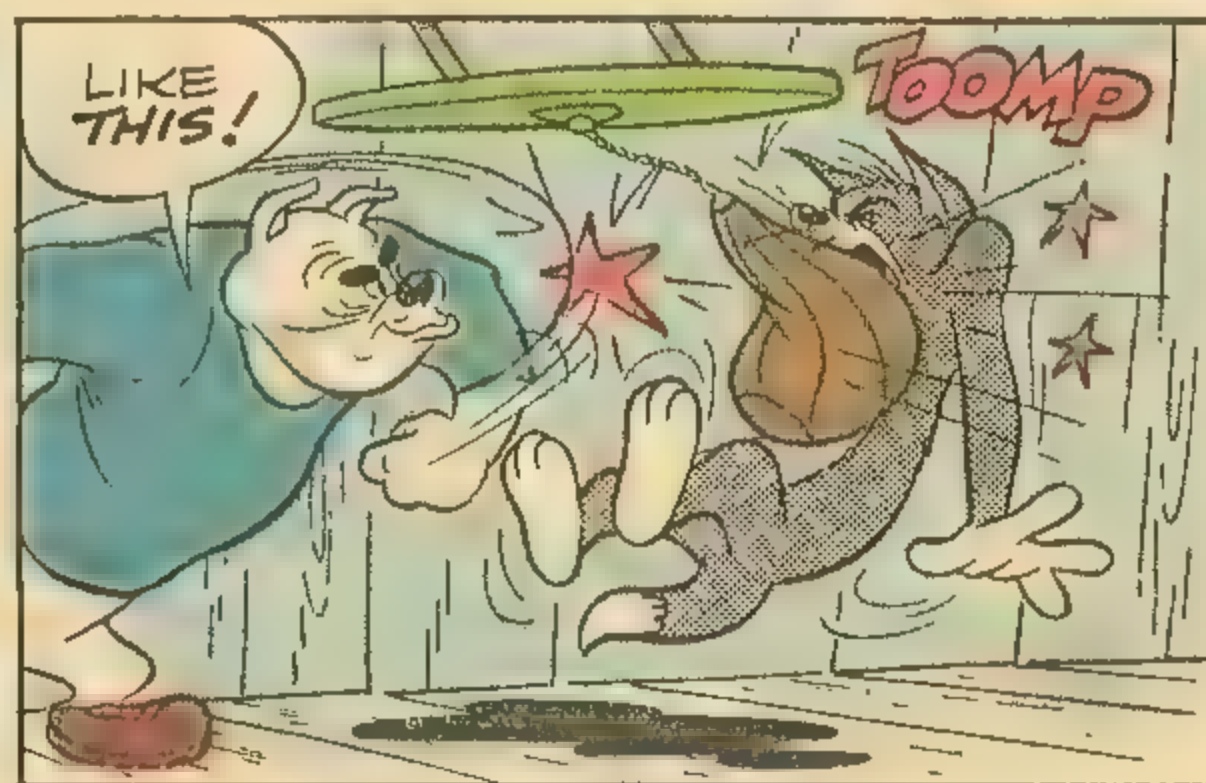
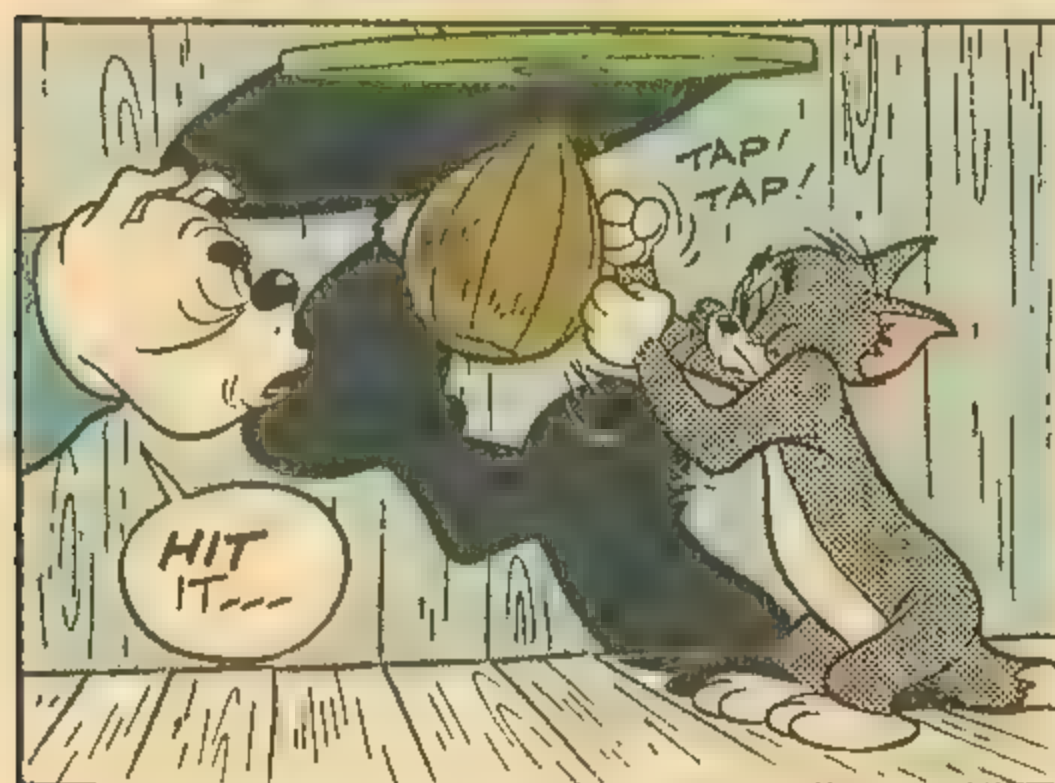
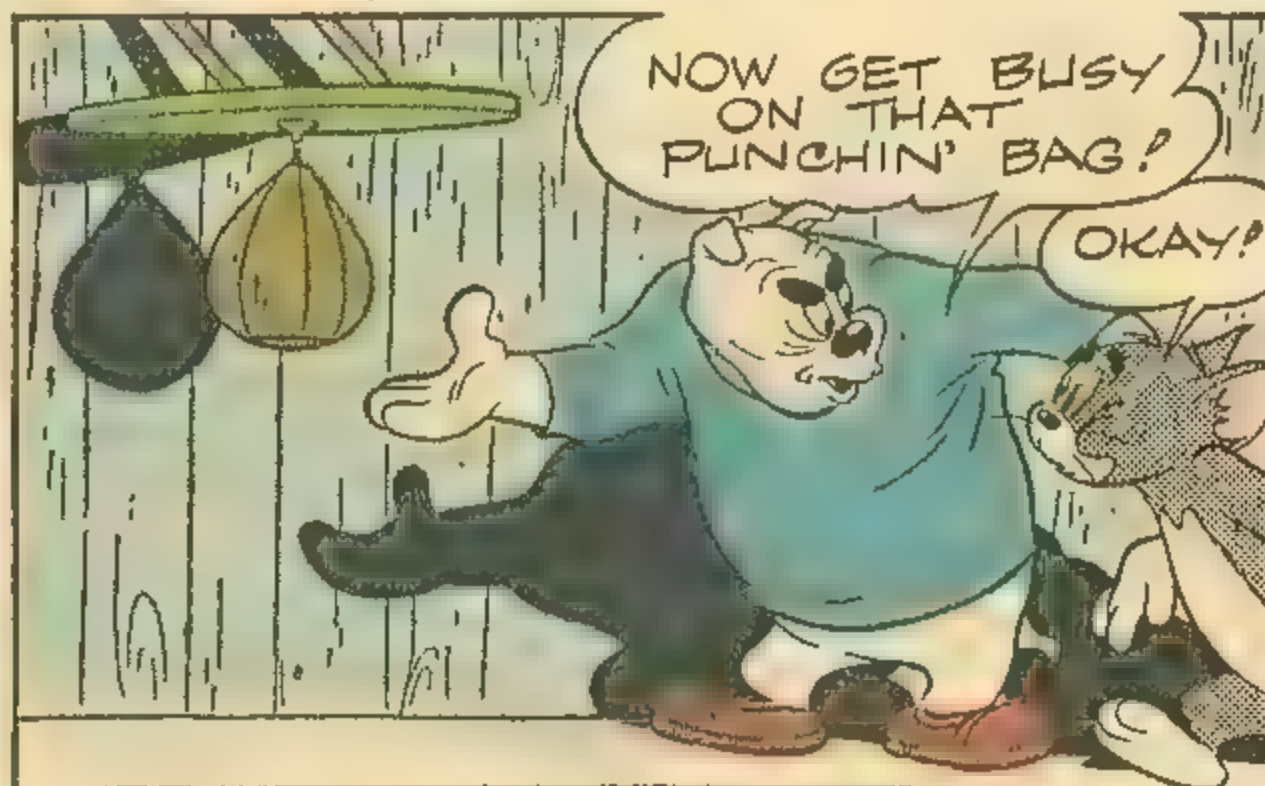
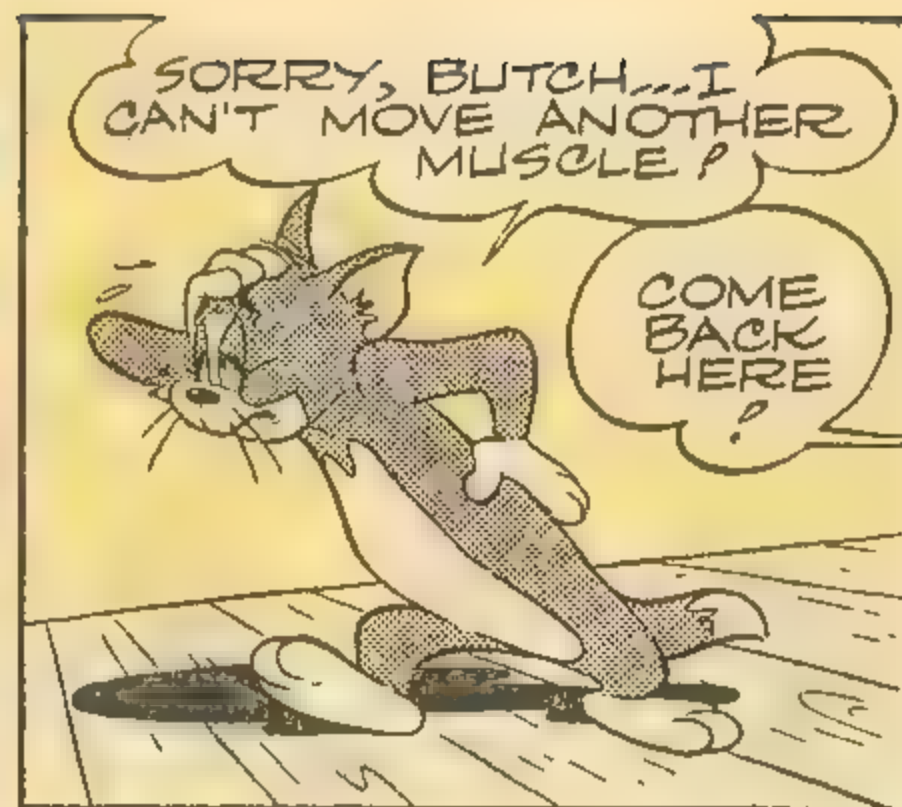
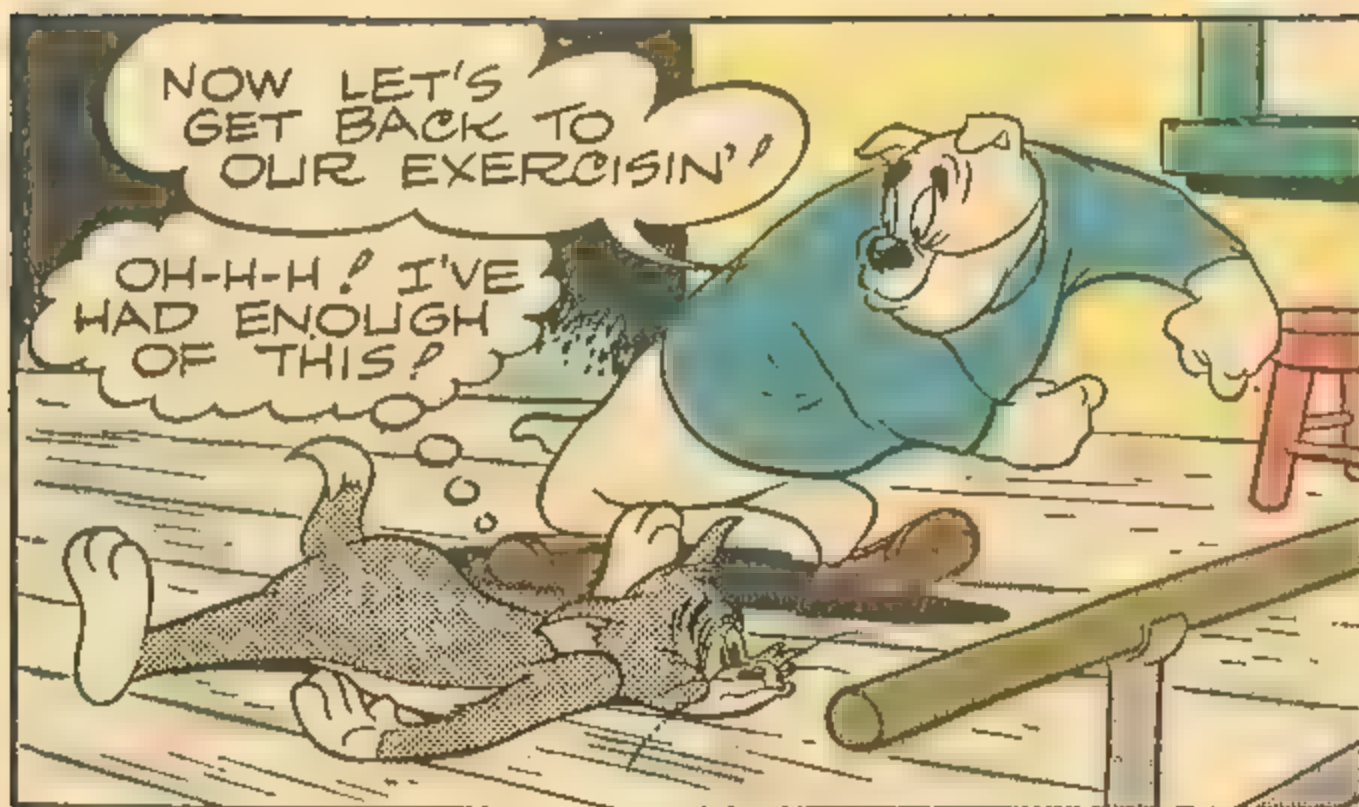




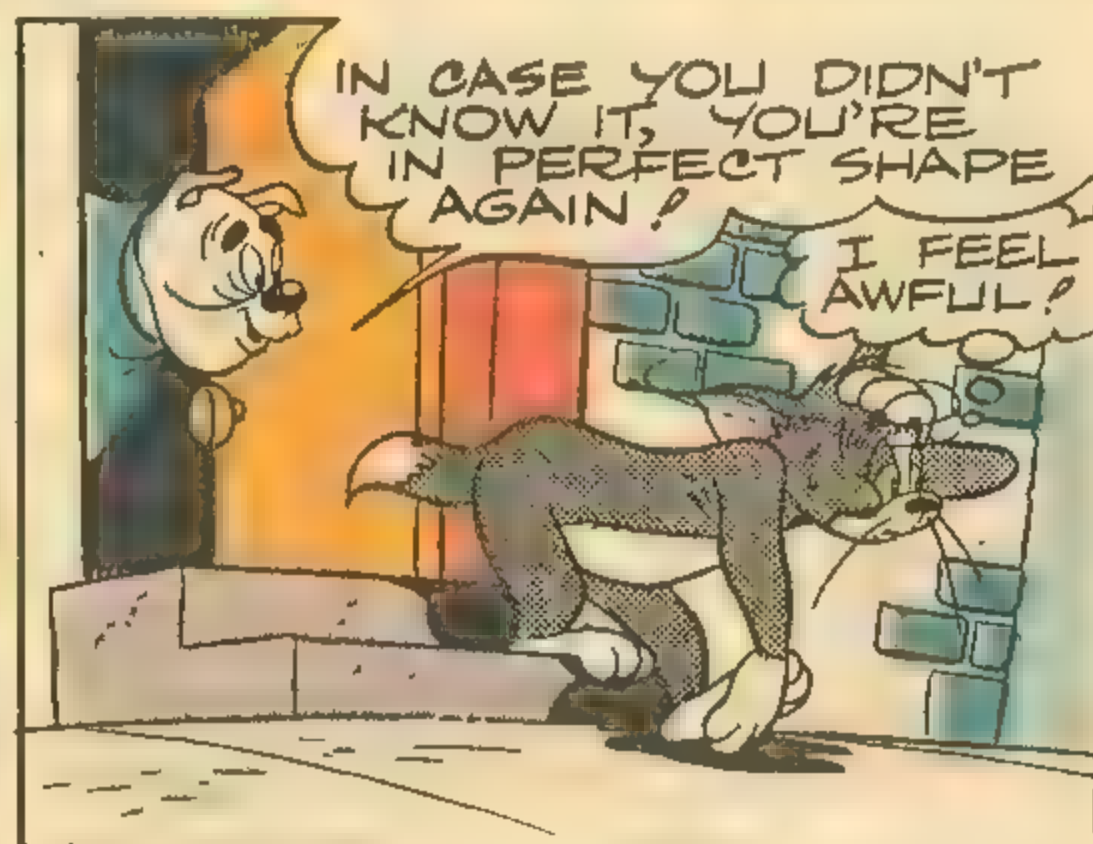
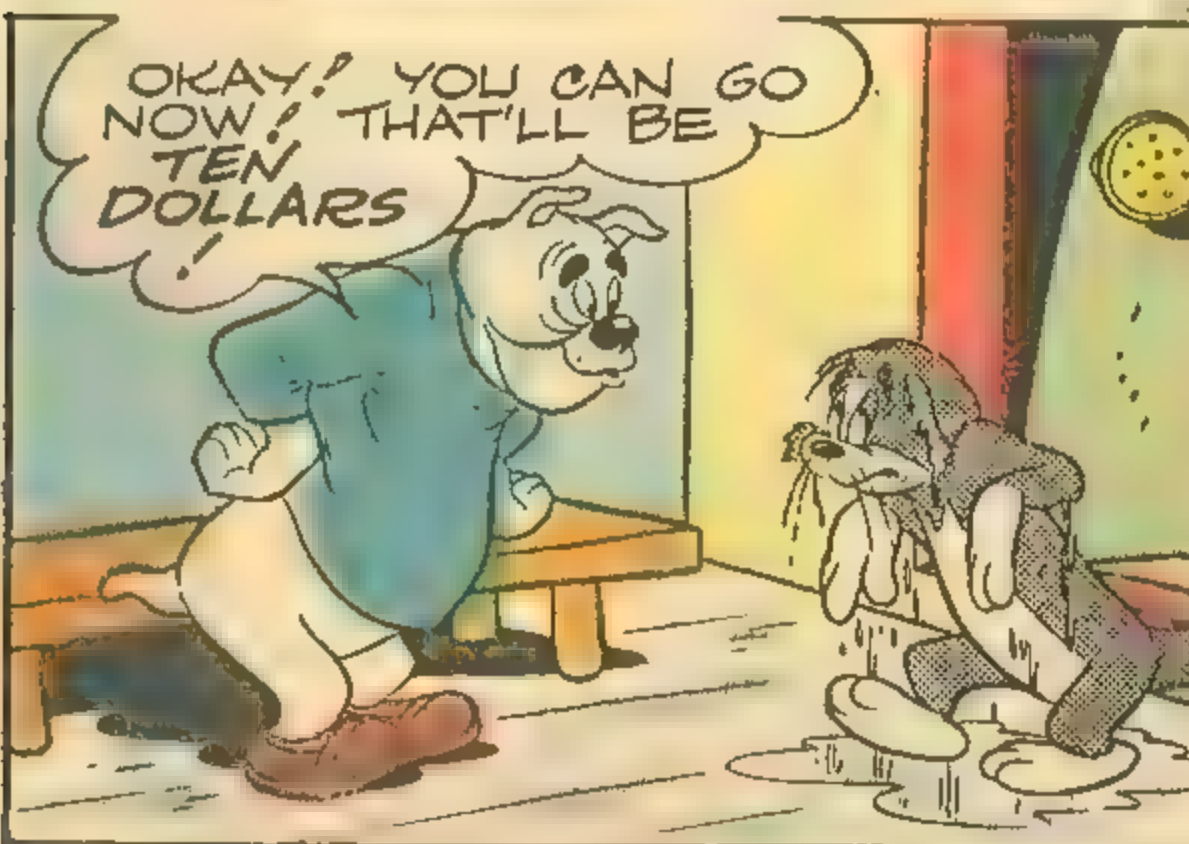
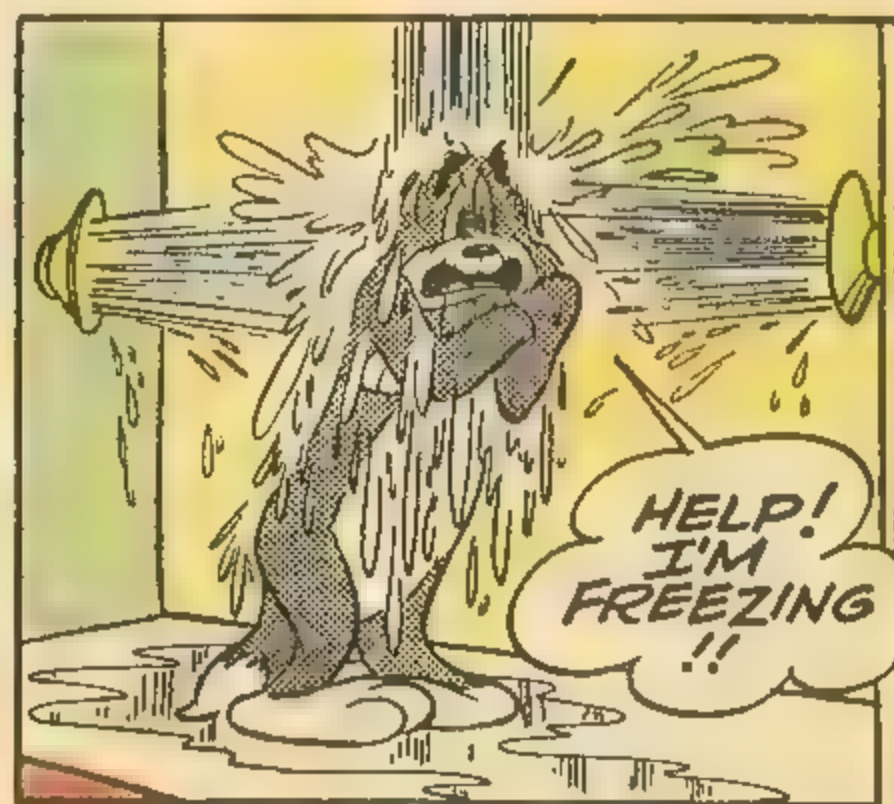
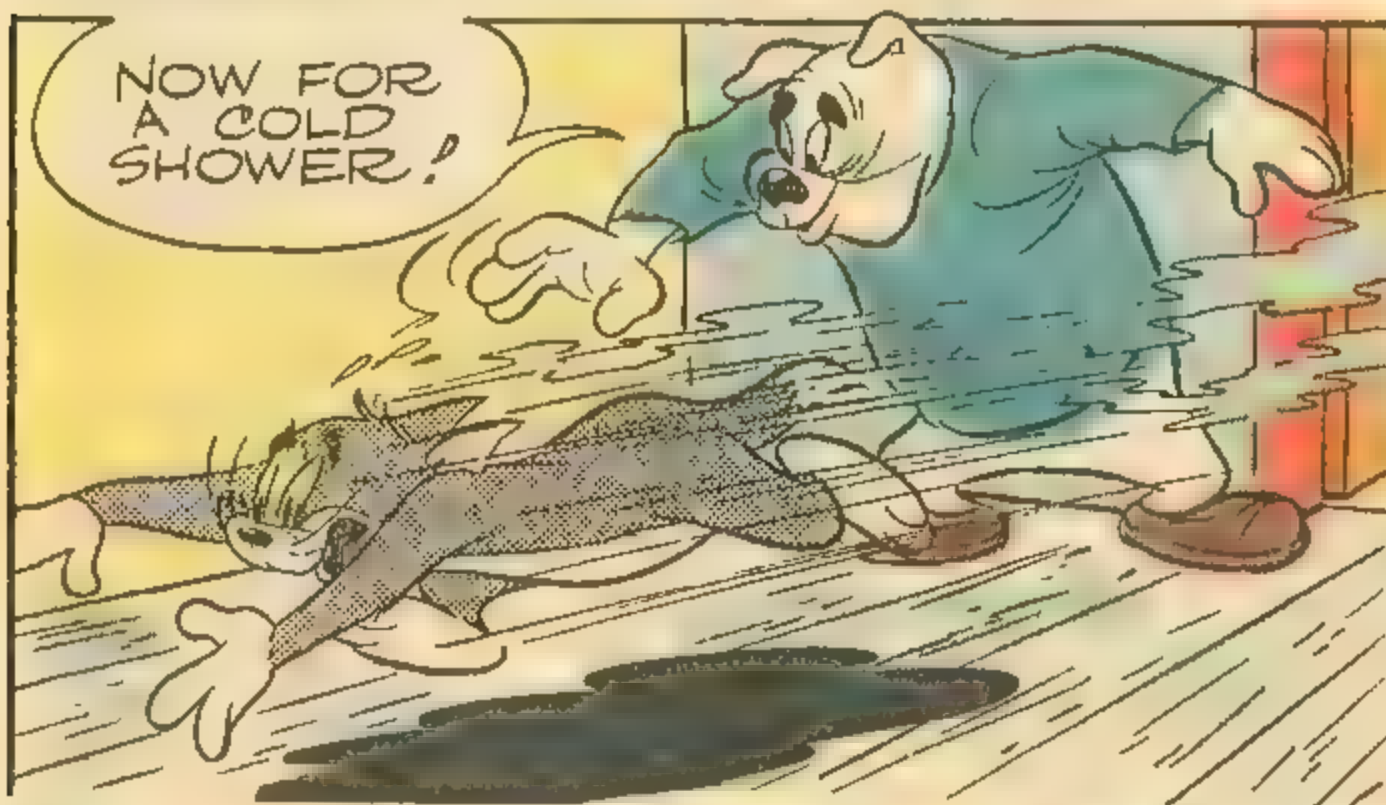
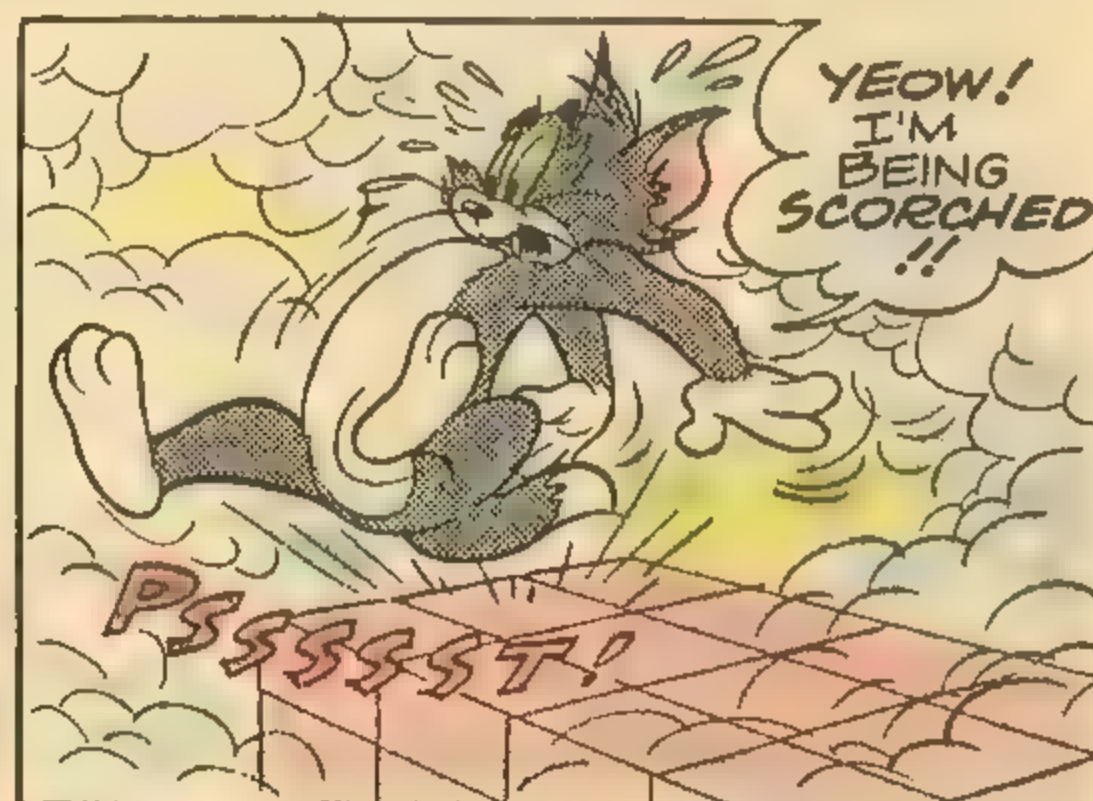
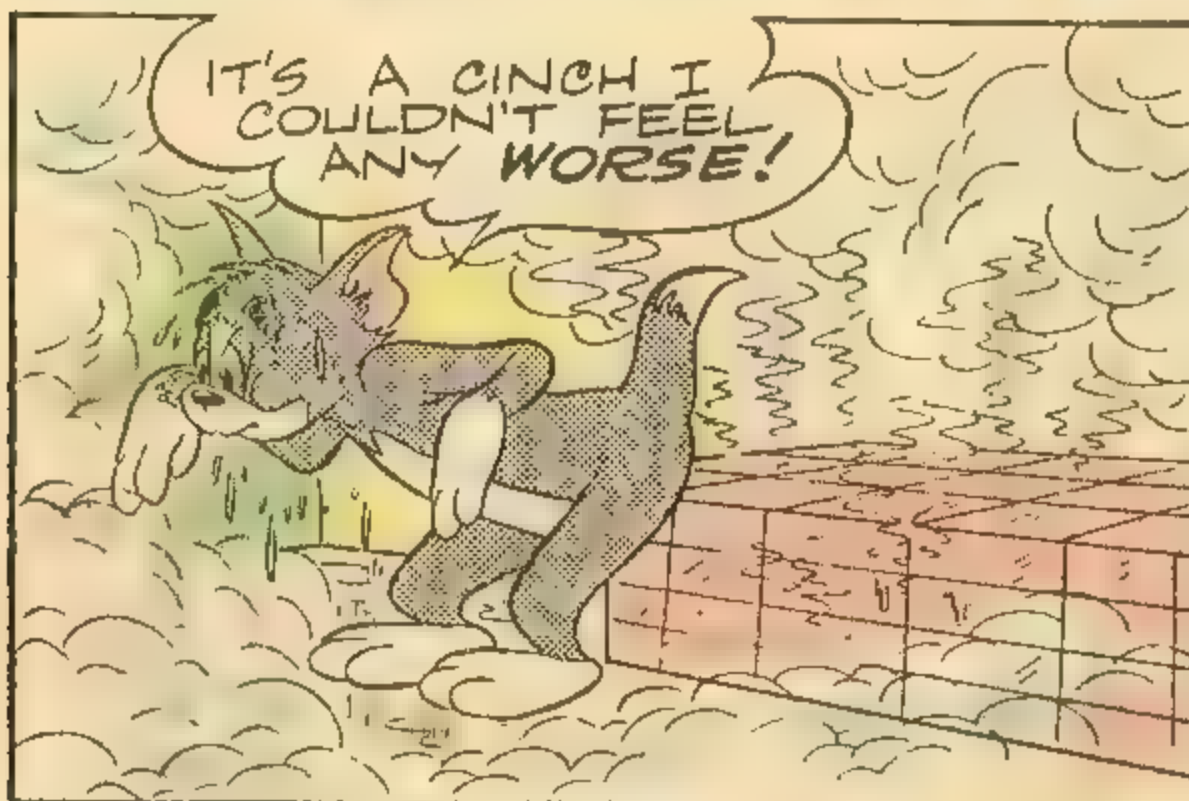
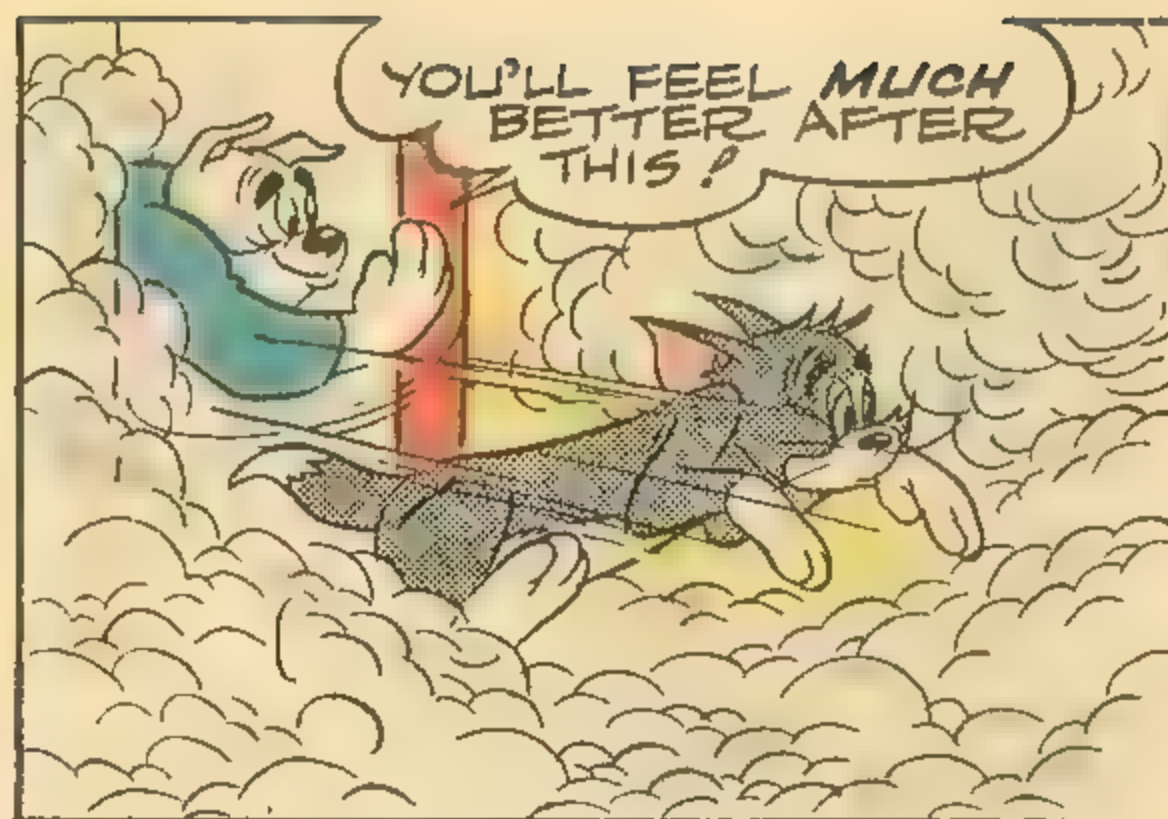
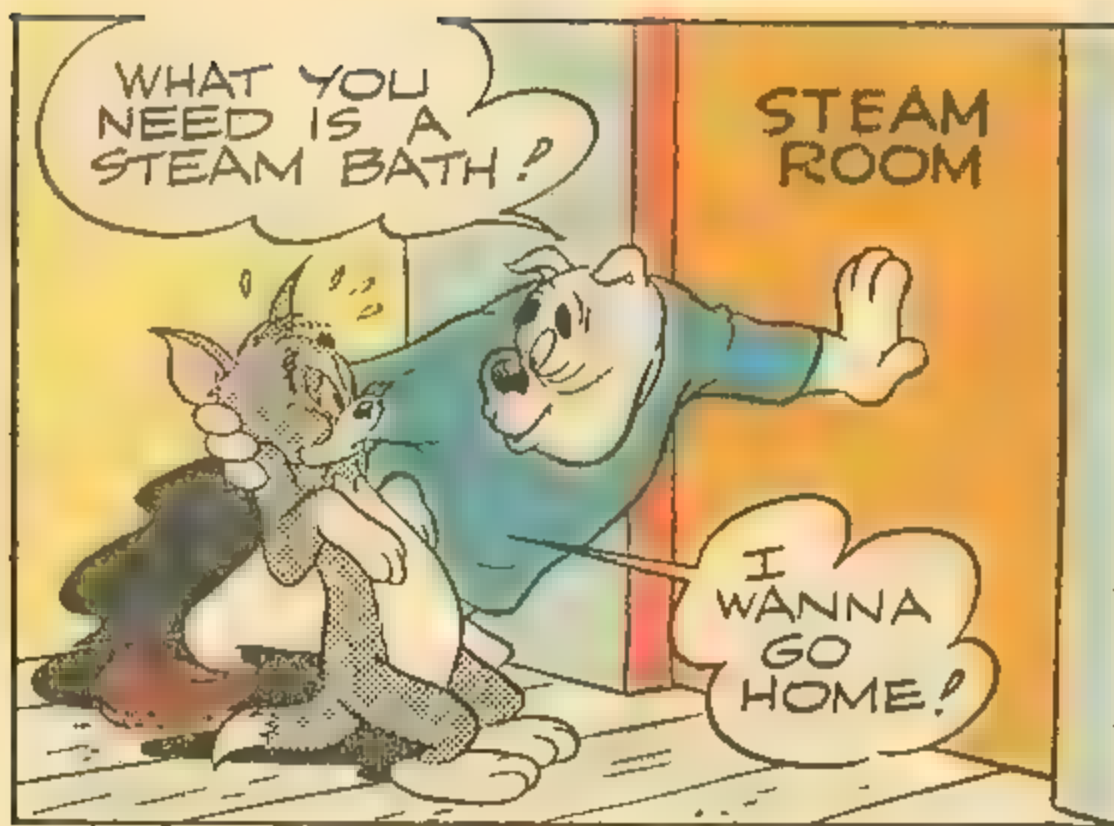




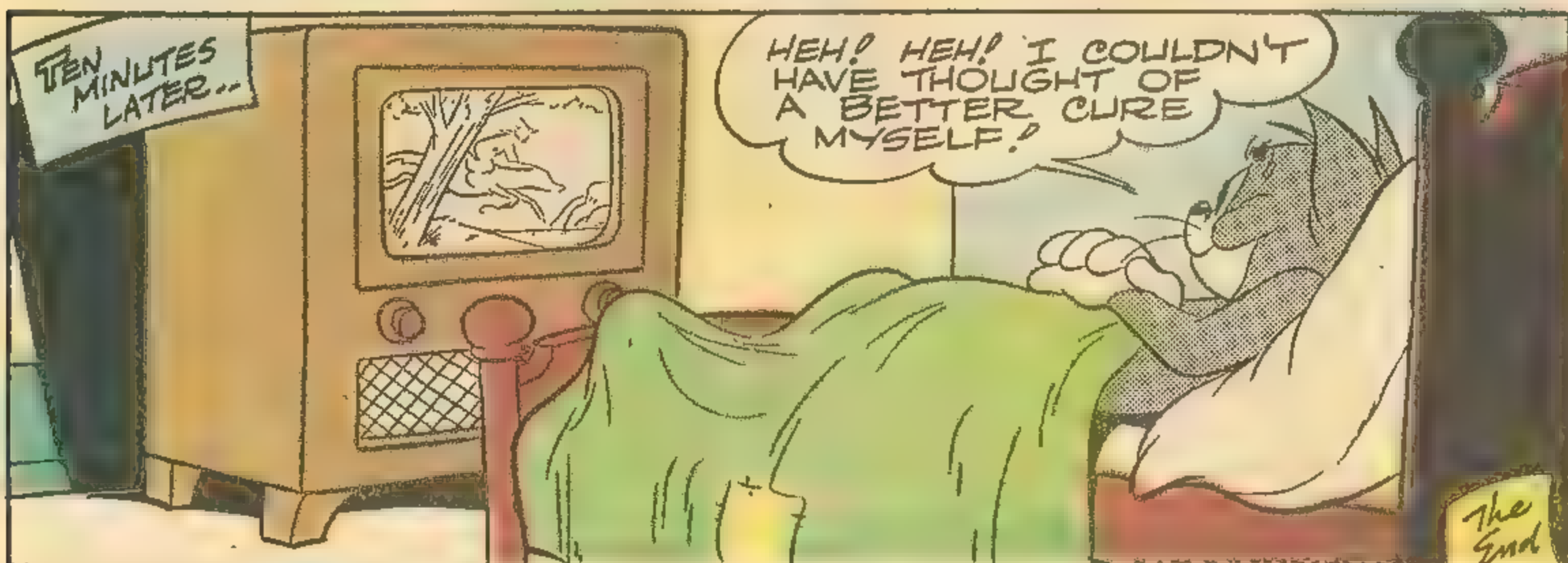
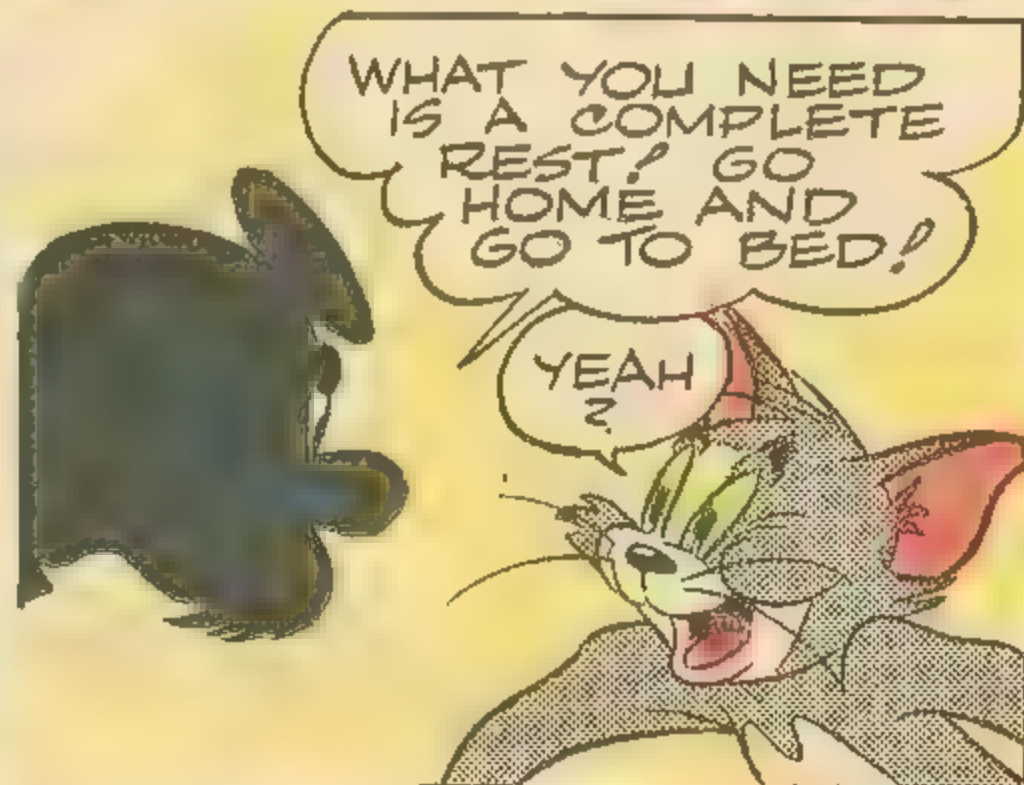
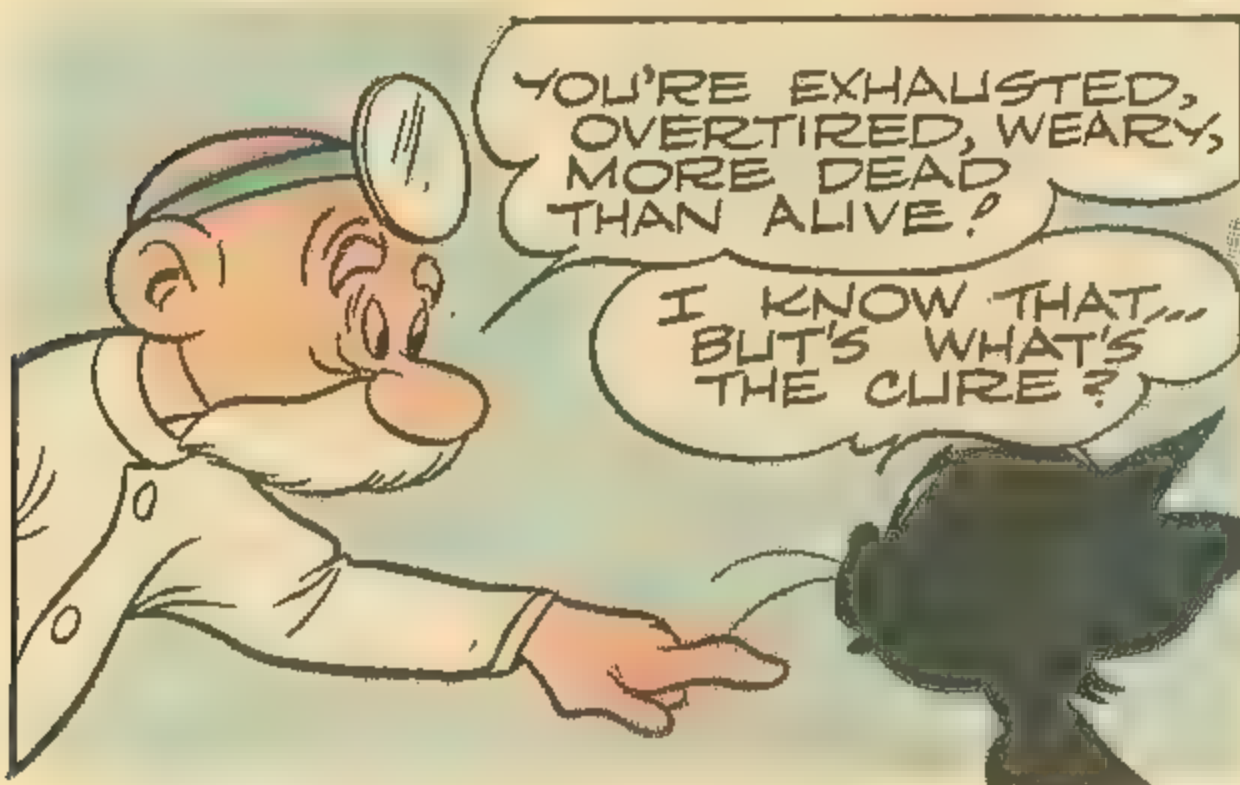
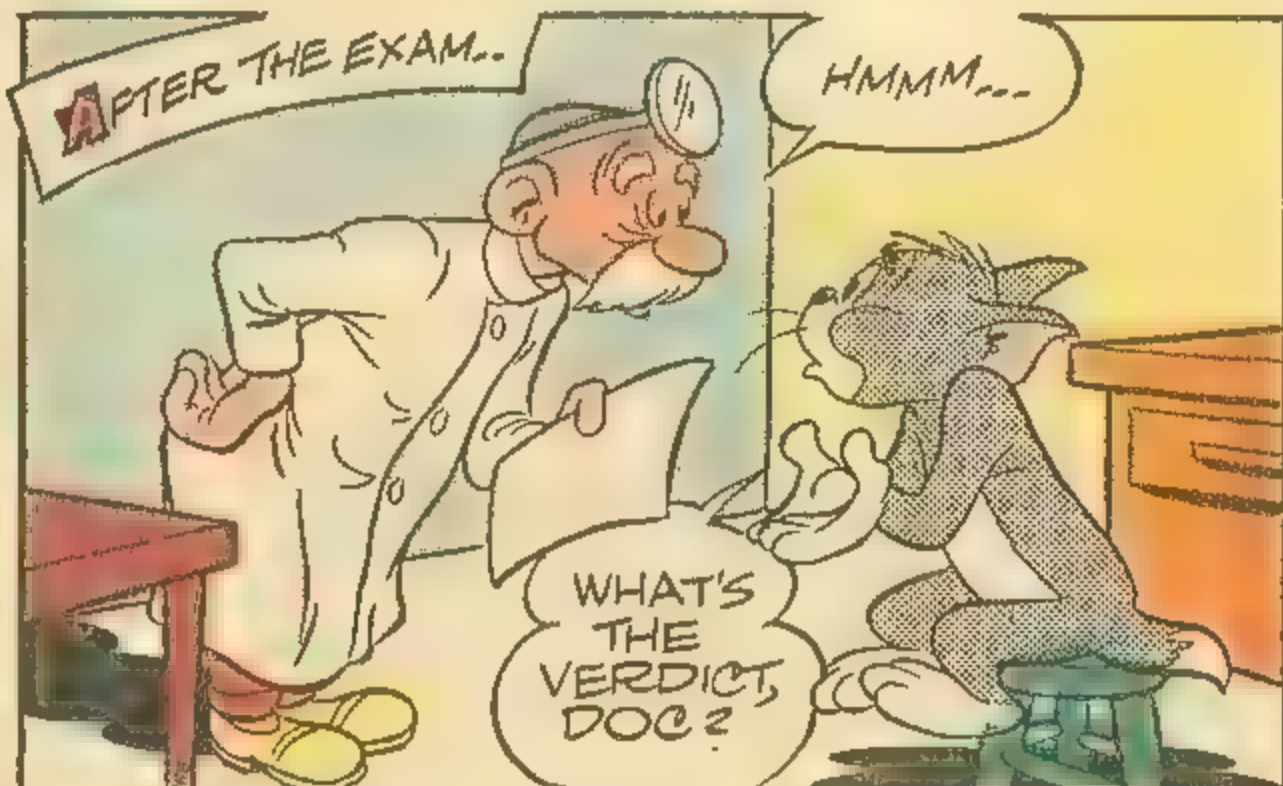
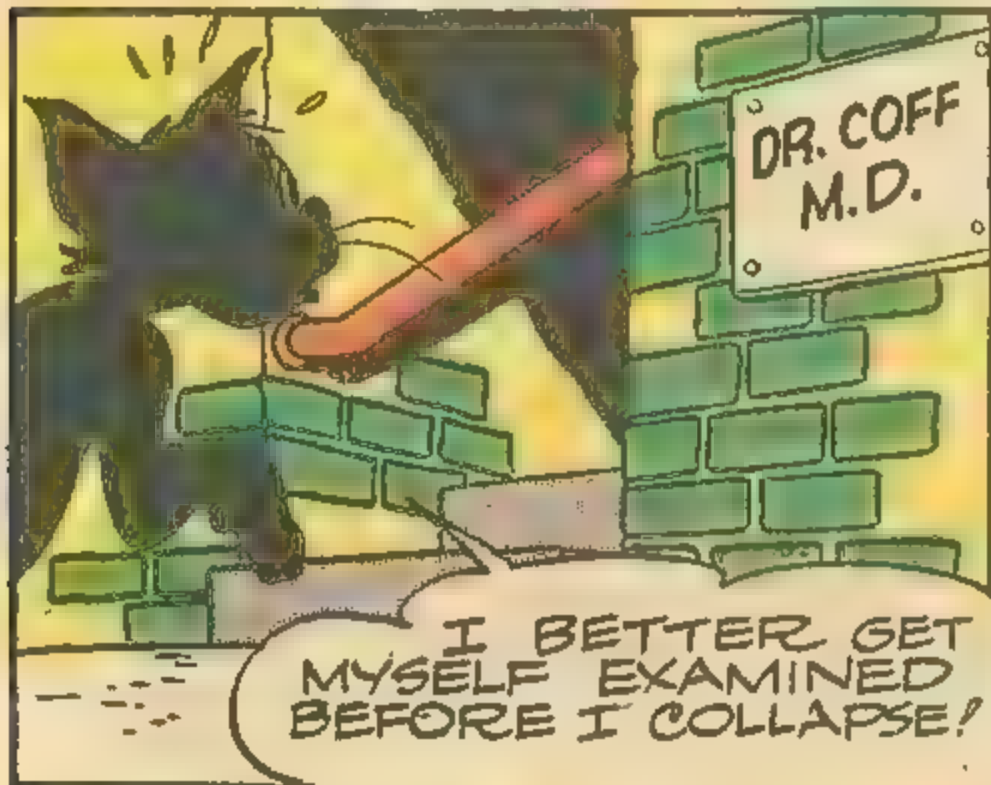
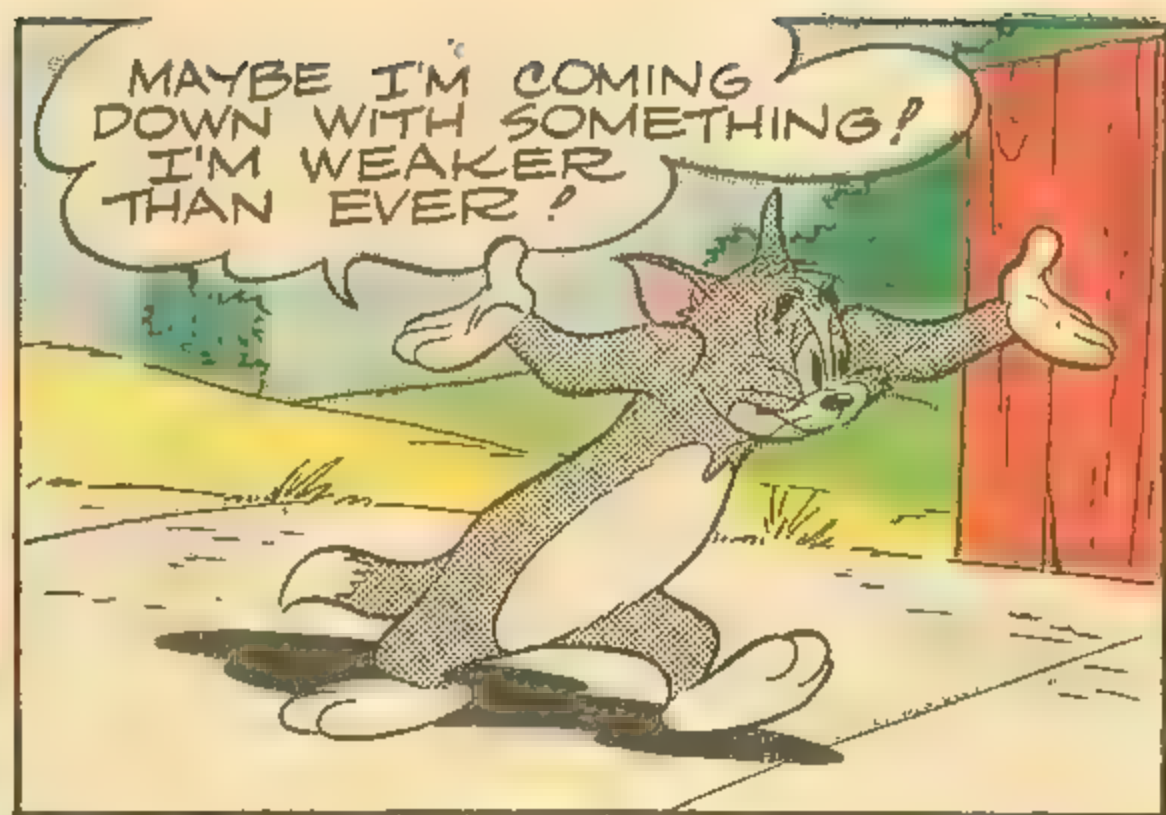
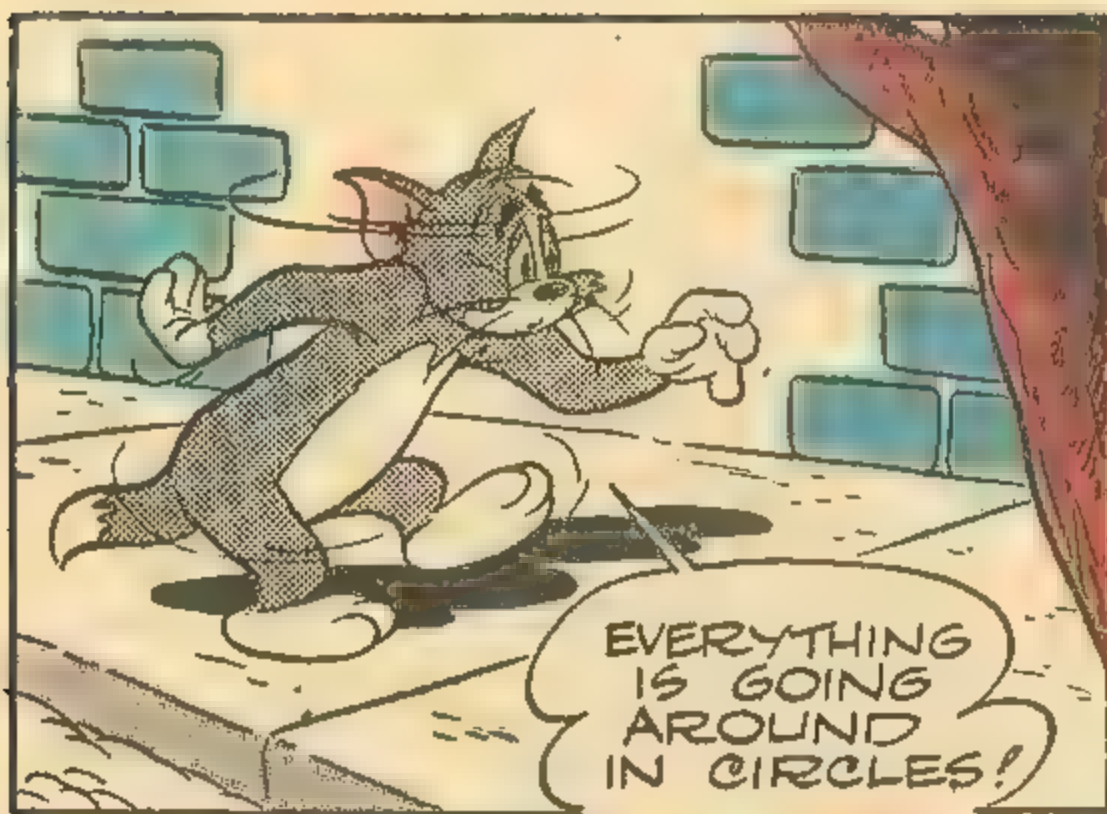










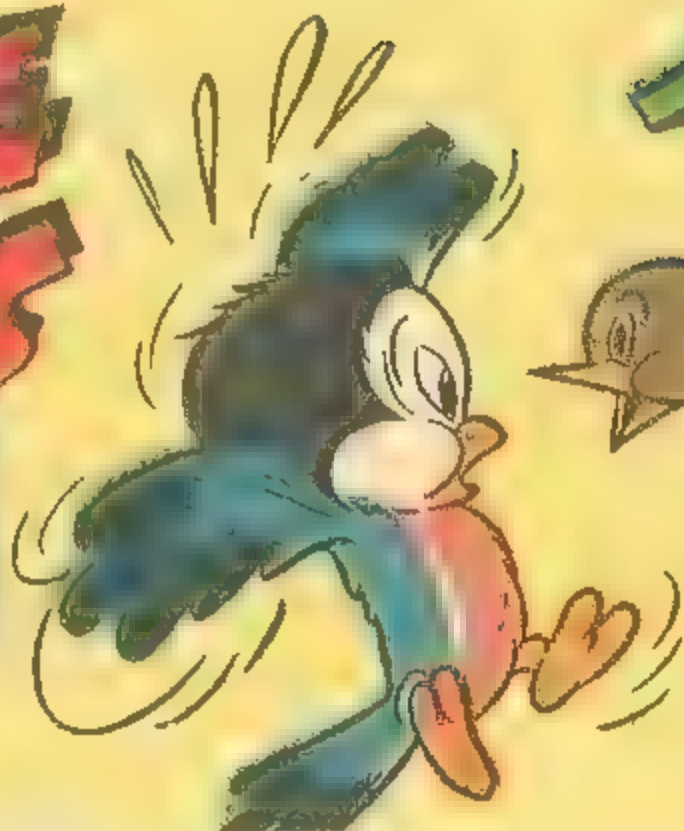




present

# BERTIE BIRDS

DANGEROUS ADVENTURE



Bertie Bird flew down and perched on the branch of a poplar tree beside his little chum, Red Robin.

"I'm bored!" confided Bertie. "Let's go on a DANGEROUS adventure!"

Red Robin flapped his wings and hopped up and down with excitement. "That's a wonderful idea, Bertie! But where'll we go?"

"Well," Bertie preened the feathers on his left wing. "How about exploring the back yard of the White House next door to the Big House?"

"Ooooooh!" Red Robin tingled all over with thrills and chills. "That IS a dangerous adventure, all right! But I'm game! When shall we start?"

"Right this minute!" answered Bertie.

So the two little explorers flew away from the safety of the poplar tree toward the mysterious White House.

Finally, they came to an old oak tree standing a few feet outside the fence. They flew round and round the tree, peeking over the fence each time around to nerve themselves for the big plunge. After the tenth time around, Bertie chirped, "Well, here I go!"

Then, followed by Red Robin, he nose-dived down over the fence and made a graceful feet-first landing on the soft grass. They had arrived smack-dab in the center of the back yard of the White House.

They glanced fearfully around but could see nothing the least bit frightening. So—they grew very bold and hopped a few feet forward.

Said Red Robin to Bertie, "Have you thought what might happen if the big

black cat sees us?"

Bertie saucily ruffled his bright little feathers. "Pooh! Who's afraid of the black cat!"

Then, just to prove that HE was not, Bertie Bird flew down and perched on the top step of the back porch. He actually SANG at the top of his lungs!

Red Robin was horrified. He hopped a few inches nearer. "Bertie! Be quiet! Come away from there!"

Bertie twittered and hopped about. "Not I! I'm having a wonderful time!" Suddenly, BANG!—the screen door flew open!

"Me-roww-rr!" Out leaped the big black cat.

"Scat!" screamed Cook at the open door with upraised broom.

Bertie and Red Robin shot up into the air frightened nearly out of their wits. Red Robin flew to the safety of the old oak tree, but Bertie was so excited, he turned the wrong way! With one swoosh, he flew right past Cook's nose through the open screen door into the White House!

"My goodness!" cried Cook rushing in after him, "You fly right back outa here, little birdie! This is no place for you!"

Of course, Bertie could not understand what Cook said but he did know that she was chasing him—so he guessed that he was not a welcome visitor in her nest. It was such a fascinating nest, too—filled with all sorts of wonderful things that he would like to look at.

"I know what I'll do," thought Bertie.



"I'll fly and fly and wear her out chasing me. Then, I can look around."

So Bertie flew from room to room. Poor Cook chased after him scolding and waving her broom. "My, you are the flyingest birdie I ever did see! Light yourself, so's I can catch you!"

But Bertie did not light. He flew upstairs instead. By the time Cook caught up with him, he had seen all the bedrooms and zoomed back down again.

In fact, poor little Bertie had just about worn himself out. Flying into the living room, he perched upon a very beautiful clock standing on the mantle.

"Tick, tock! Tick, tock!" sang the clock.

Bertie cocked his head on one side to listen. "My! What a peculiar song. There must be some kind of bird living inside this strange box." He leaned way down over the top of the clock and peered all around. Where was he?

Suddenly a little door flew open and out popped a tiny bird. "Coo-Coo! Coo-Coo! Coo-Coo!" he chirped; then popped right back inside again. Bertie was so startled he fell kerflop!—onto the mantle.

As he struggled to his feet, in dashed Cook again. "Aha! There you are. You're not gettin' away this time!"

Slap!!! Two large hands landed on the mantle. But Bertie was not there! Cook lifted her hands and looked at the empty space. "Imagine that! Where do you s'pose that I'il birdie's got to?"

"Peek!" chirped Bertie saucily. Cook whirled around and looked at the top of the window. There was Bertie! He

sat perched upon the curtain rod, looking down at her with his bright little eyes.

But when Cook waved her broom at him, Bertie flew off the rod and headed for the dining room. He flew all around the table and then landed upon—guess what?—a freshly baked chocolate cake.

"Eeekkk!" screamed the Cook, rushing up to the table, "My cake!"

Bertie fluttered his wings desperately as he tried to fly off the cake, but his feet were stuck fast in the gooey chocolate icing.

Suddenly, he found himself imprisoned in two soft gentle hands.

"You naughty birdie!" scolded Cook as she carried him outside. "Ruinin' my cake! Gettin' yourself all smeared with chocolate!"

But she chuckled softly as she opened her hands wide. "Go on now, fly straight home to your mother and don't come a-visitin' me any more!"

Bertie fluttered his wings gratefully—then, flew away!

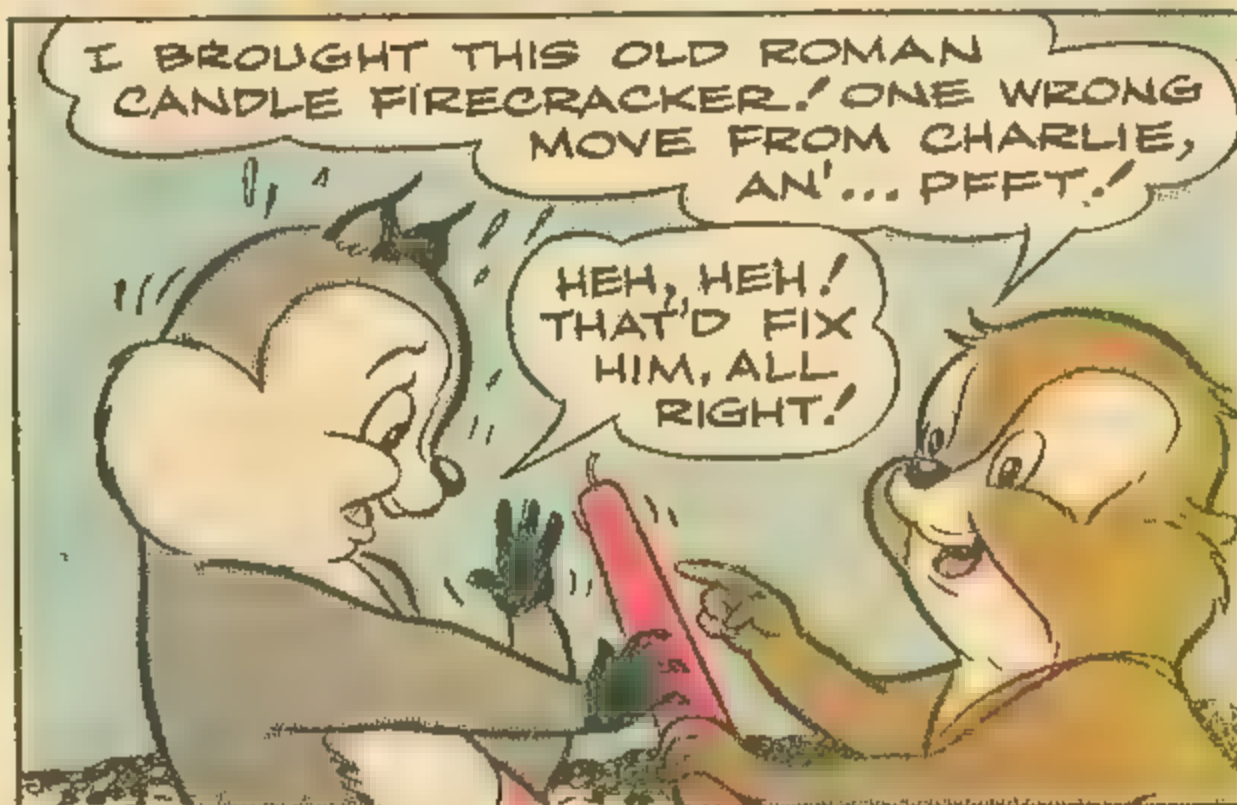
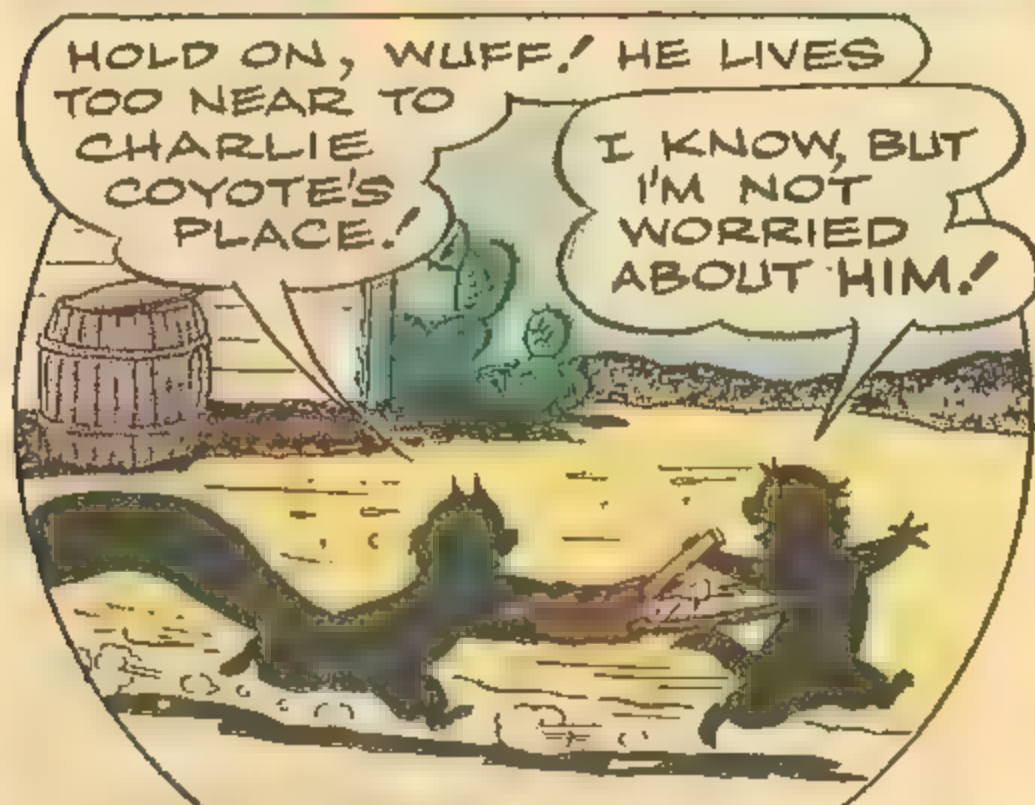
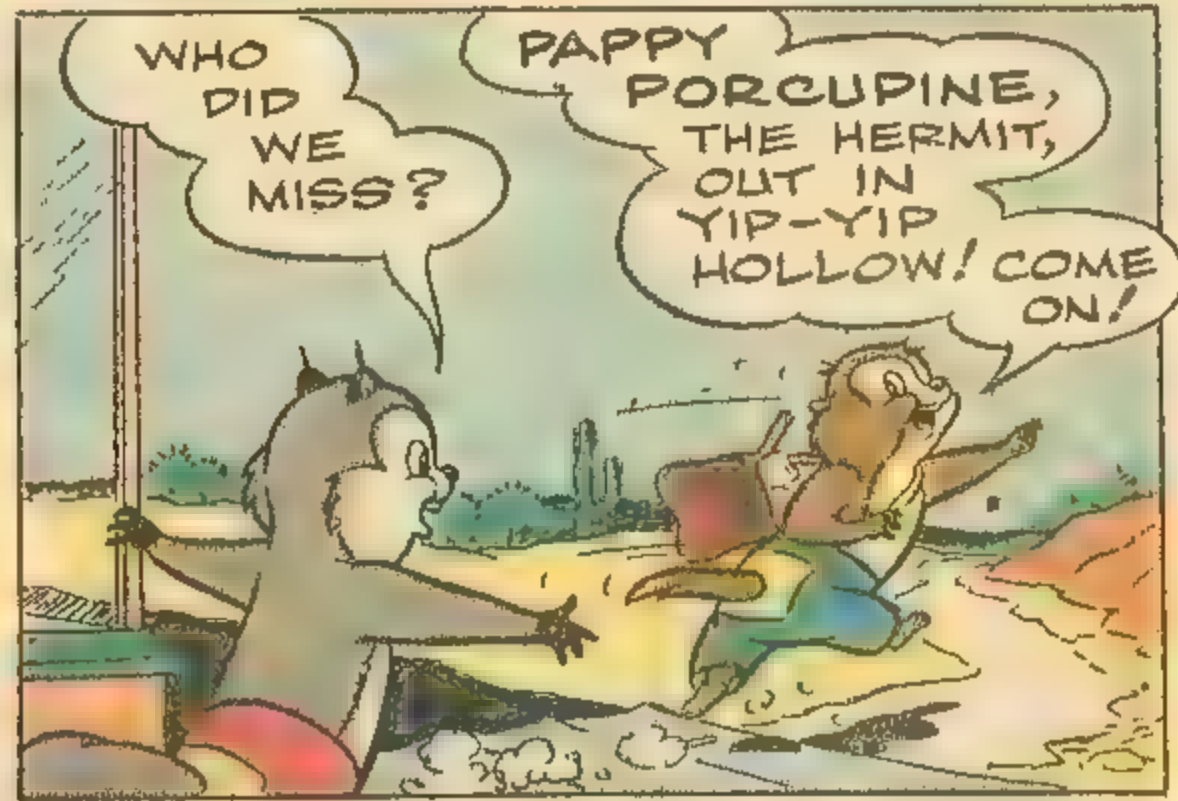
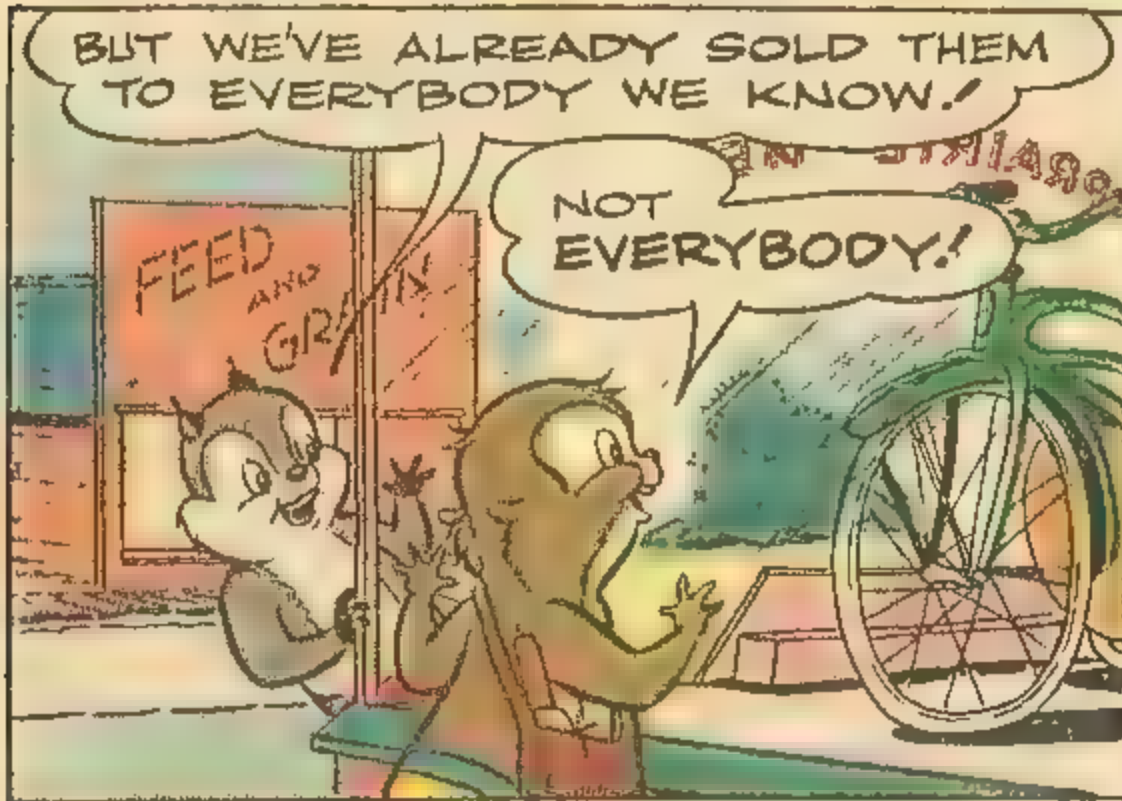
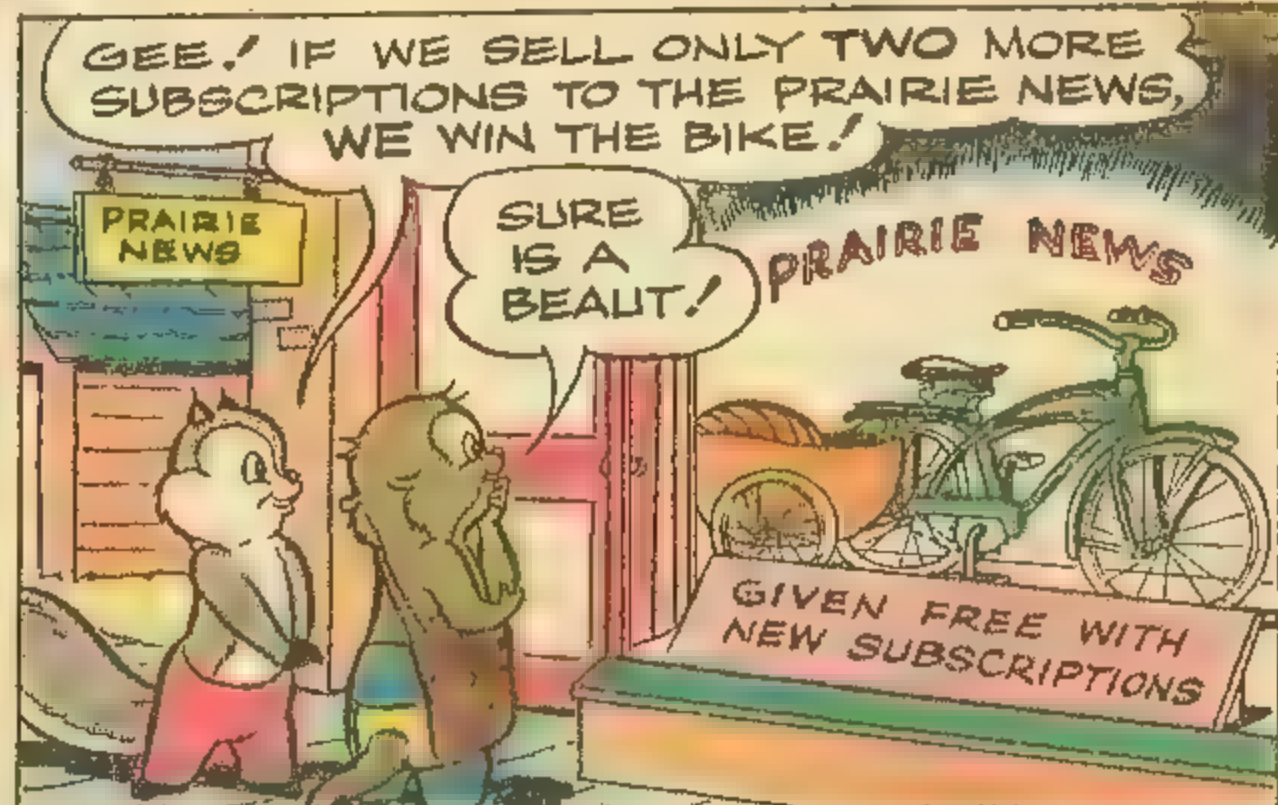
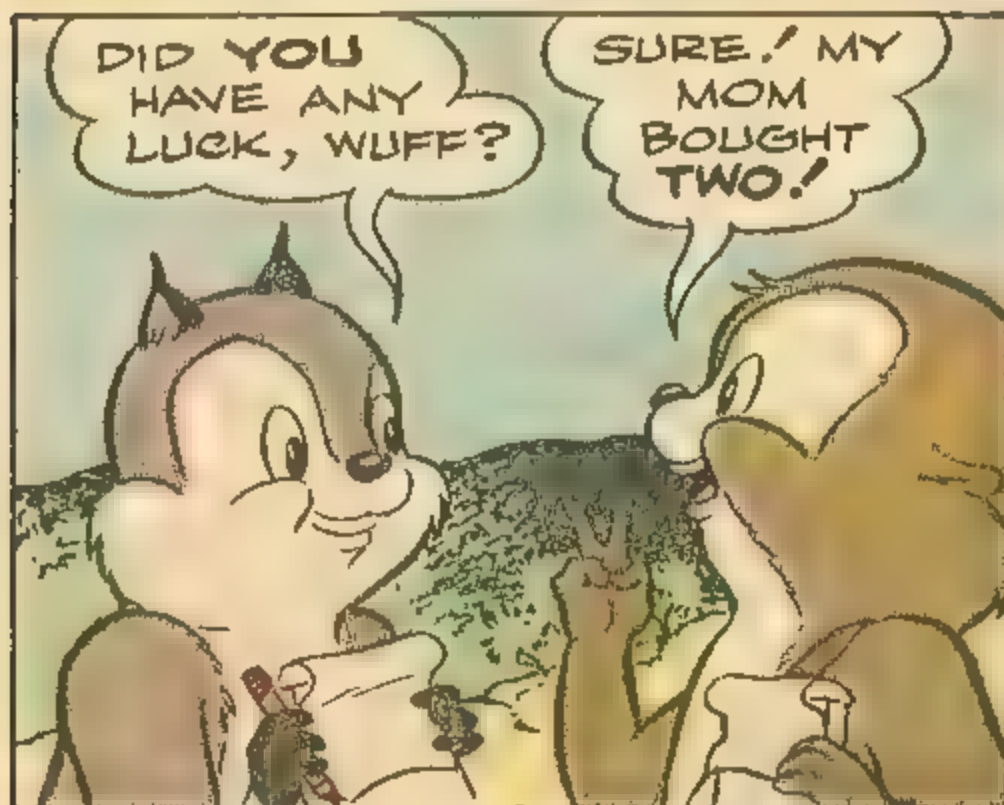
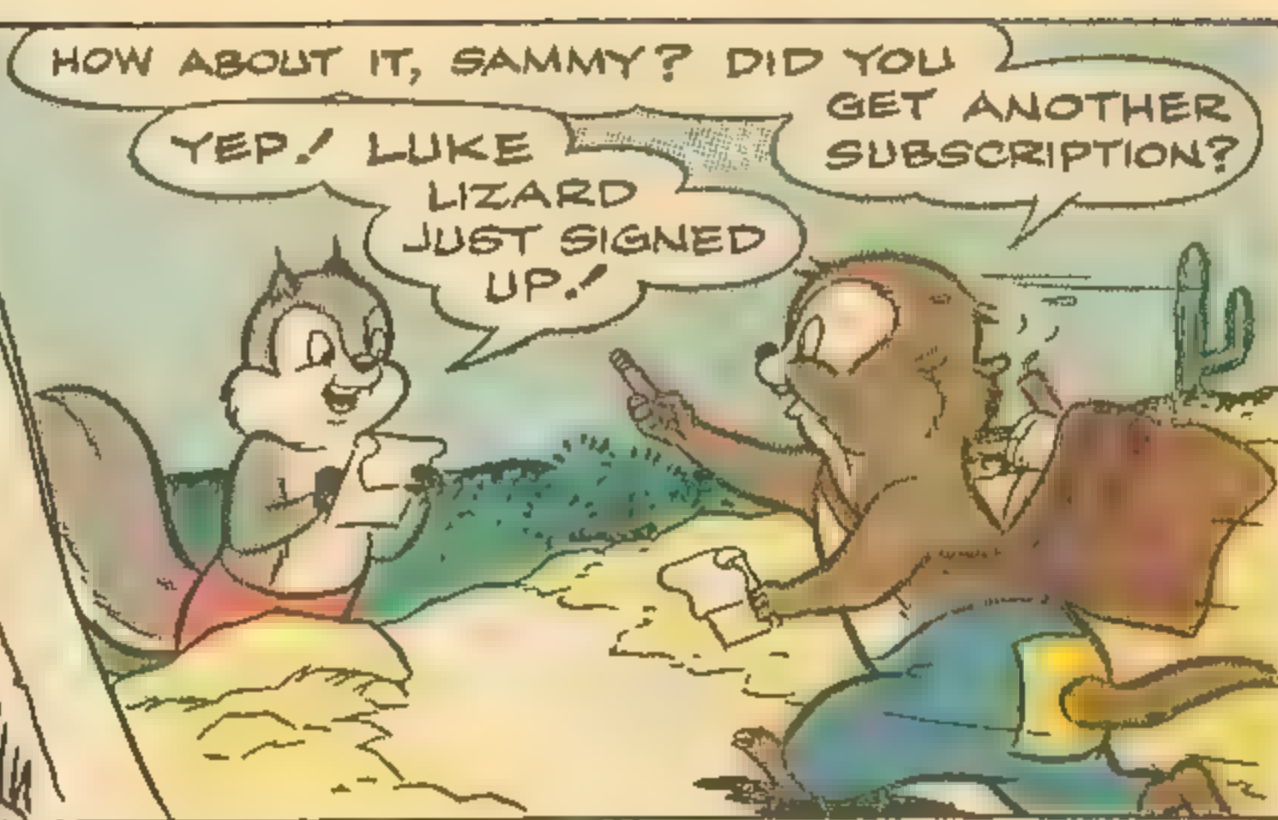
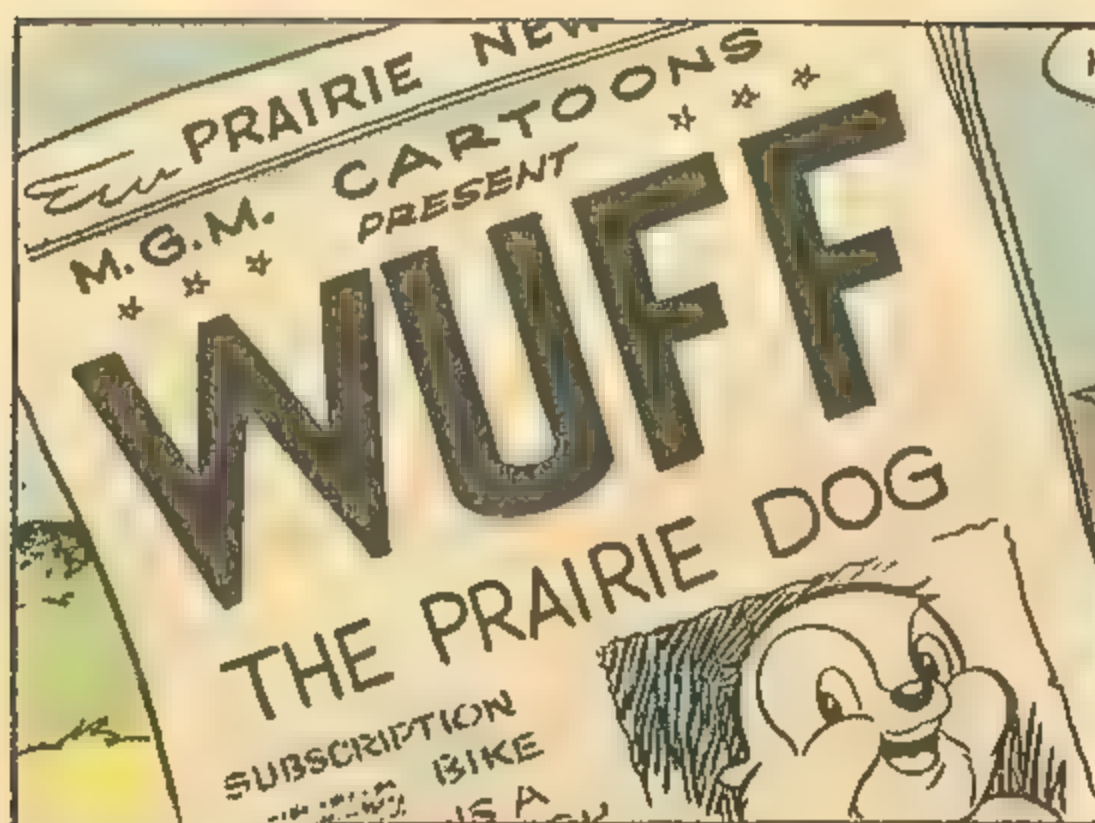
Never before had there been such twittering and excitement in Apple Tree Lane, as when Bertie returned with the story of his dangerous adventure. Bertie's little friends were eager to share Bertie Bird's and Red Robin's excitement.

Their little feathered friends listened eagerly as Red Robin told how Bertie Bird flew straight past Cook's nose into the White House.

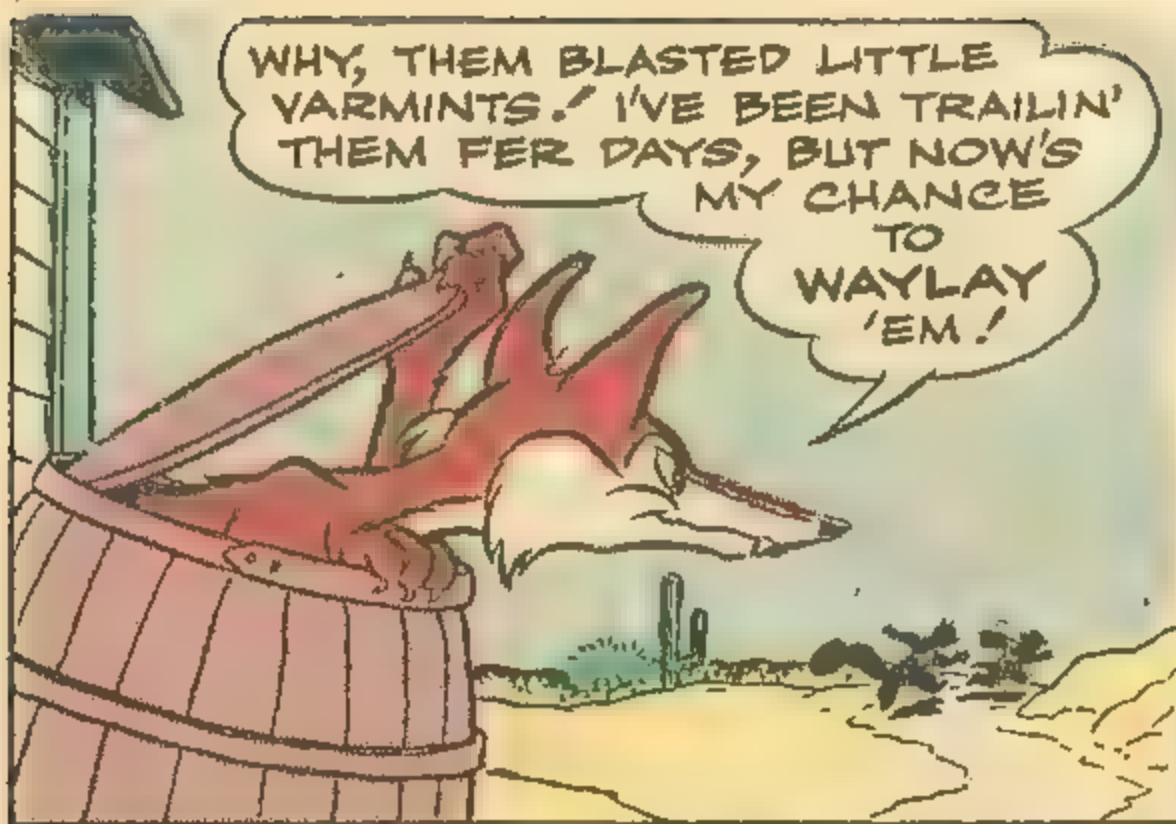
"Yes," Bertie agreed, "this was not a PRETEND adventure!"



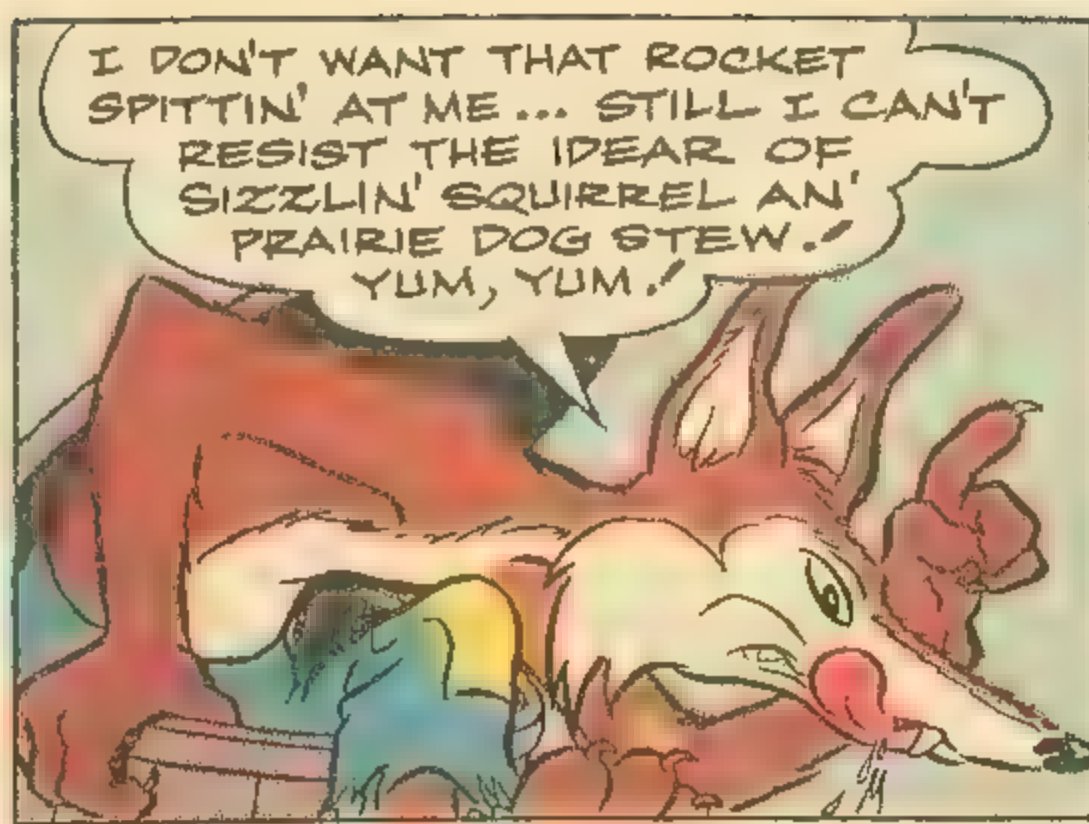




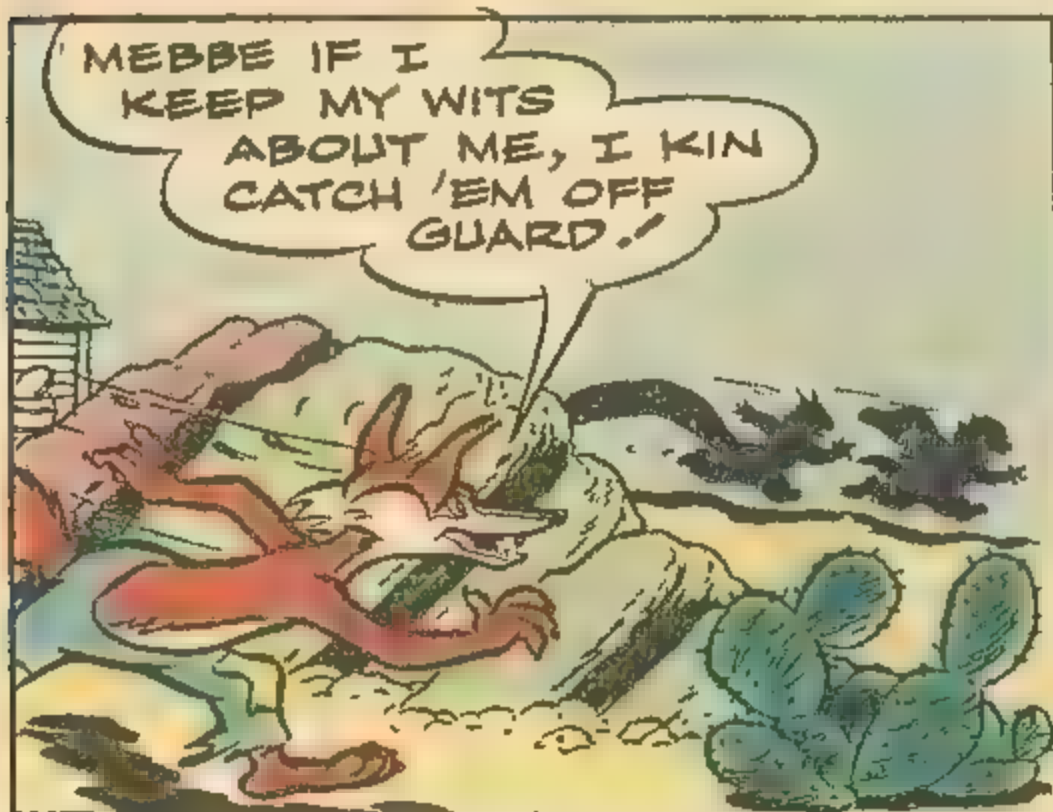




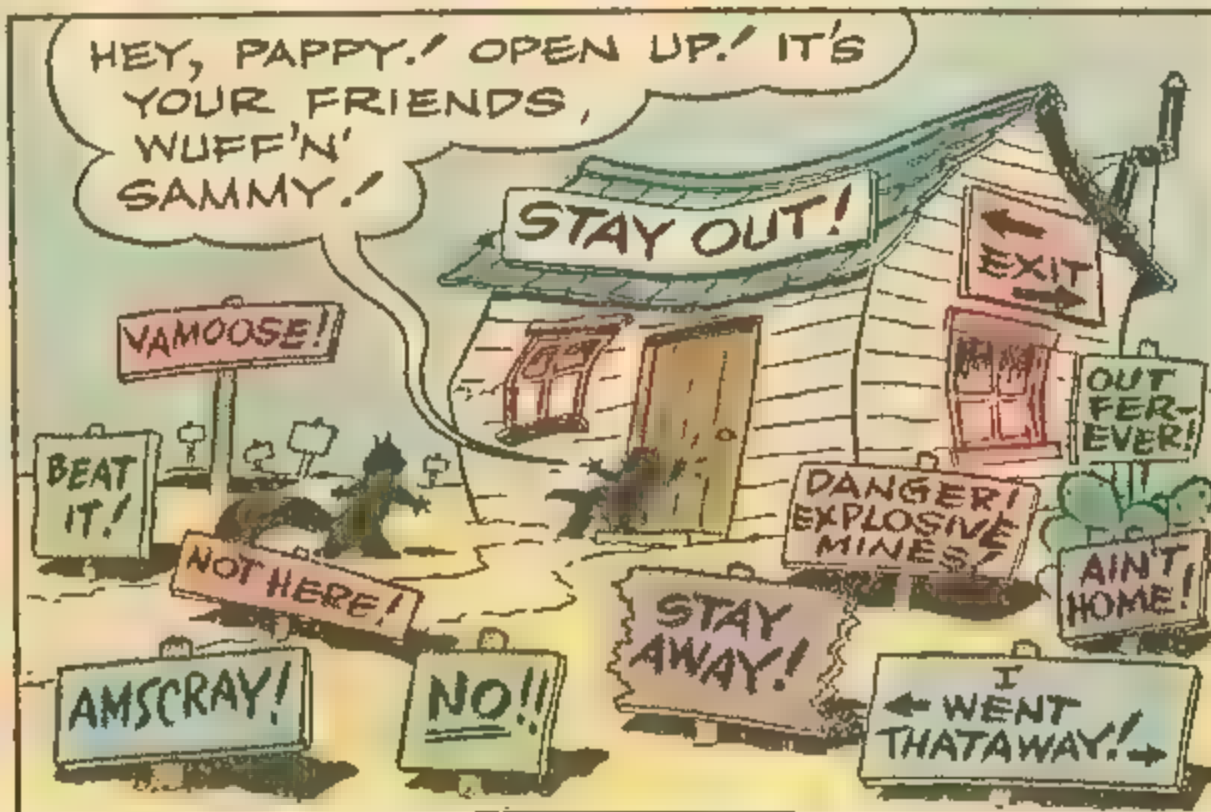
WHY, THEM BLASTED LITTLE VARMINTS. I'VE BEEN TRAILIN' THEM FER DAYS, BUT NOW'S MY CHANCE TO WAYLAY 'EM!



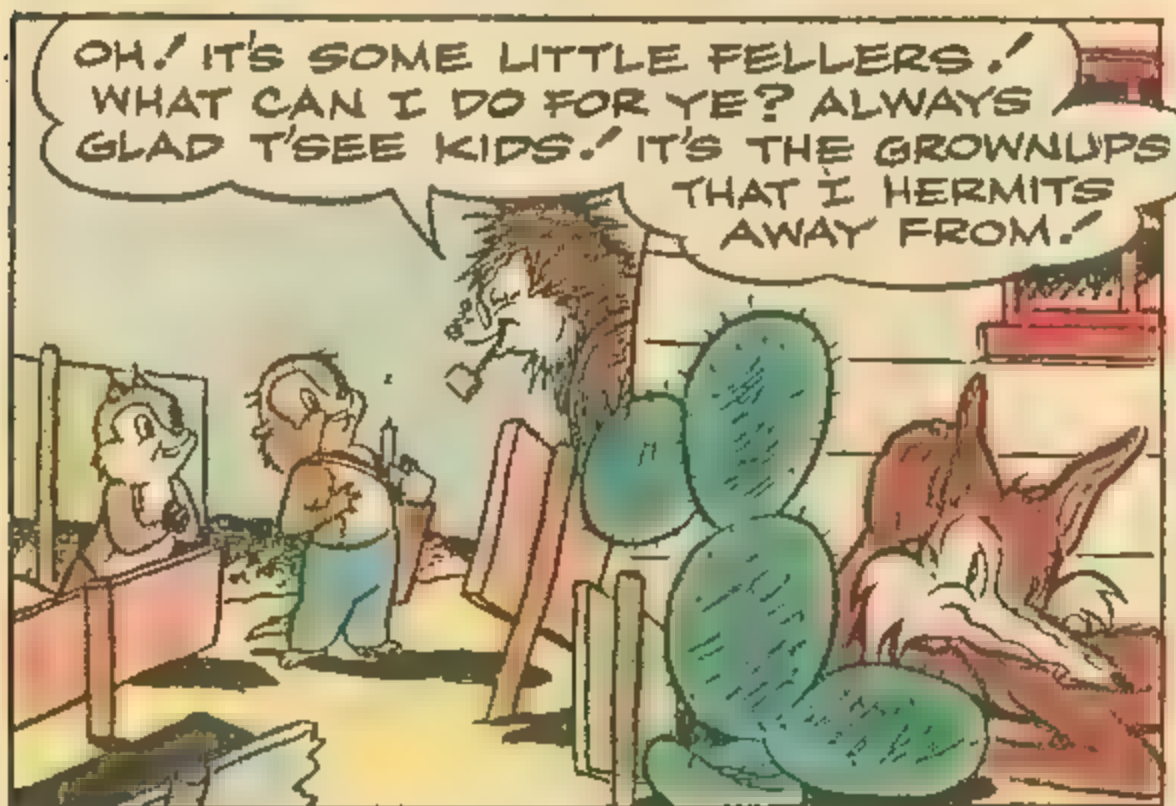
I DON'T WANT THAT ROCKET SPITTIN' AT ME... STILL I CAN'T RESIST THE IDEAR OF SIZZLIN' SQUIRREL AN' PRAIRIE DOG STEW. YUM, YUM!



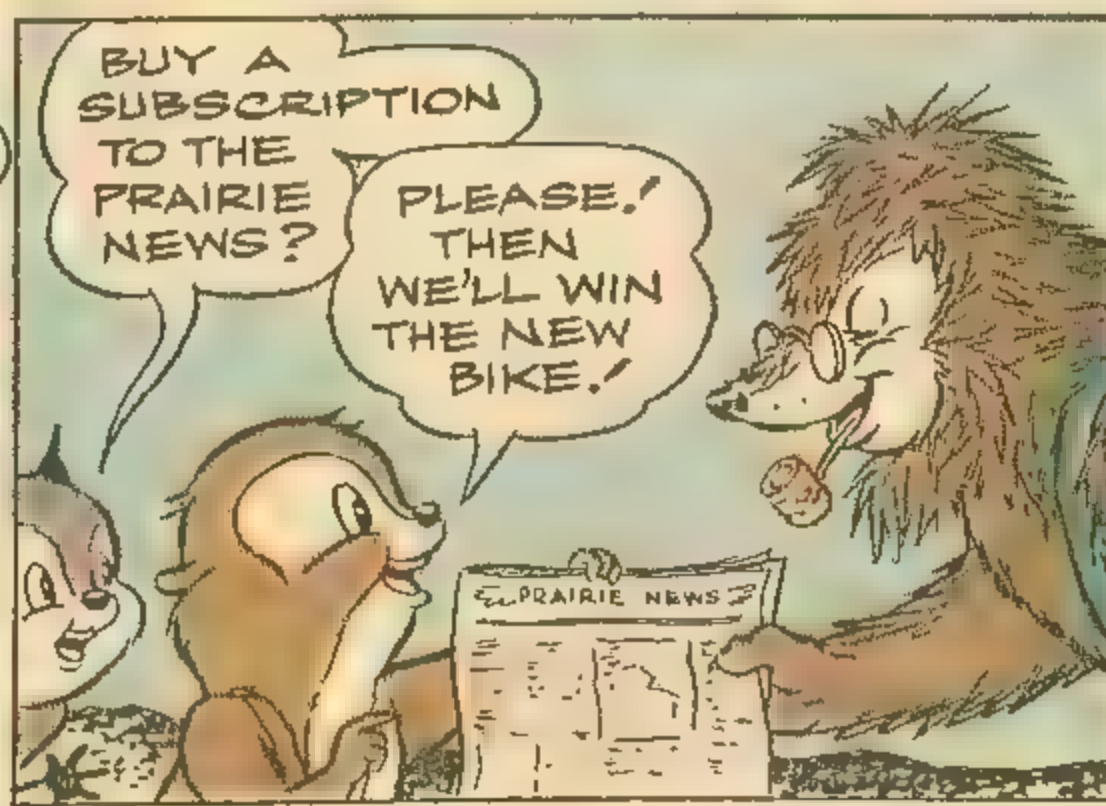
MEBBE IF I KEEP MY WITS ABOUT ME, I KIN CATCH 'EM OFF GUARD!



HEY, PAPPY. OPEN UP. IT'S YOUR FRIENDS, WUFF'N' SAMMY!



OH! IT'S SOME LITTLE FELLERS! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YE? ALWAYS GLAD T'SEE KIDS. IT'S THE GROWNUPS THAT I HERMIT'S AWAY FROM!

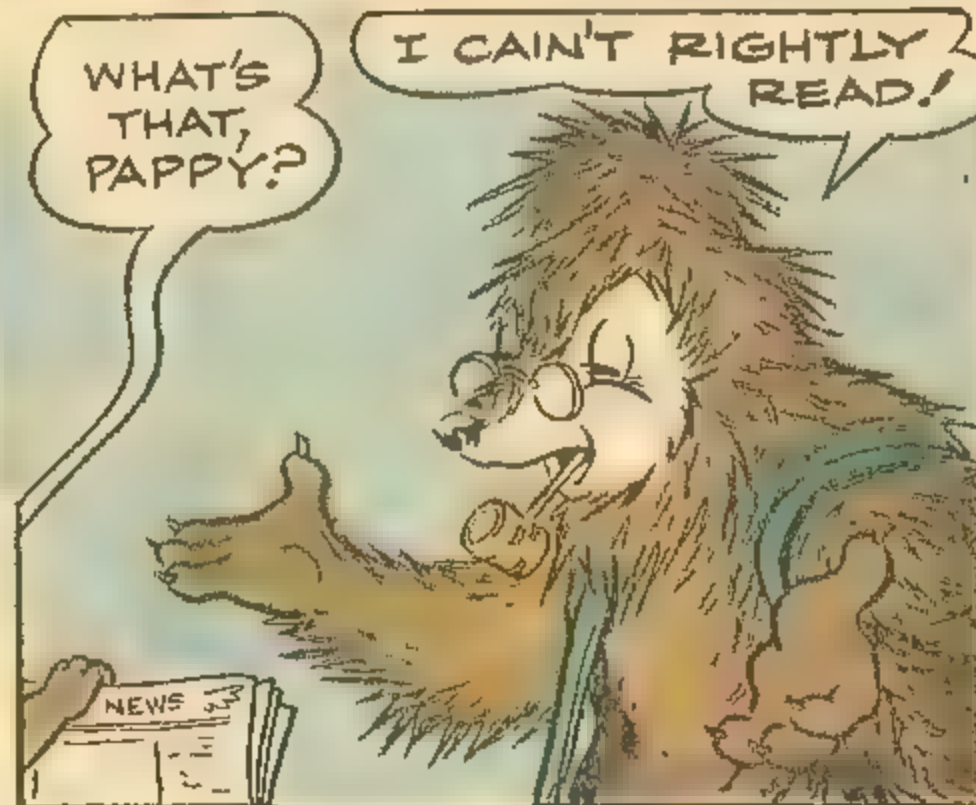


BUY A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE PRAIRIE NEWS?

PLEASE! THEN WE'LL WIN THE NEW BIKE!



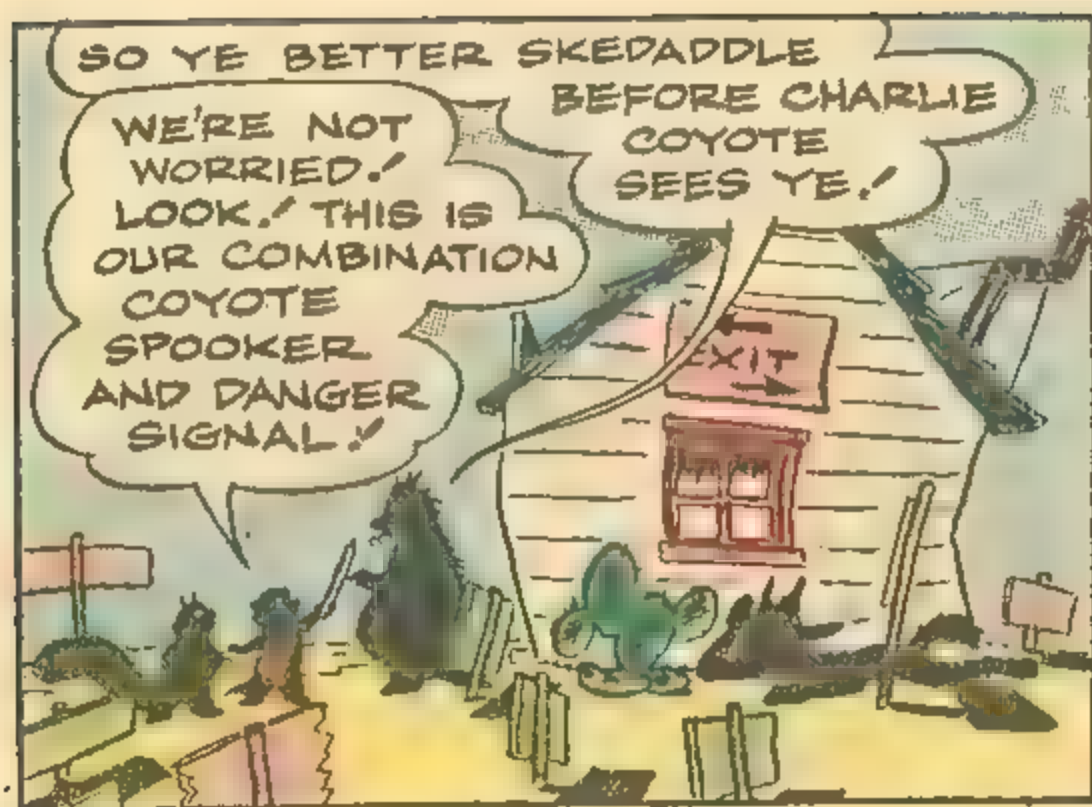
HM-M-M! PRAIRIE NEWS, EH? VERY INTERESTIN'! I'D BE GLAD TO BUY A SUBSCRIPTION EXCEPT FOR JIST ONE THING!



WHAT'S THAT, PAPPY?

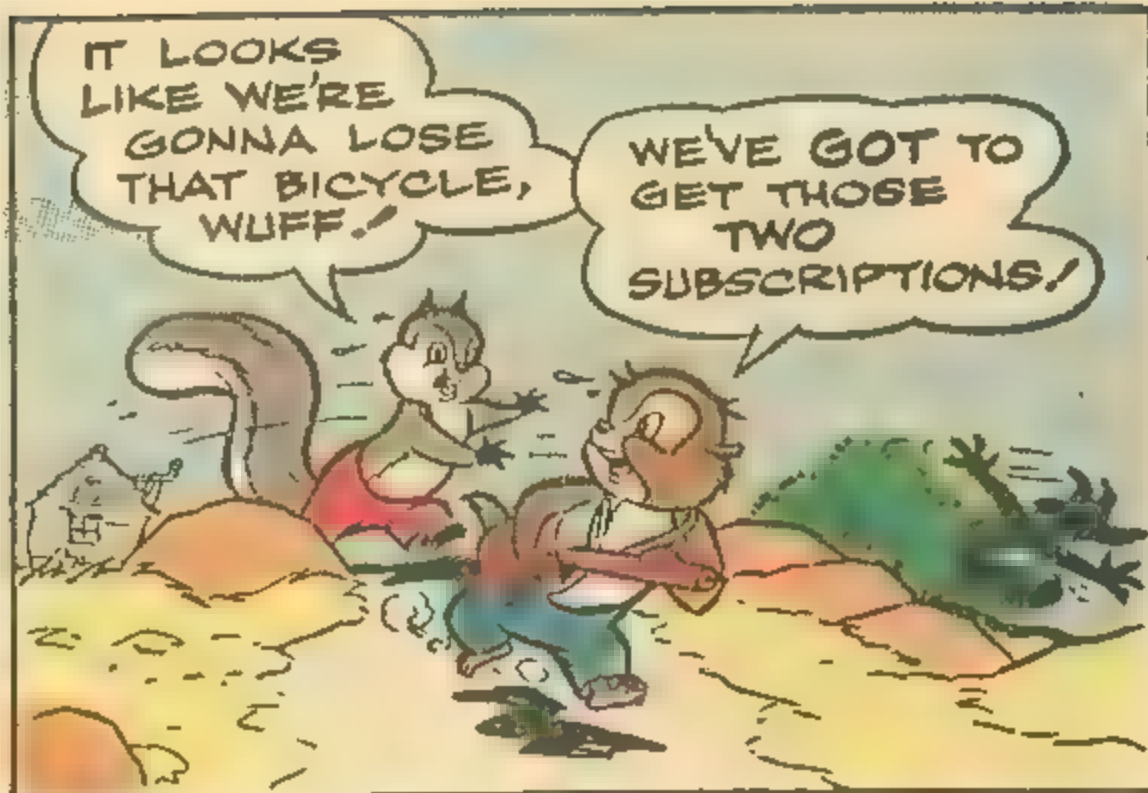
I CAN'T RIGHTLY READ!





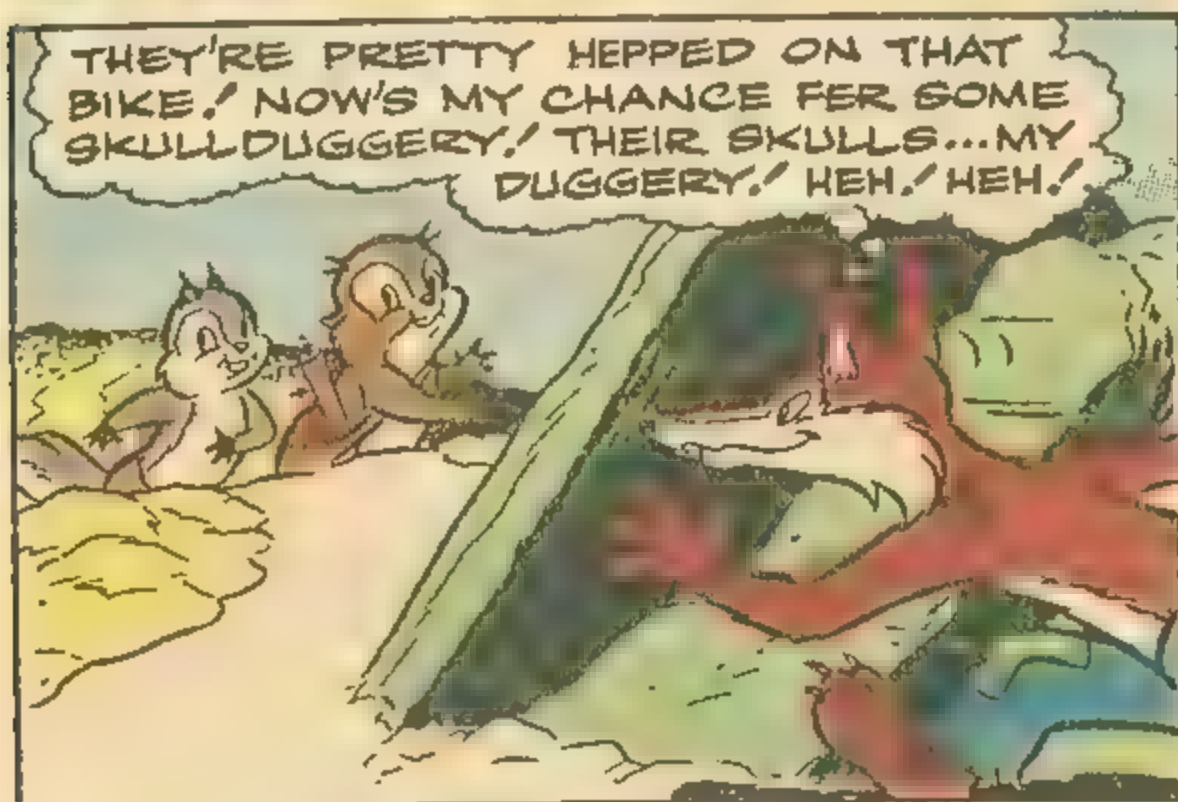
SO YE BETTER SKEDADDLE BEFORE CHARLIE COYOTE SEES YE!

WE'RE NOT WORRIED! LOOK! THIS IS OUR COMBINATION COYOTE SPOOKER AND DANGER SIGNAL!

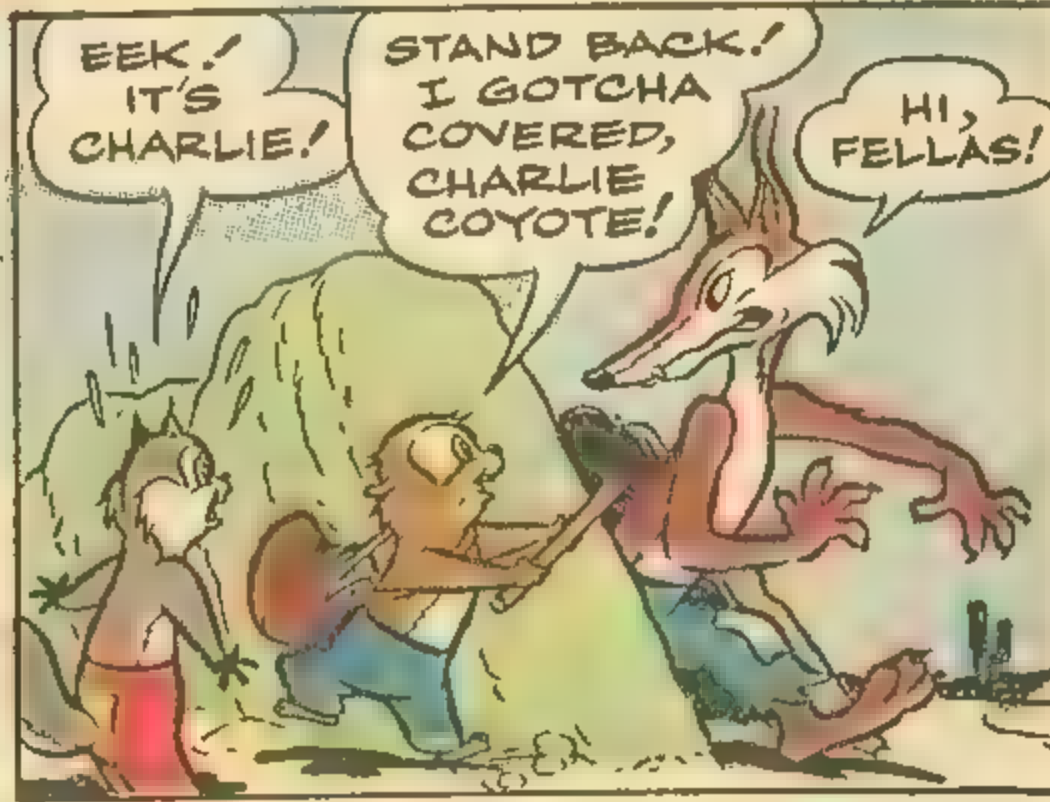


IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA LOSE THAT BICYCLE, WUFF!

WE'VE GOT TO GET THOSE TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS!



THEY'RE PRETTY HEPPED ON THAT BIKE! NOW'S MY CHANCE FER SOME SKULLDUGGERY! THEIR SKULLS...MY DUGGERY! HEH! HEH!



EKK! IT'S CHARLIE!

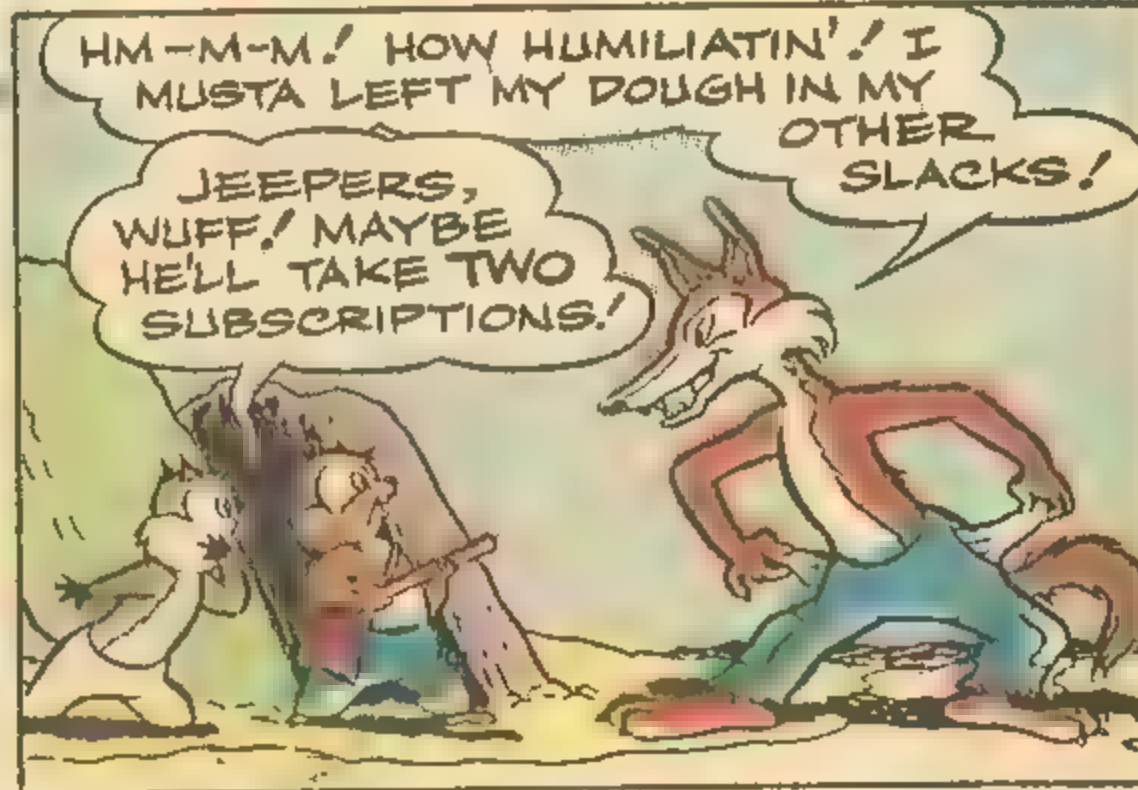
STAND BACK! I GOTCHA COVERED, CHARLIE COYOTE!

HI, FELLAS!



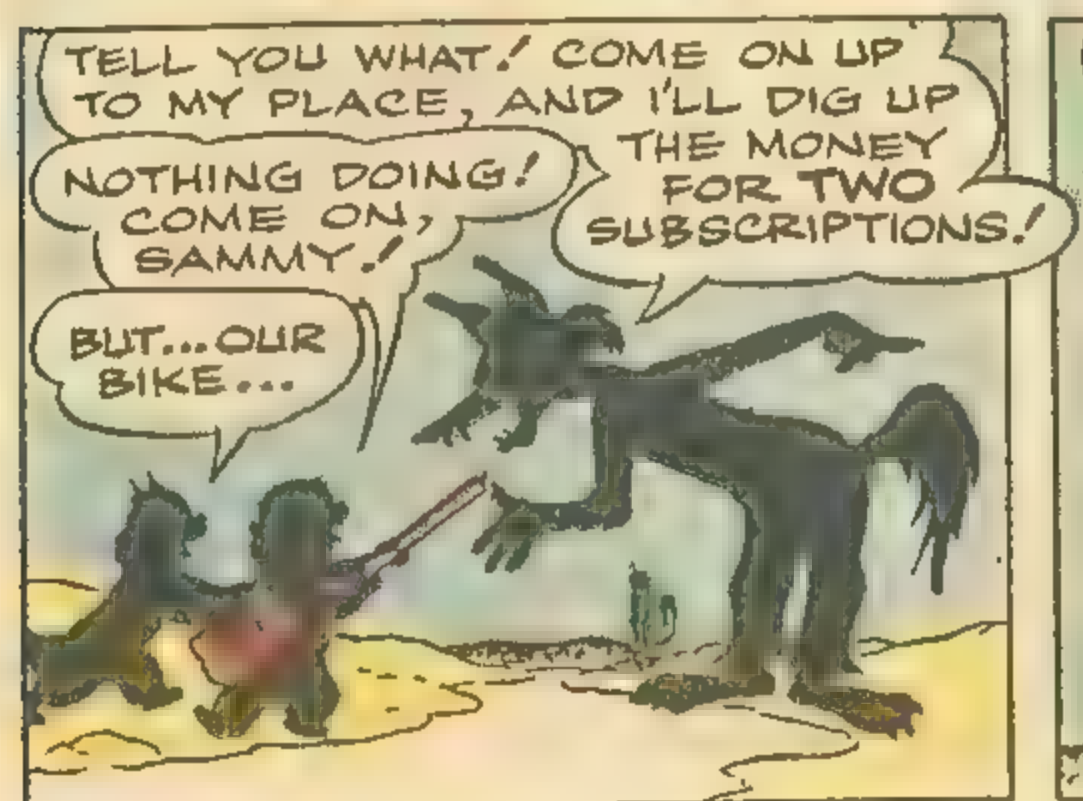
NIX! DON'T SHOOT! I WANTA BUY A PRESCRIPTION TO THE PRAIRIE NEWS!

YEAH? WELL, PUT UP, OR SHUT UP!



HM-M-M! HOW HUMILIATIN'! I MUSTA LEFT MY DOUGH IN MY OTHER SLACKS!

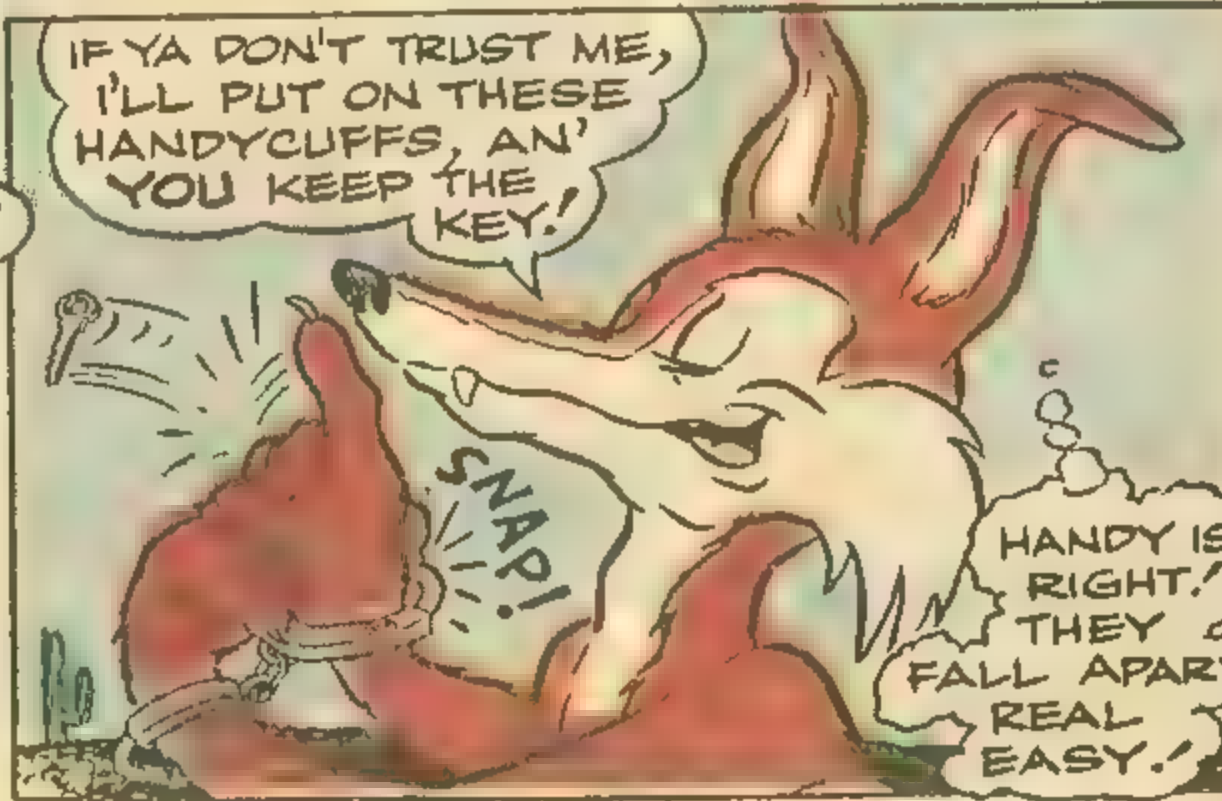
JEEPERS, WUFF! MAYBE HE'LL TAKE TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS!



TELL YOU WHAT! COME ON UP TO MY PLACE, AND I'LL DIG UP THE MONEY FOR TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS!

NOTHING DOING! COME ON, SAMMY!

BUT...OUR BIKE...

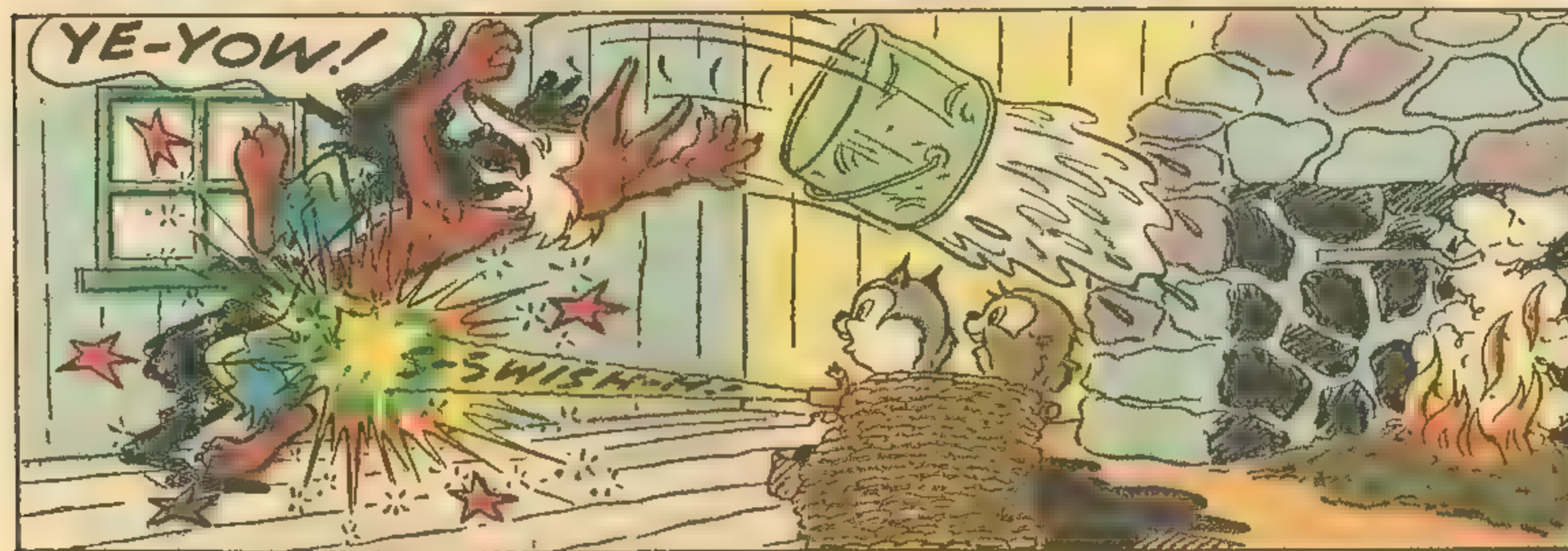
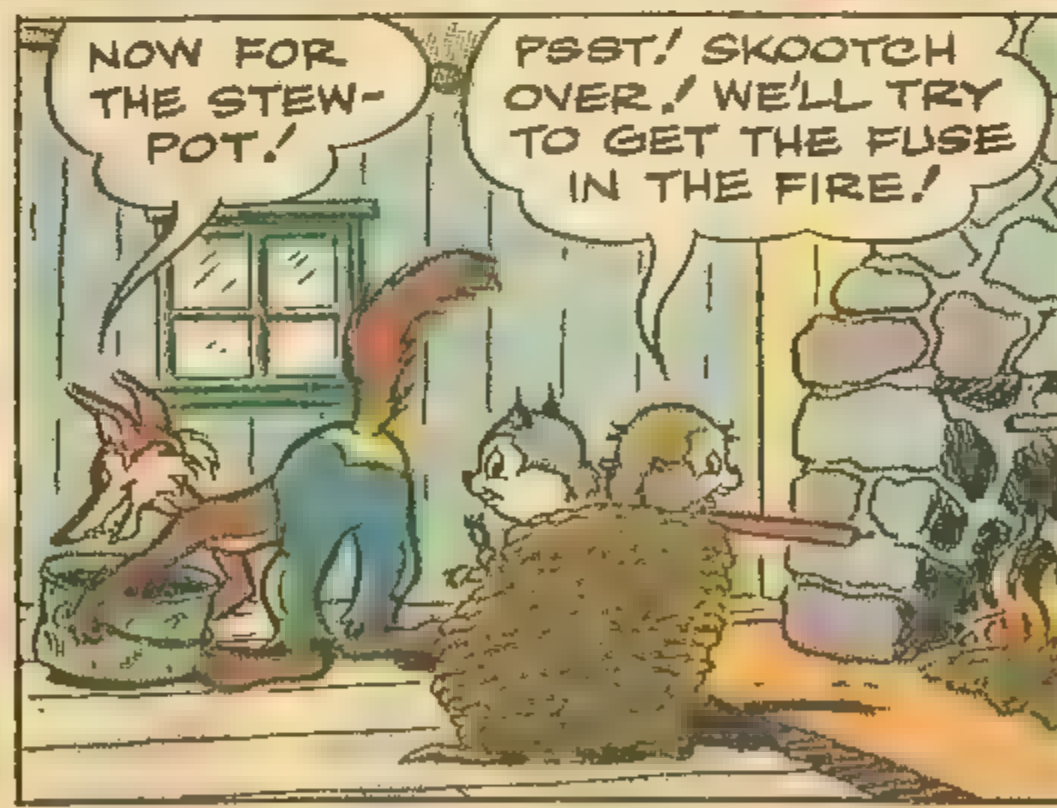
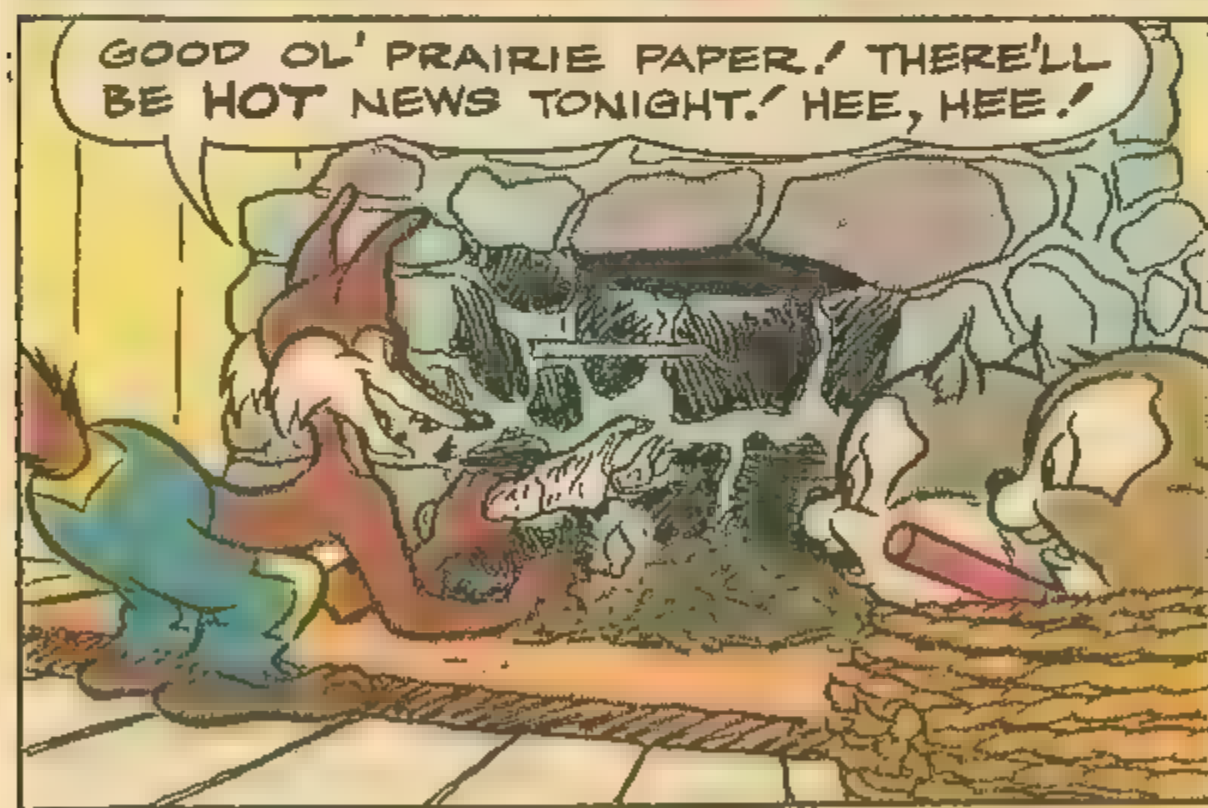
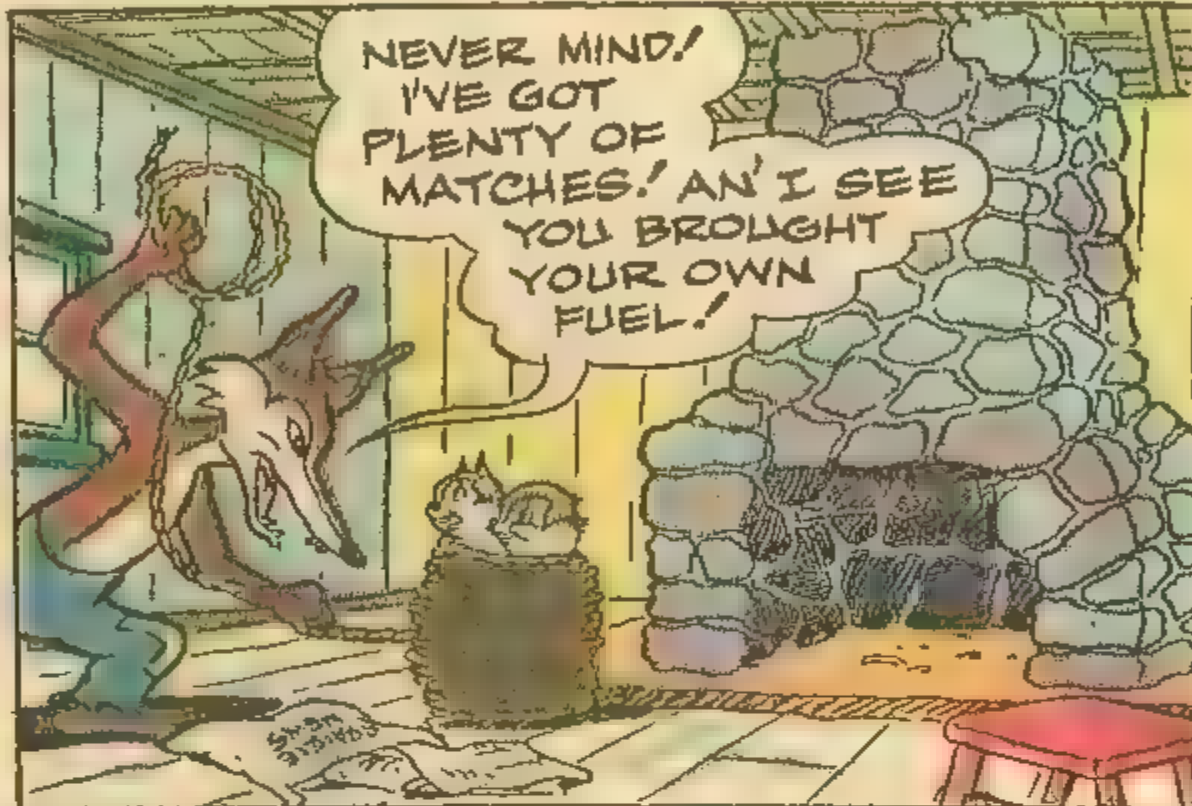
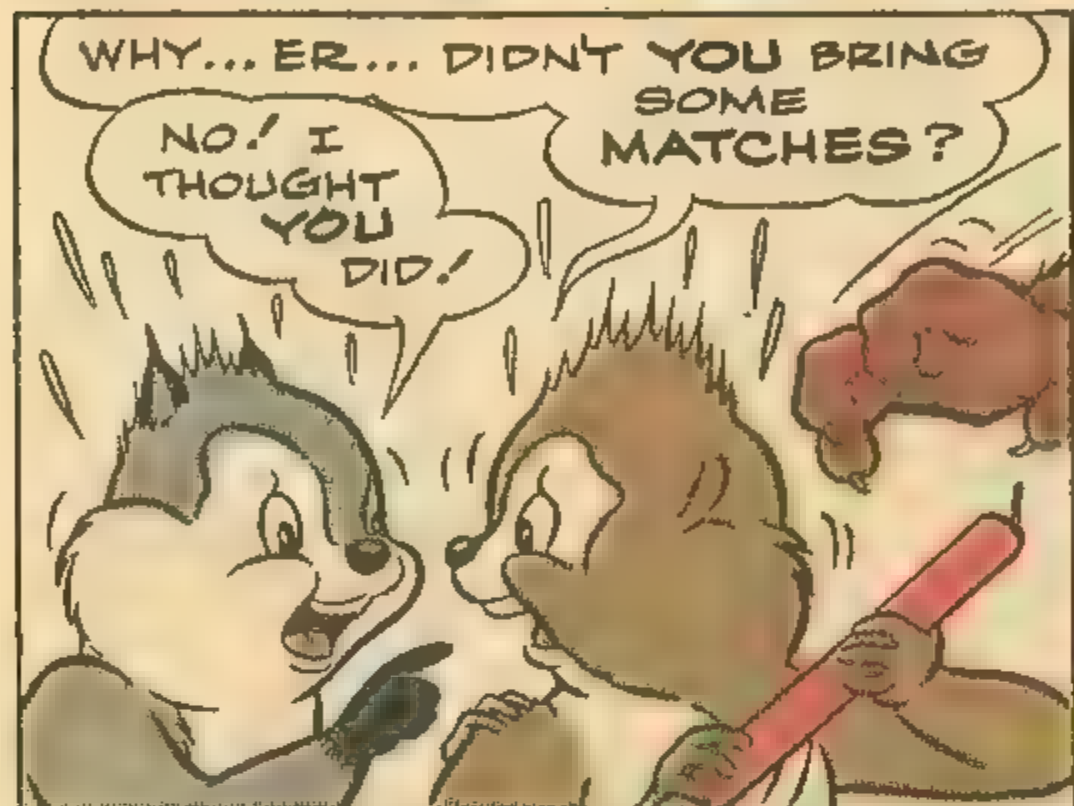
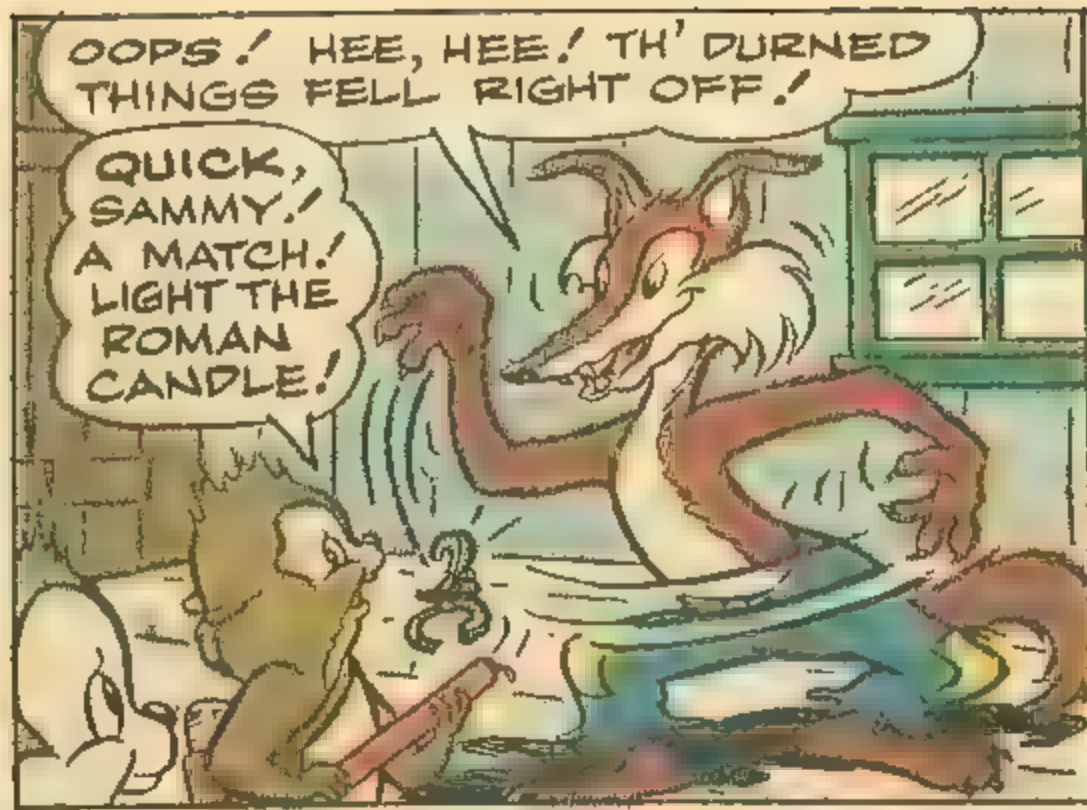
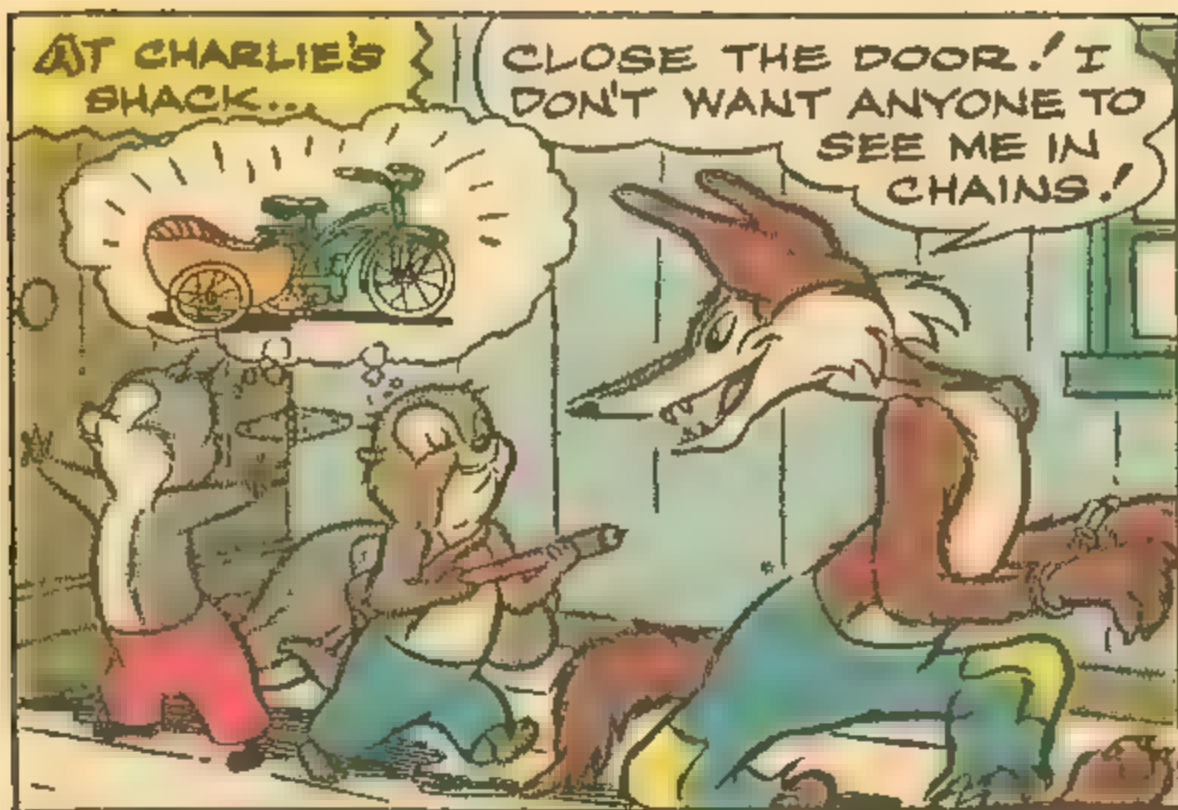


IF YA DON'T TRUST ME, I'LL PUT ON THESE HANDYCUFFS, AN' YOU KEEP THE KEY!

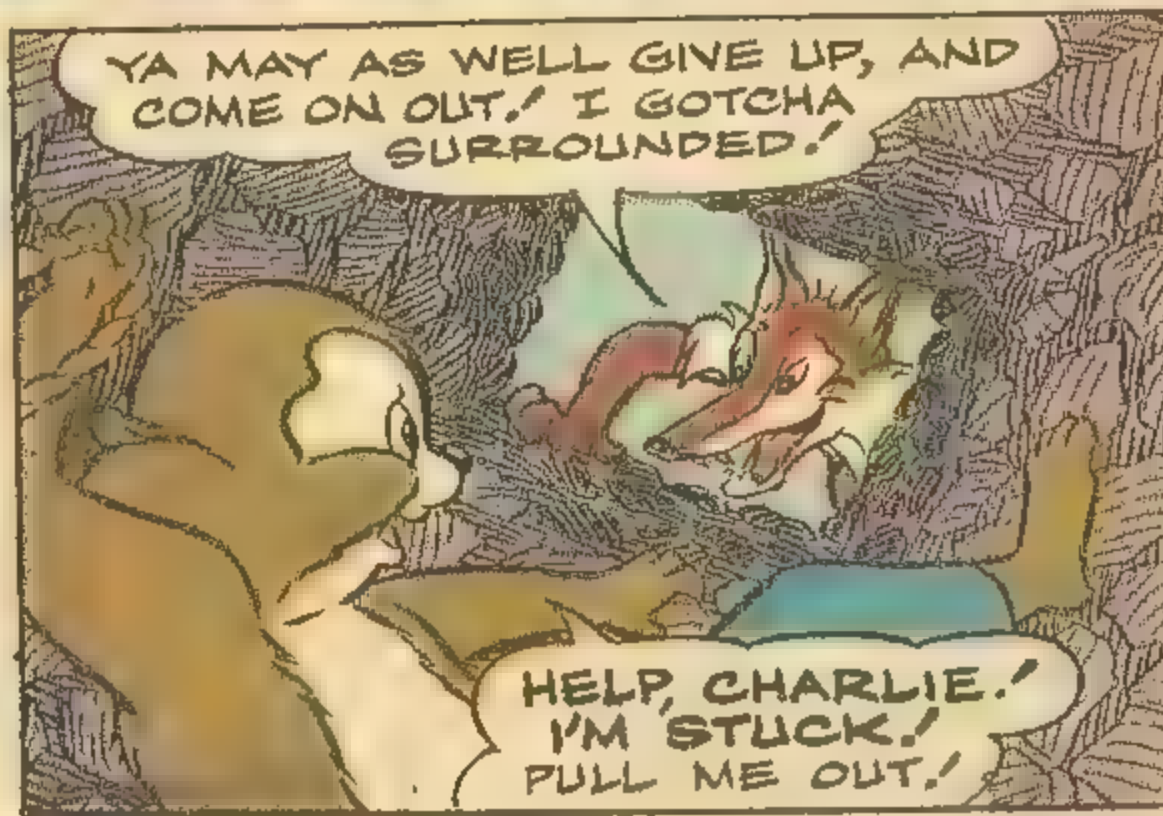
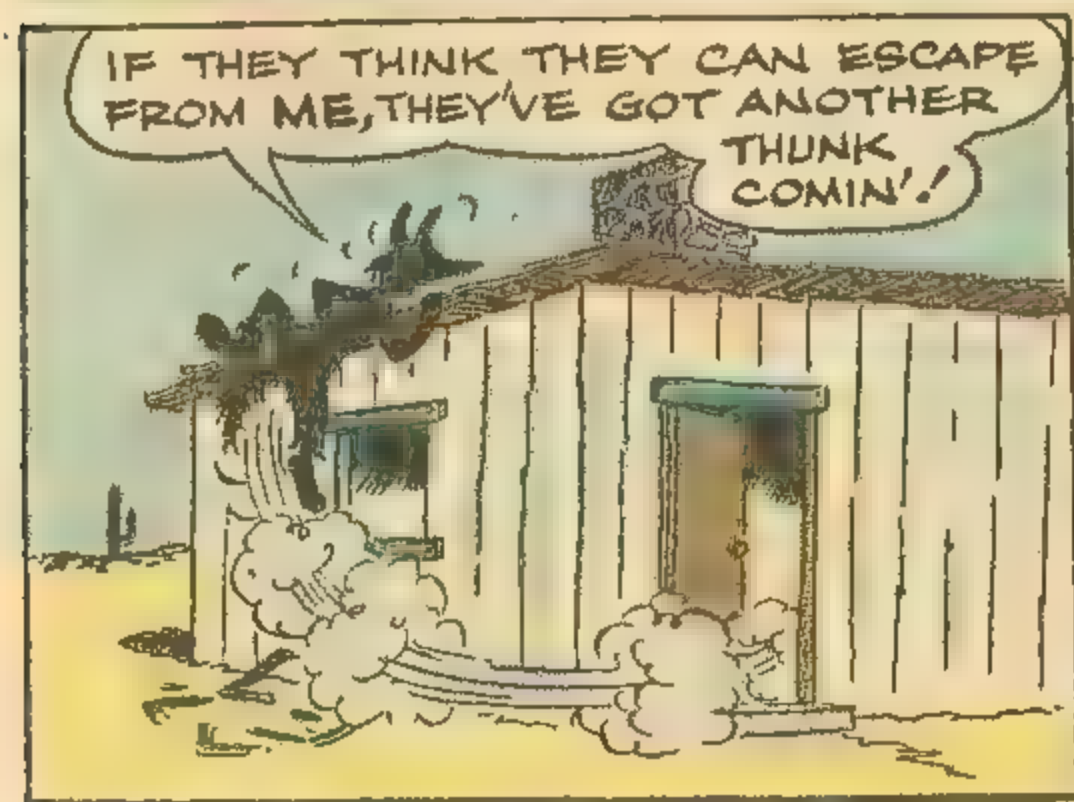
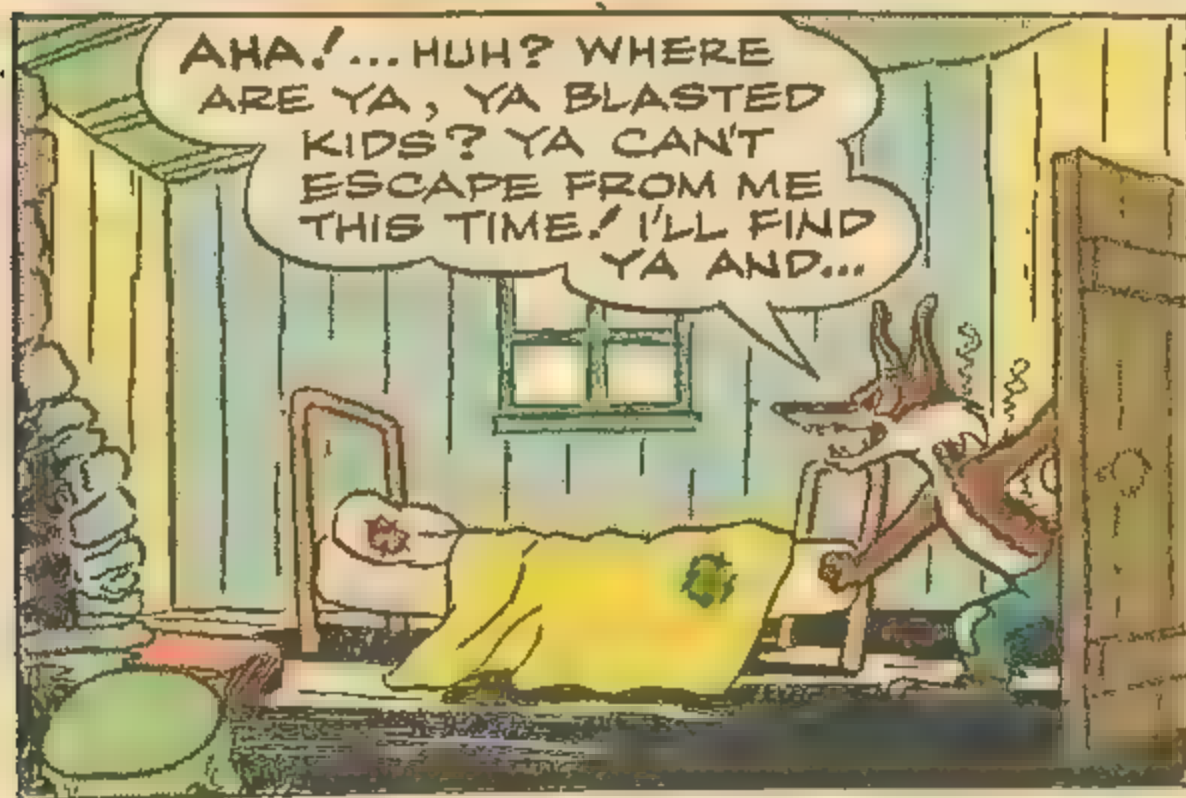
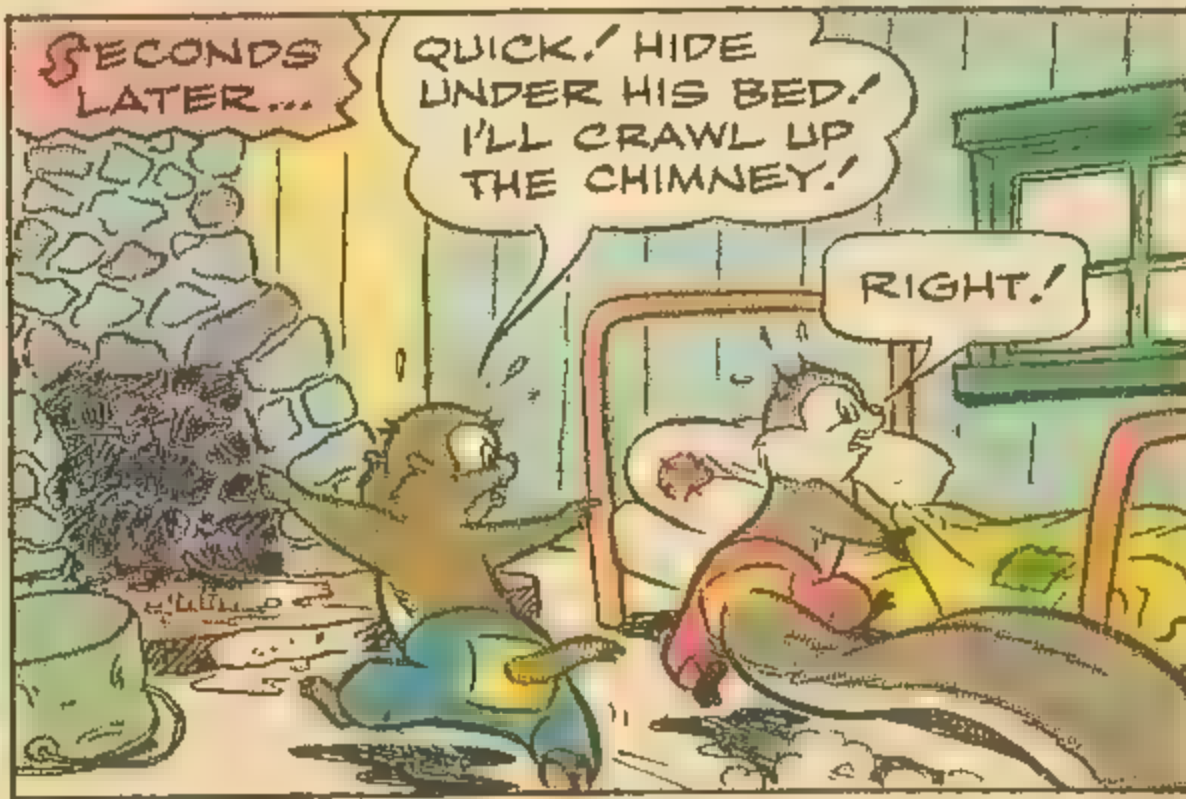
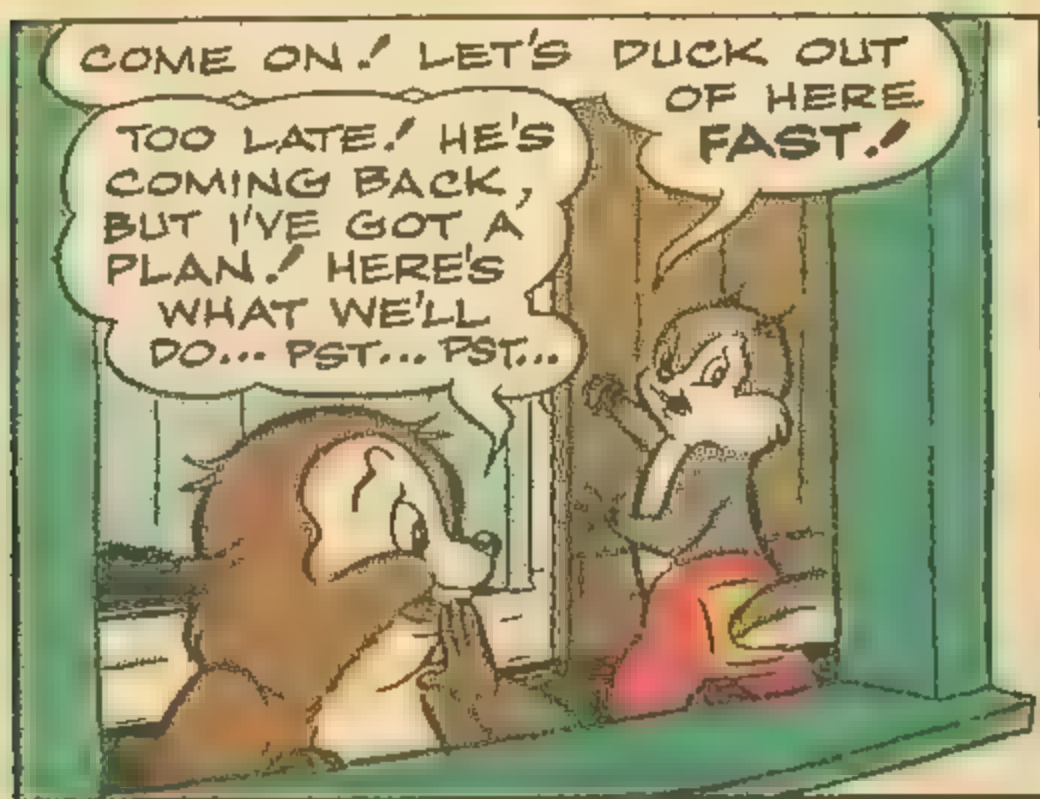
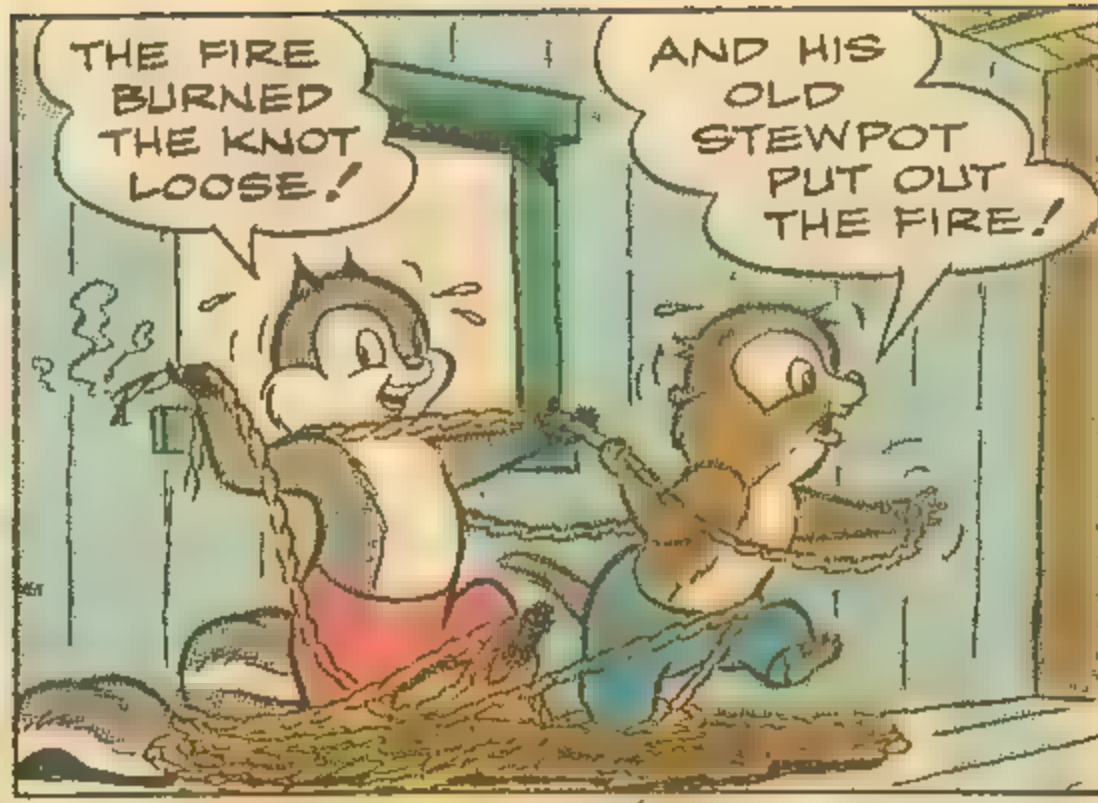
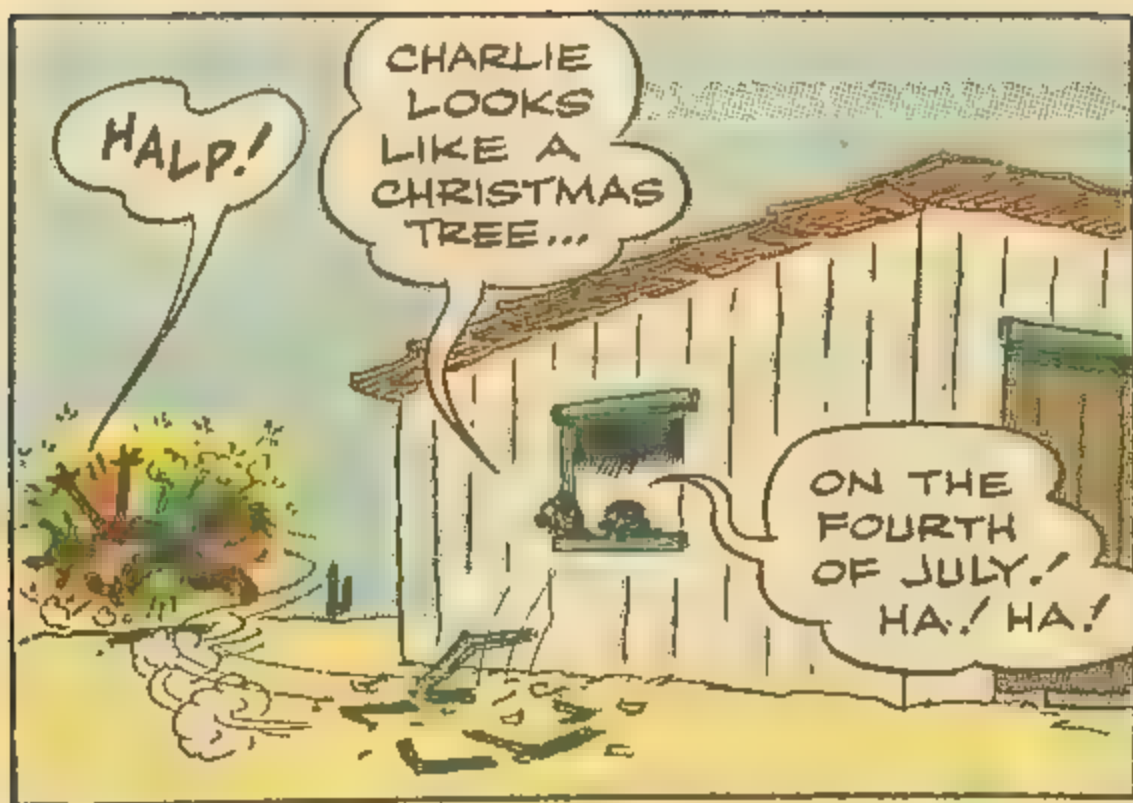
SNAP!

HANDY IS RIGHT! THEY FALL APART REAL EASY!

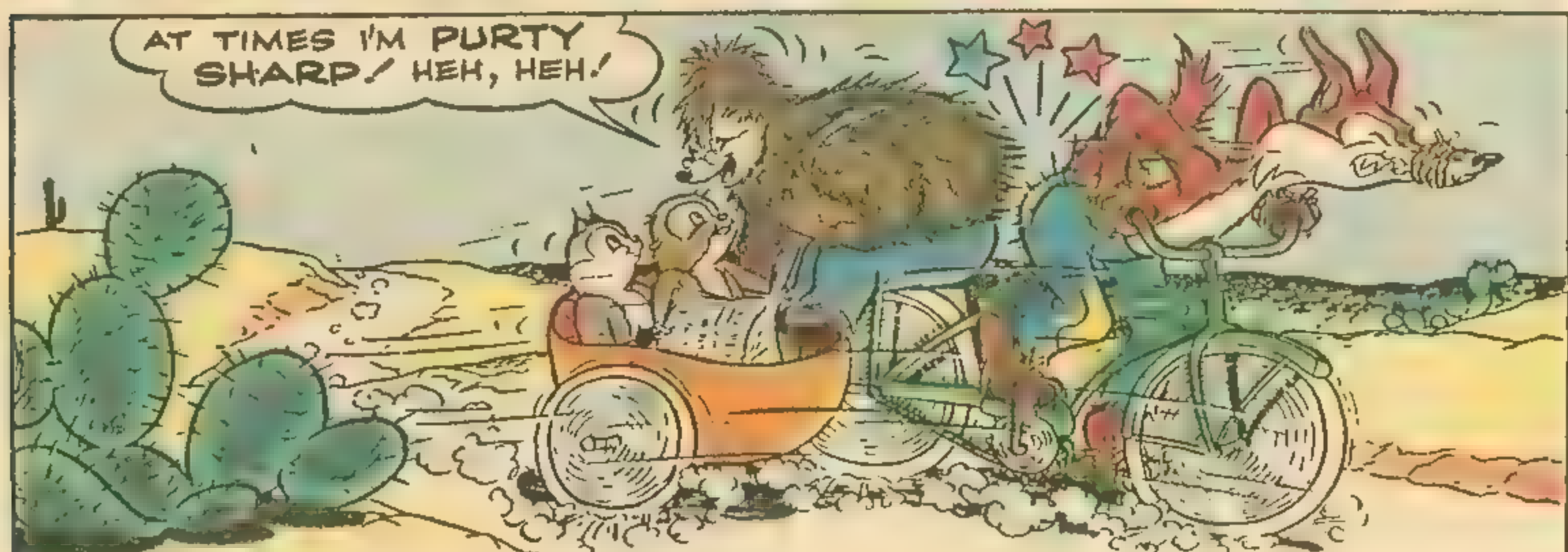
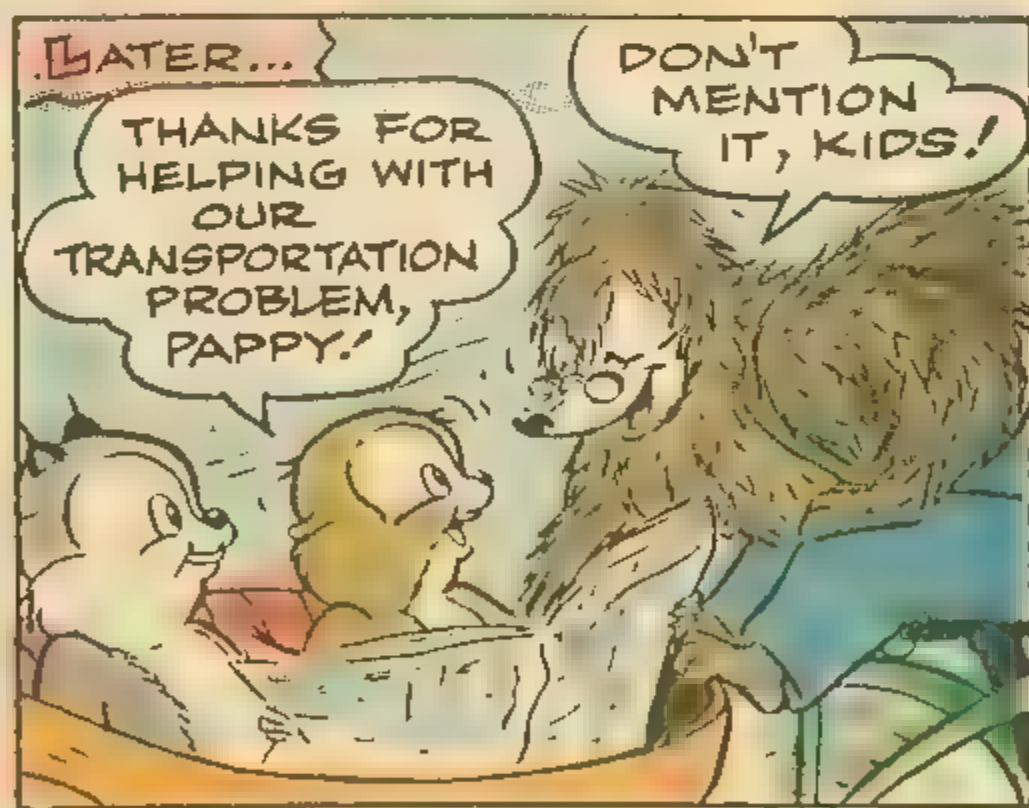
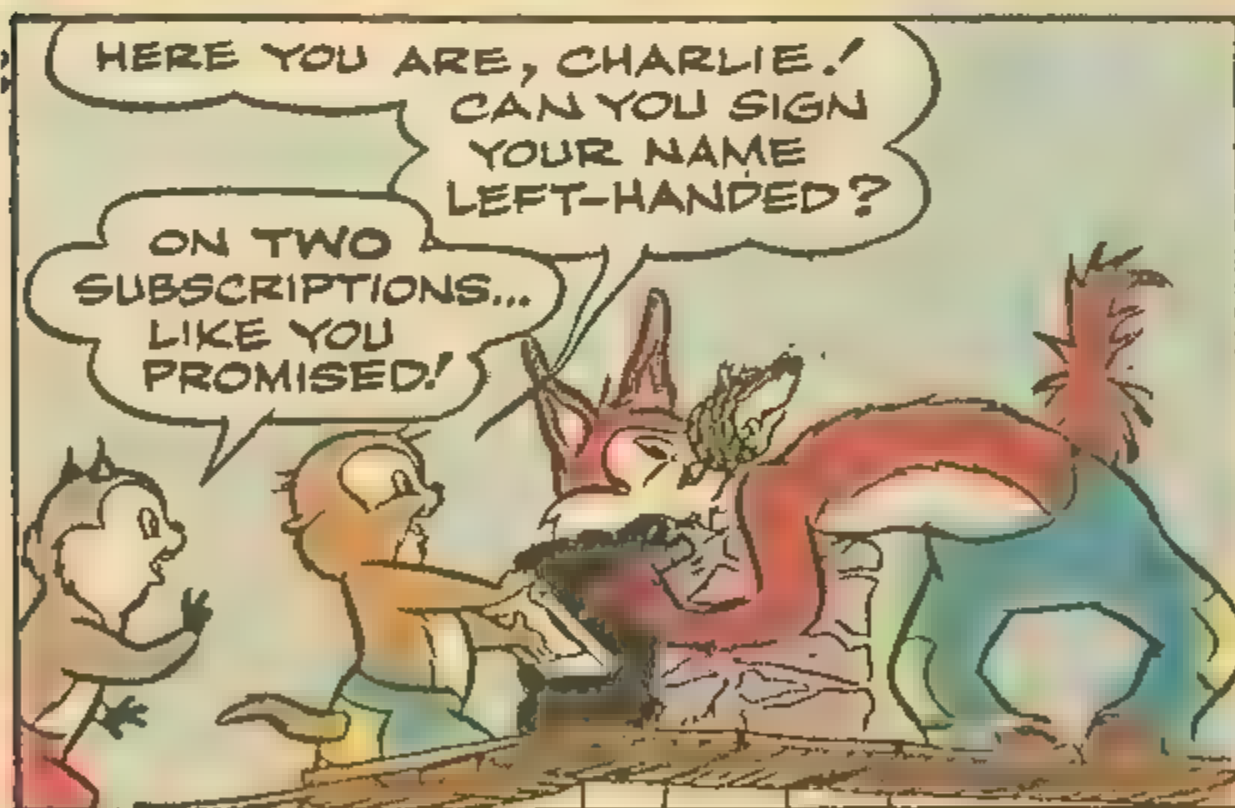
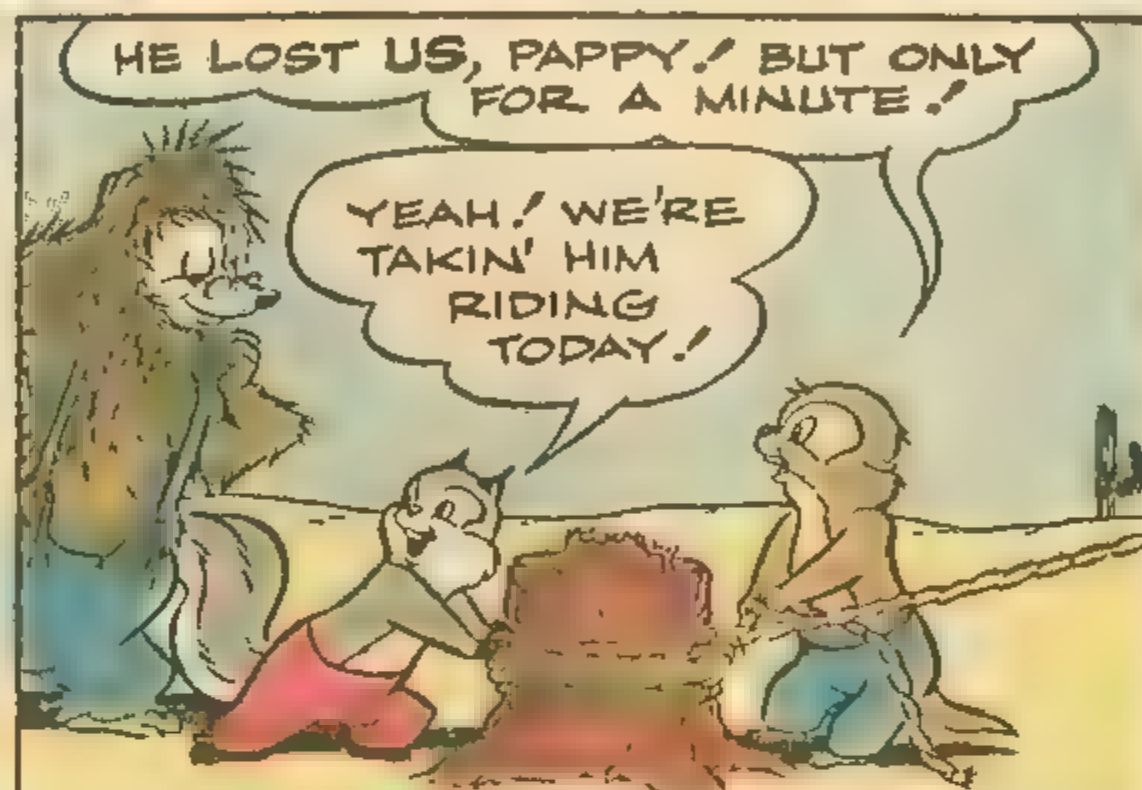
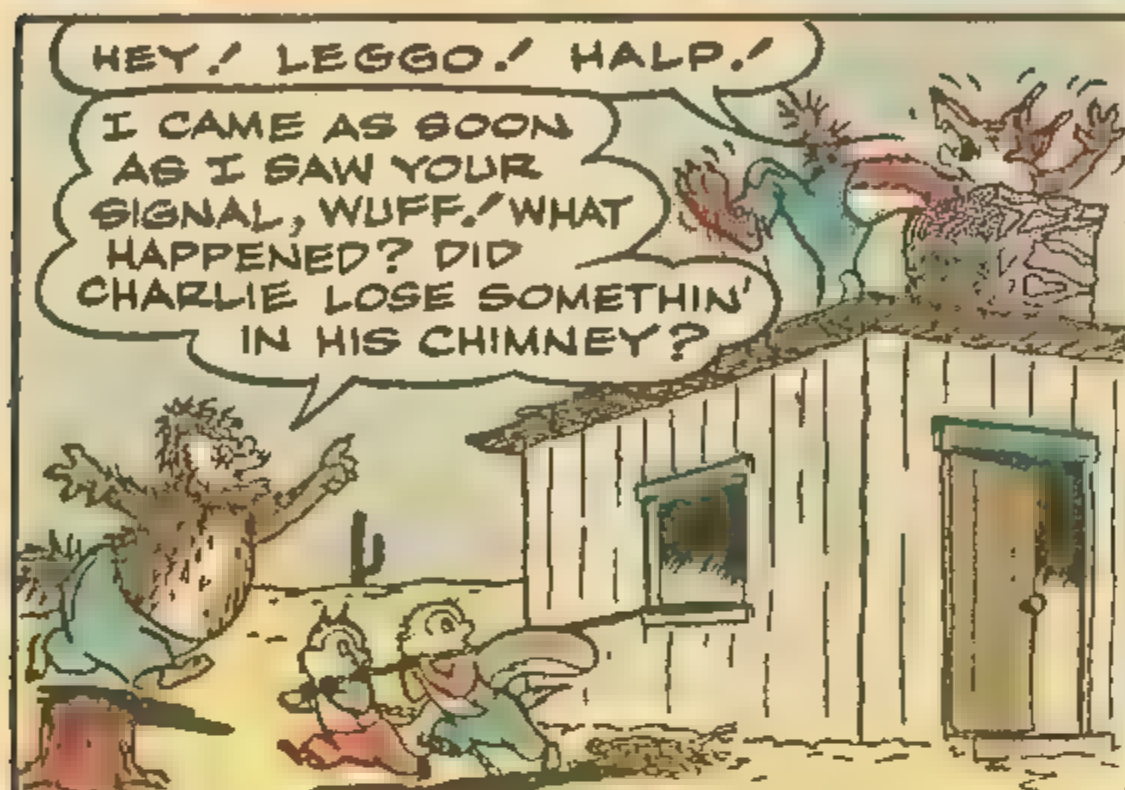
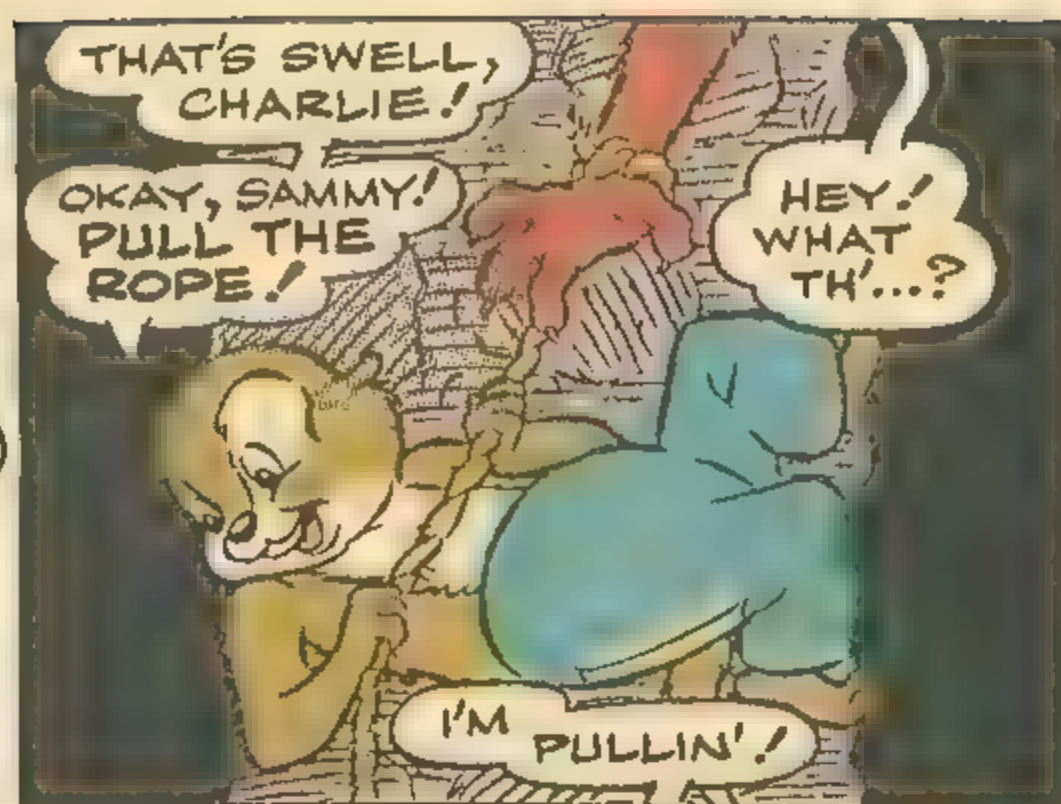
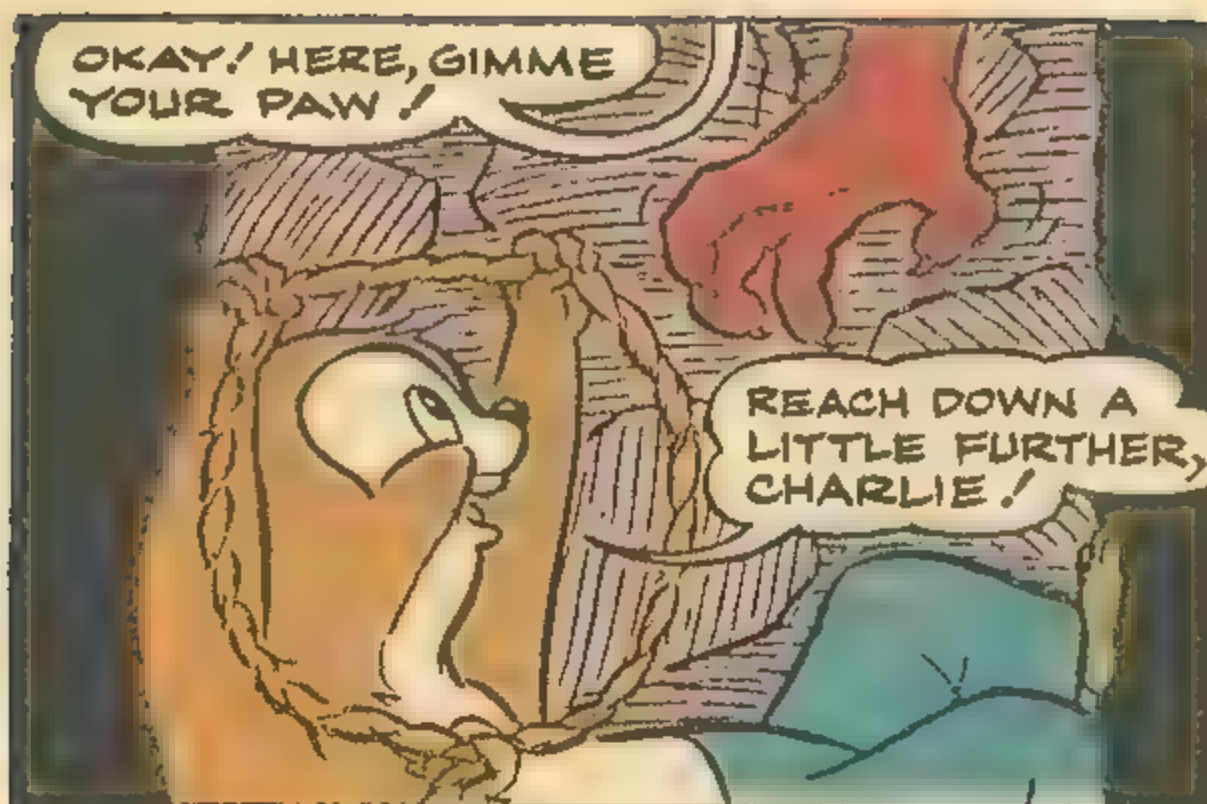




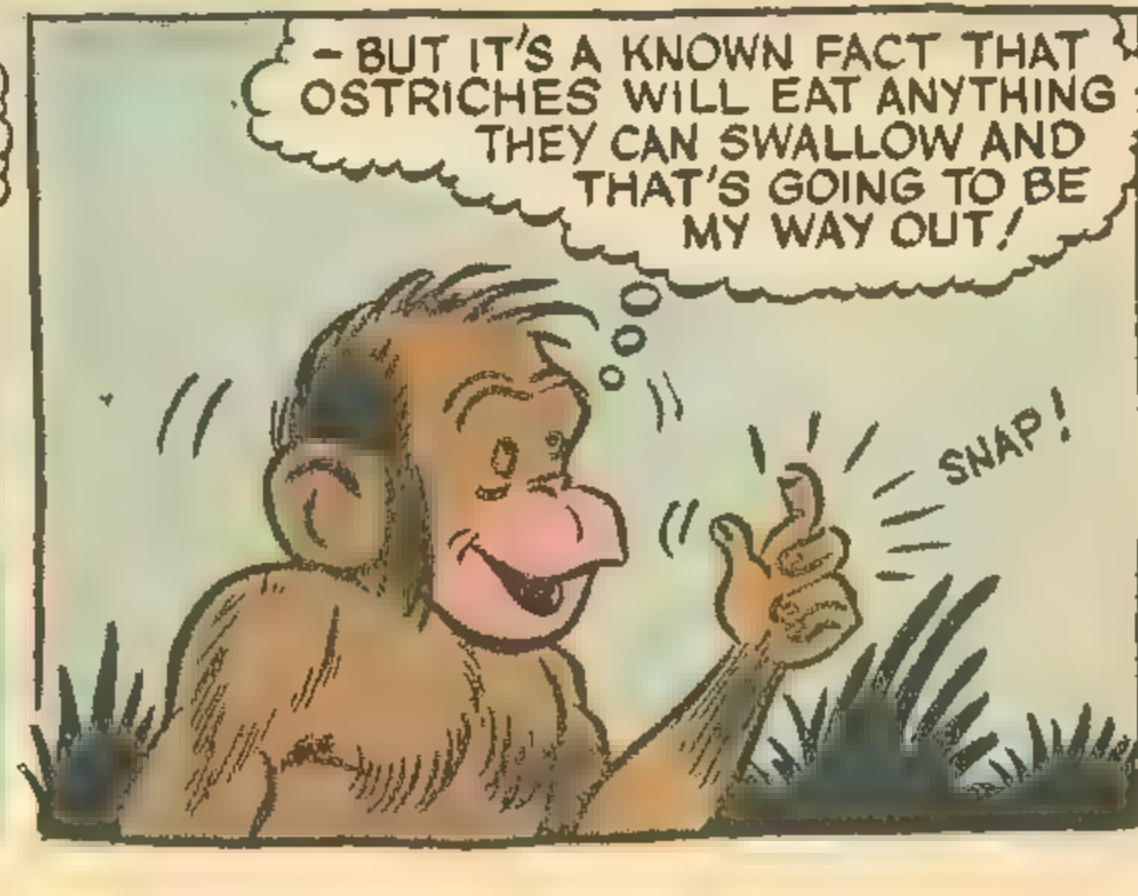
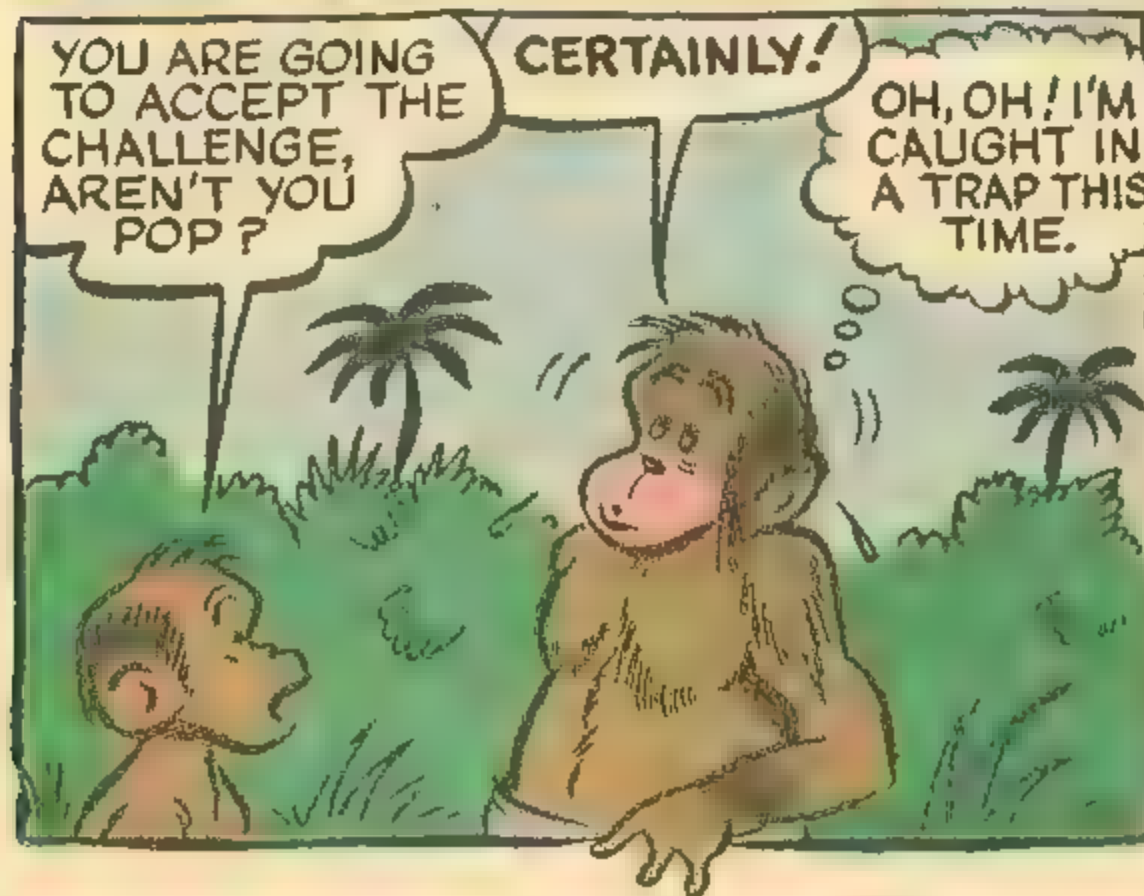
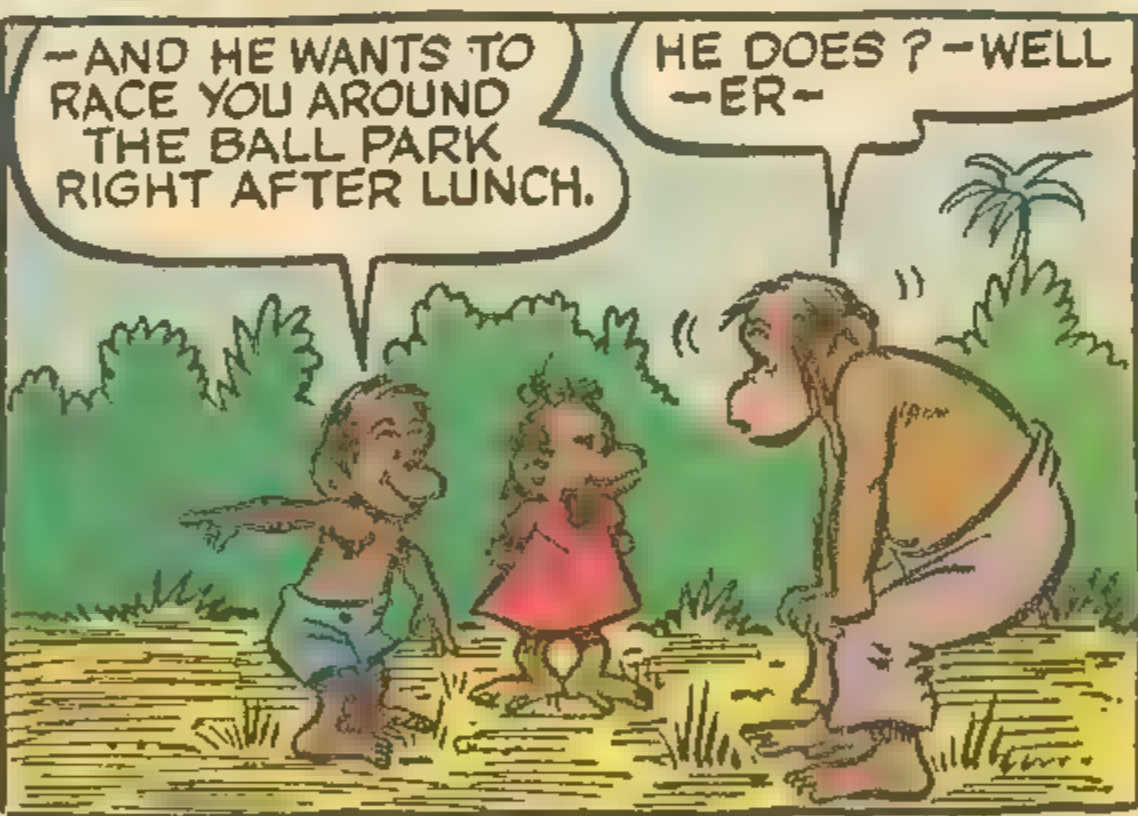
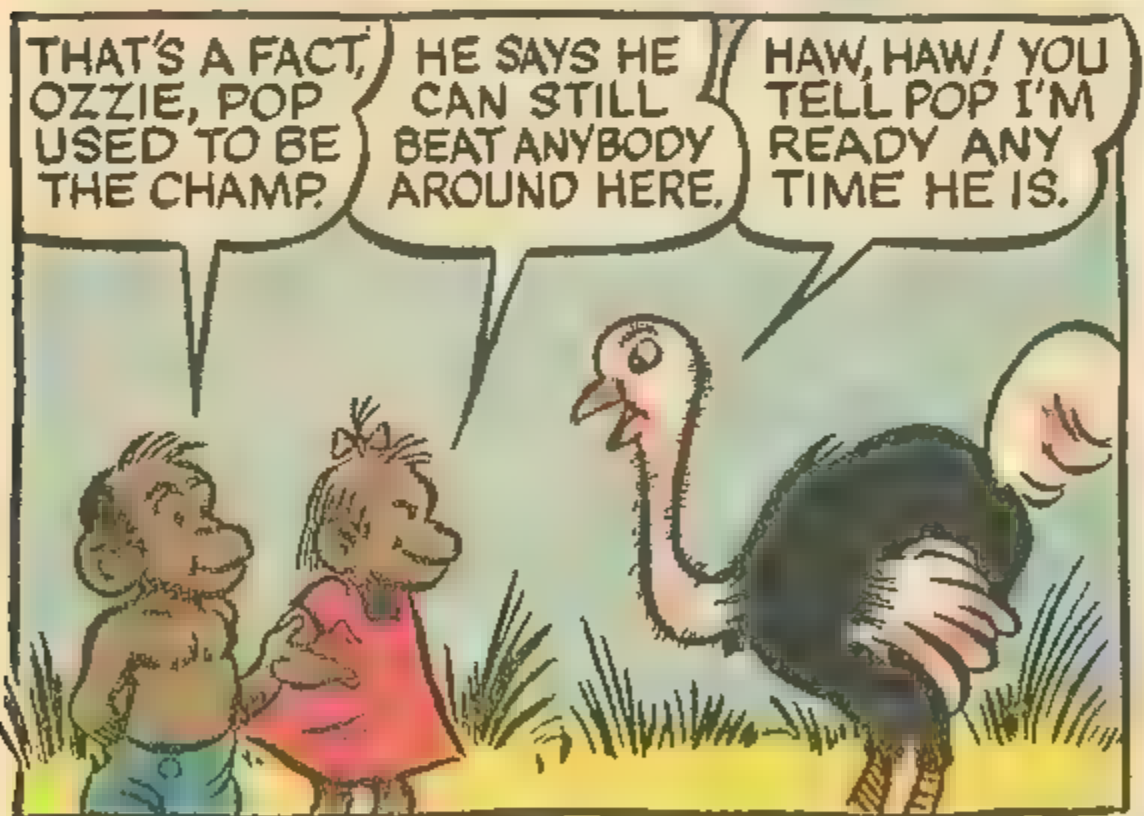
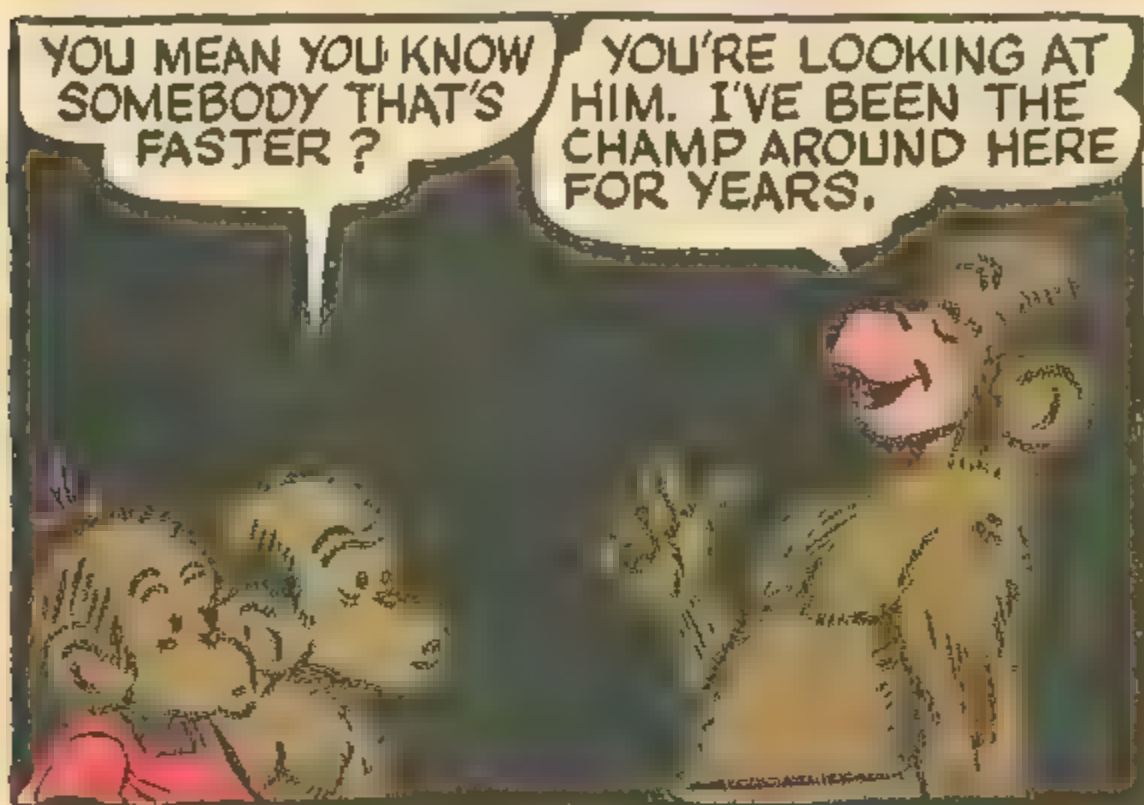
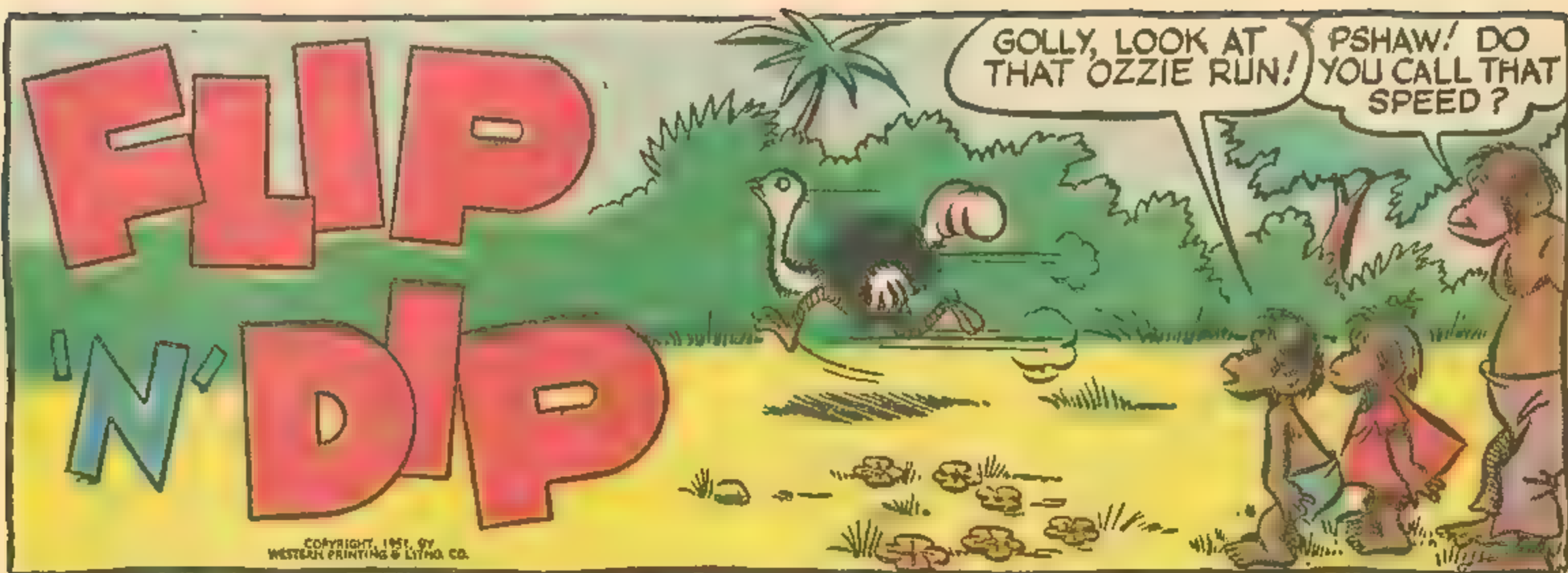




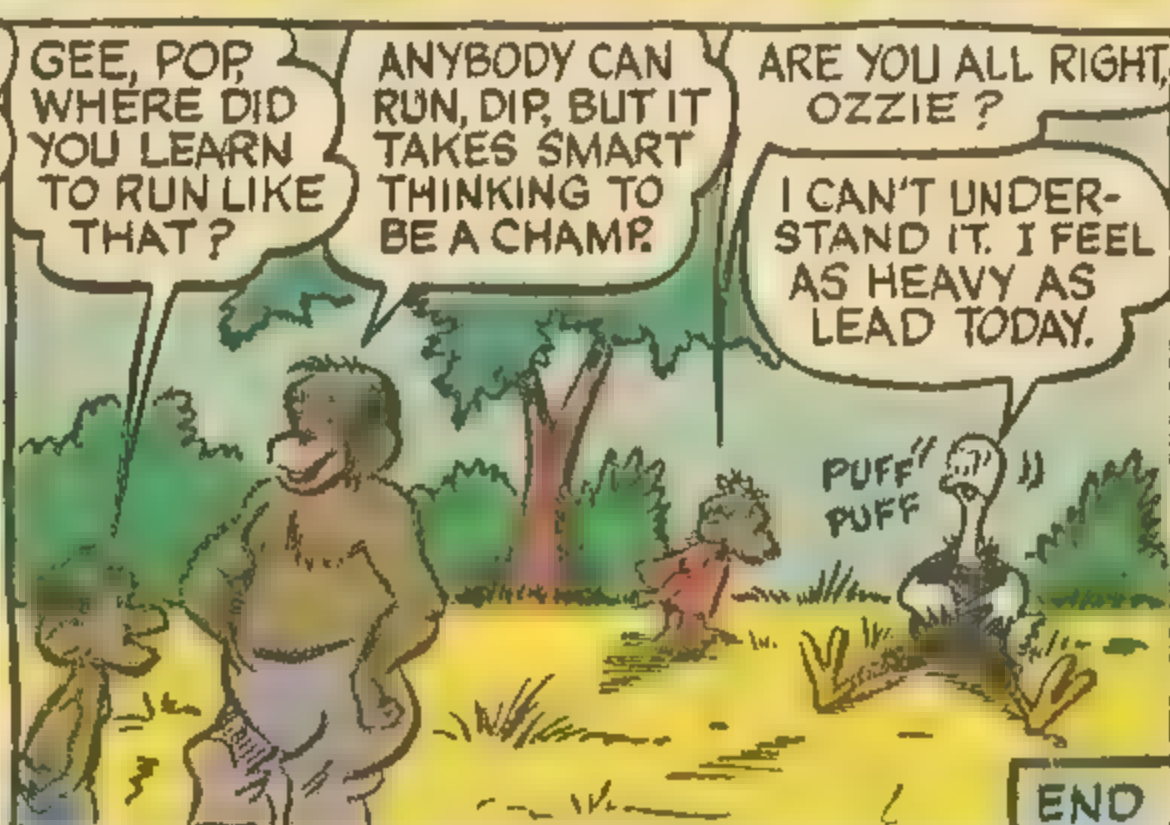
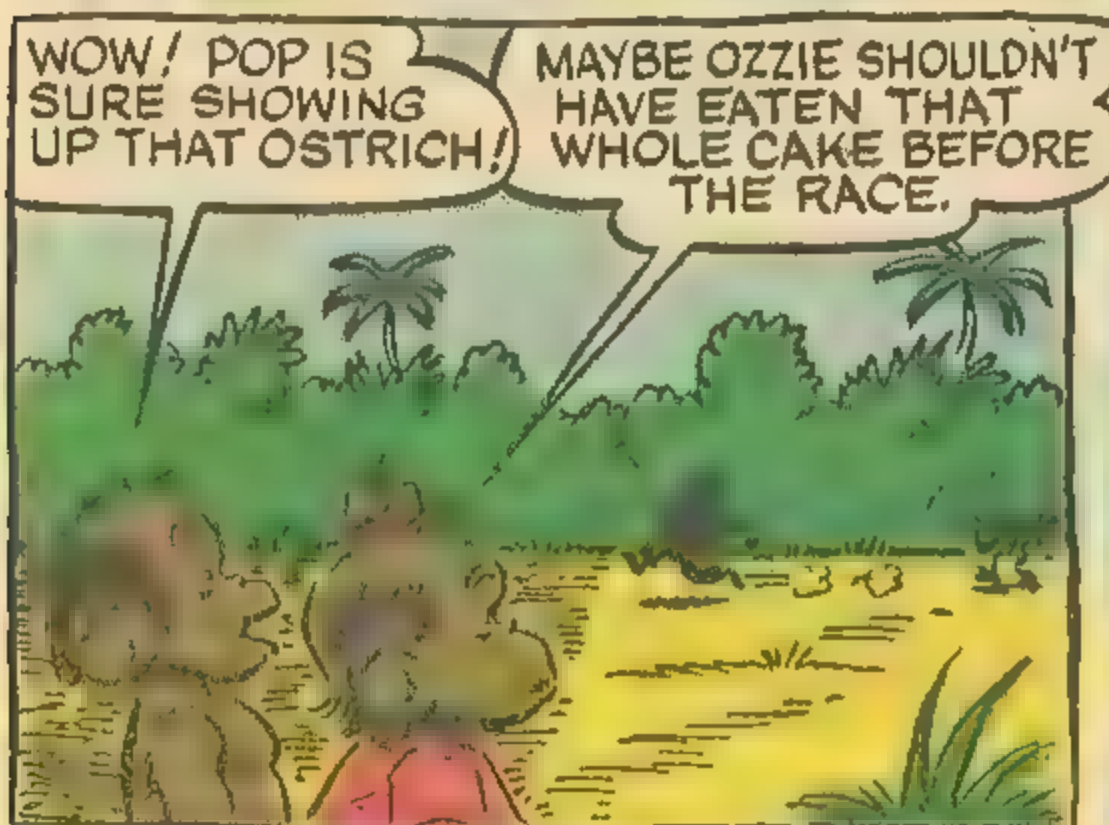
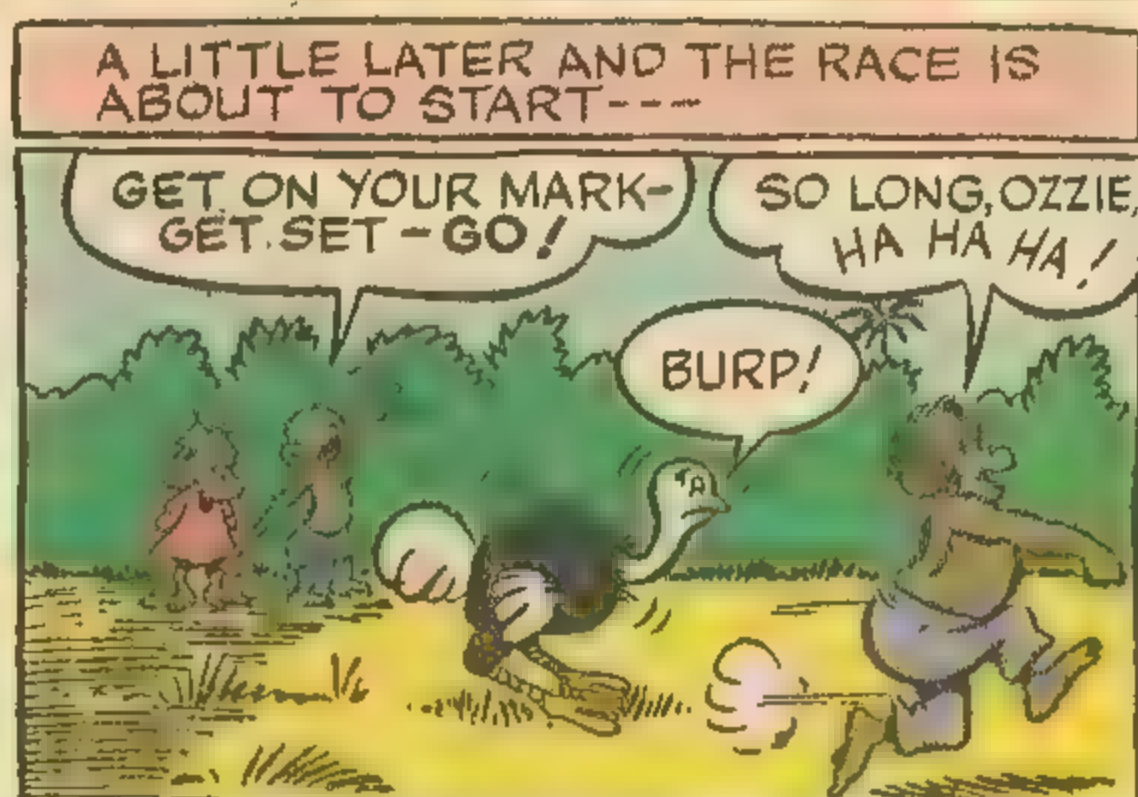
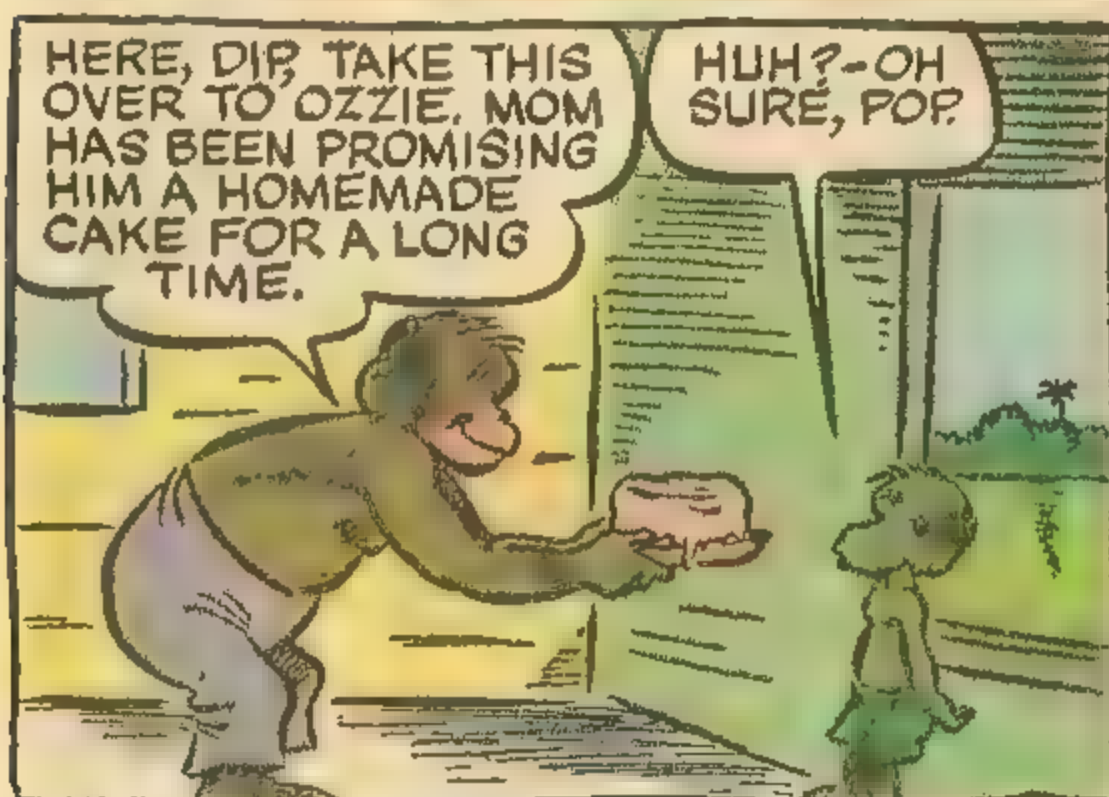
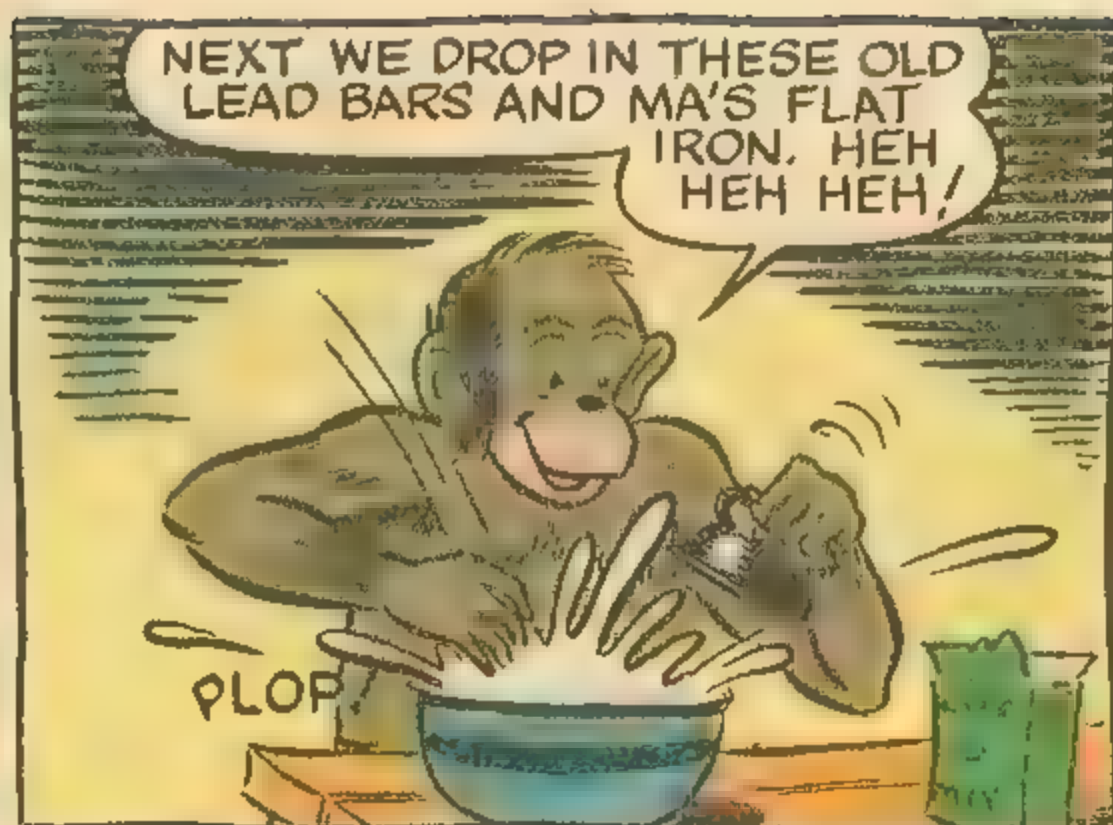
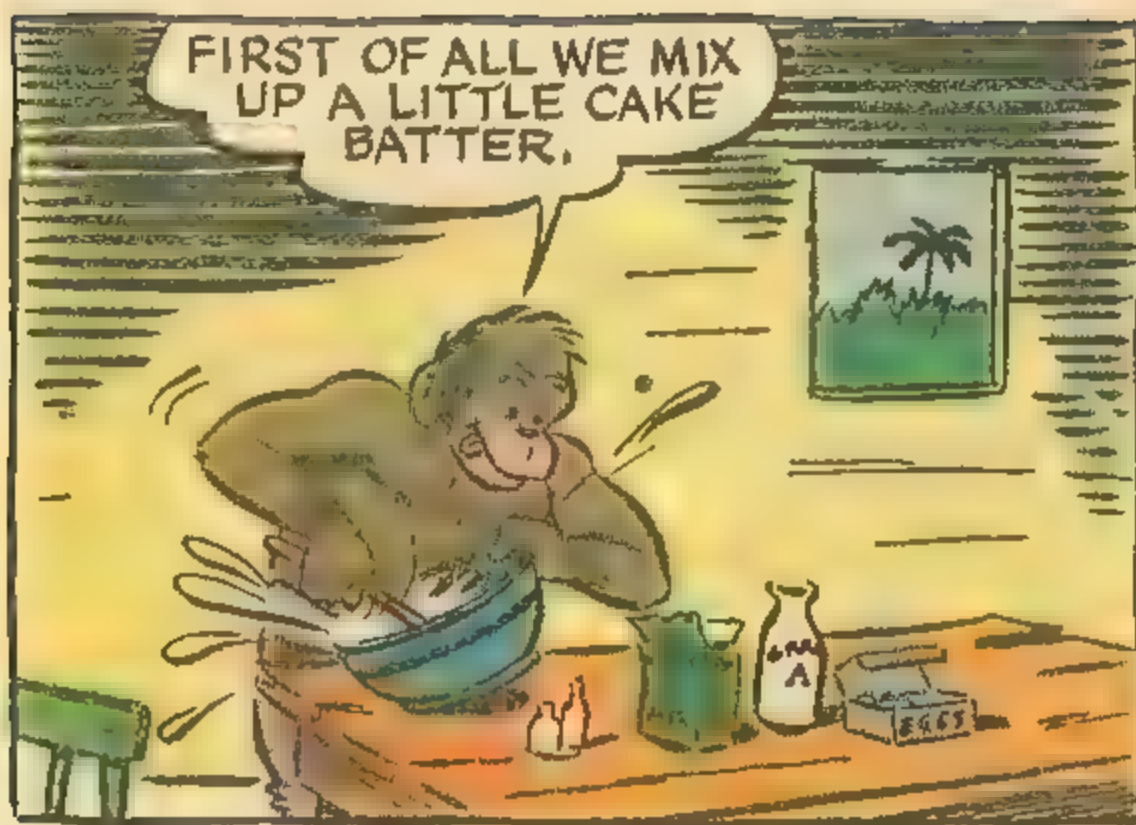












STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) of Tom and Jerry Comics published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

2. The owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders

owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

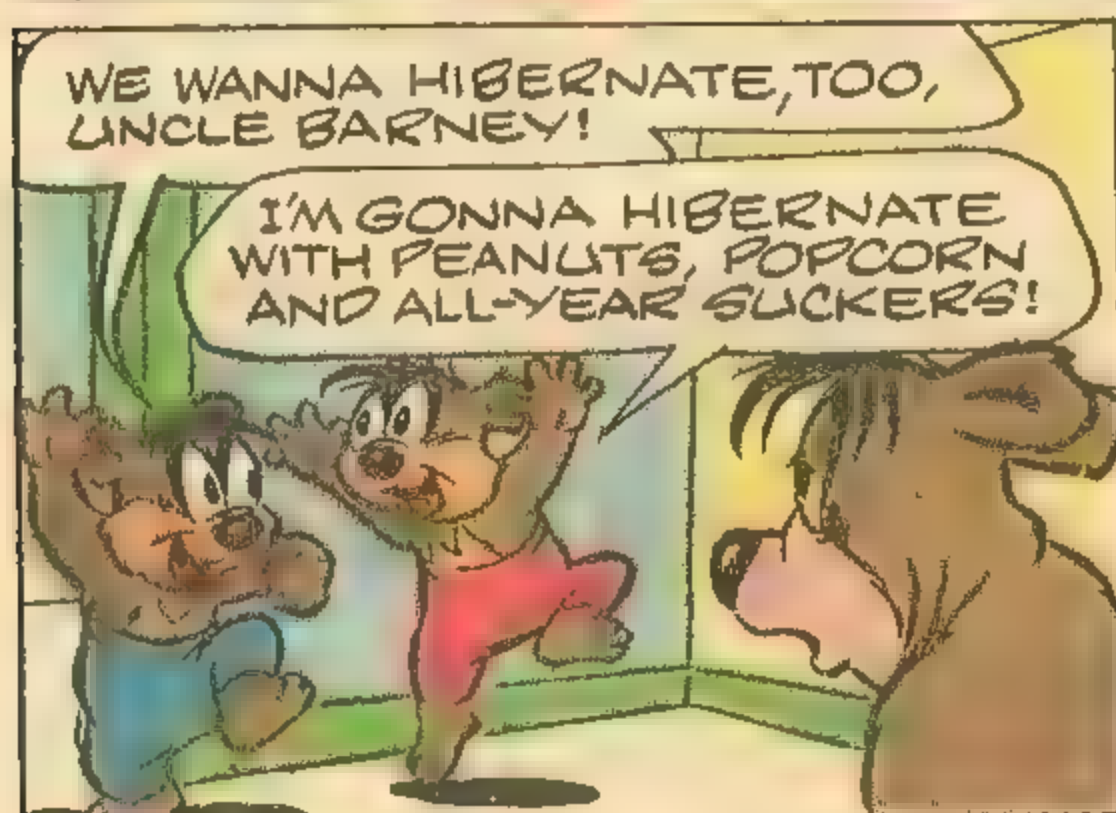
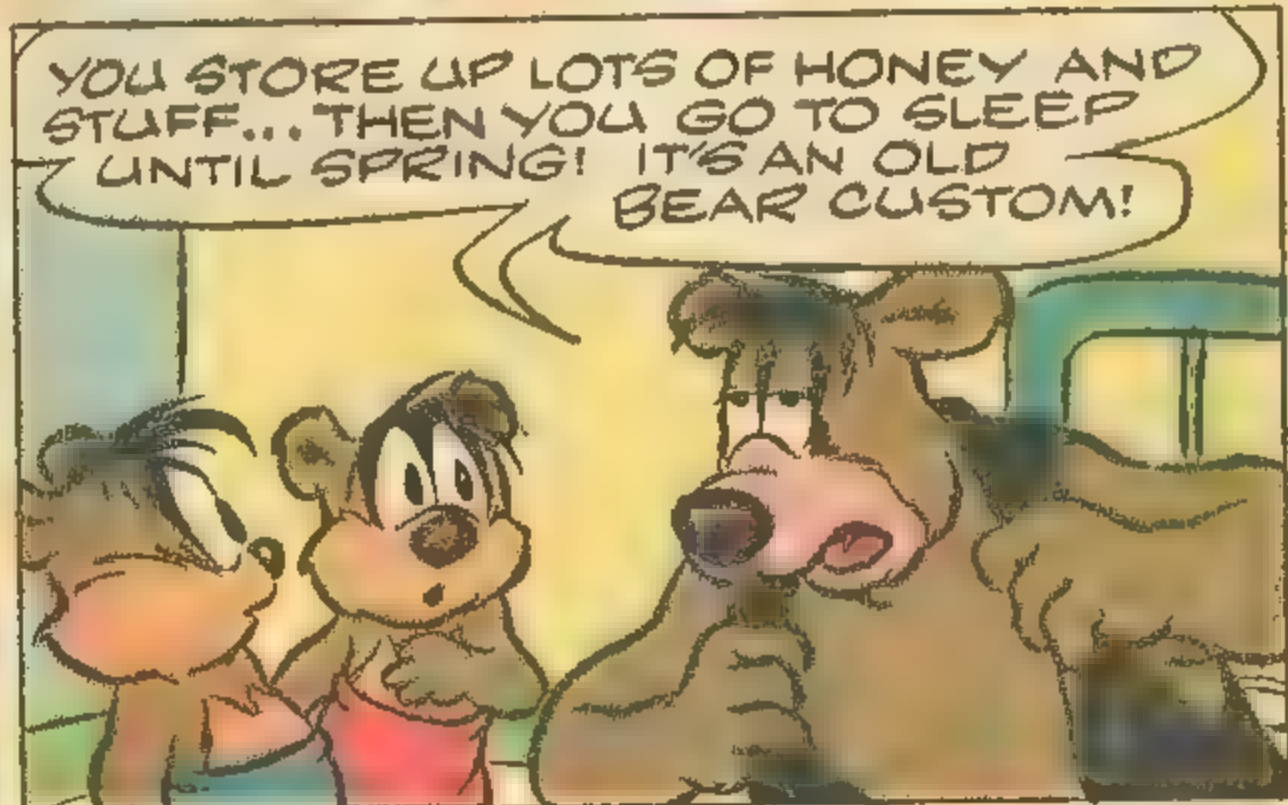
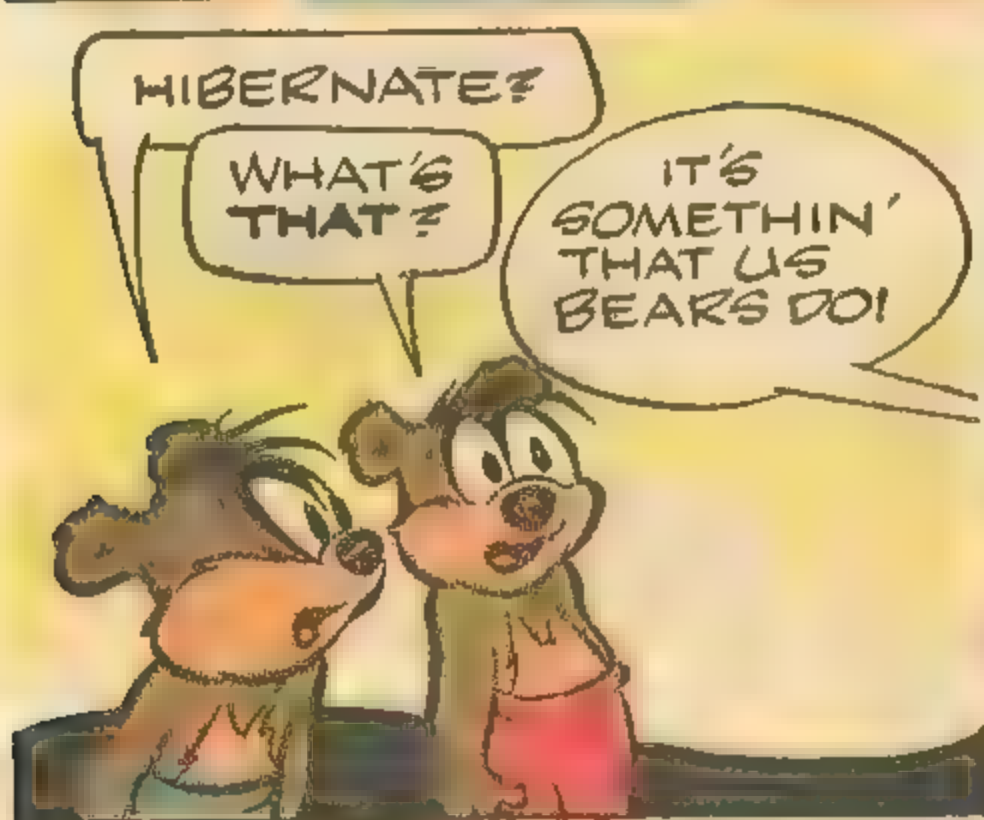
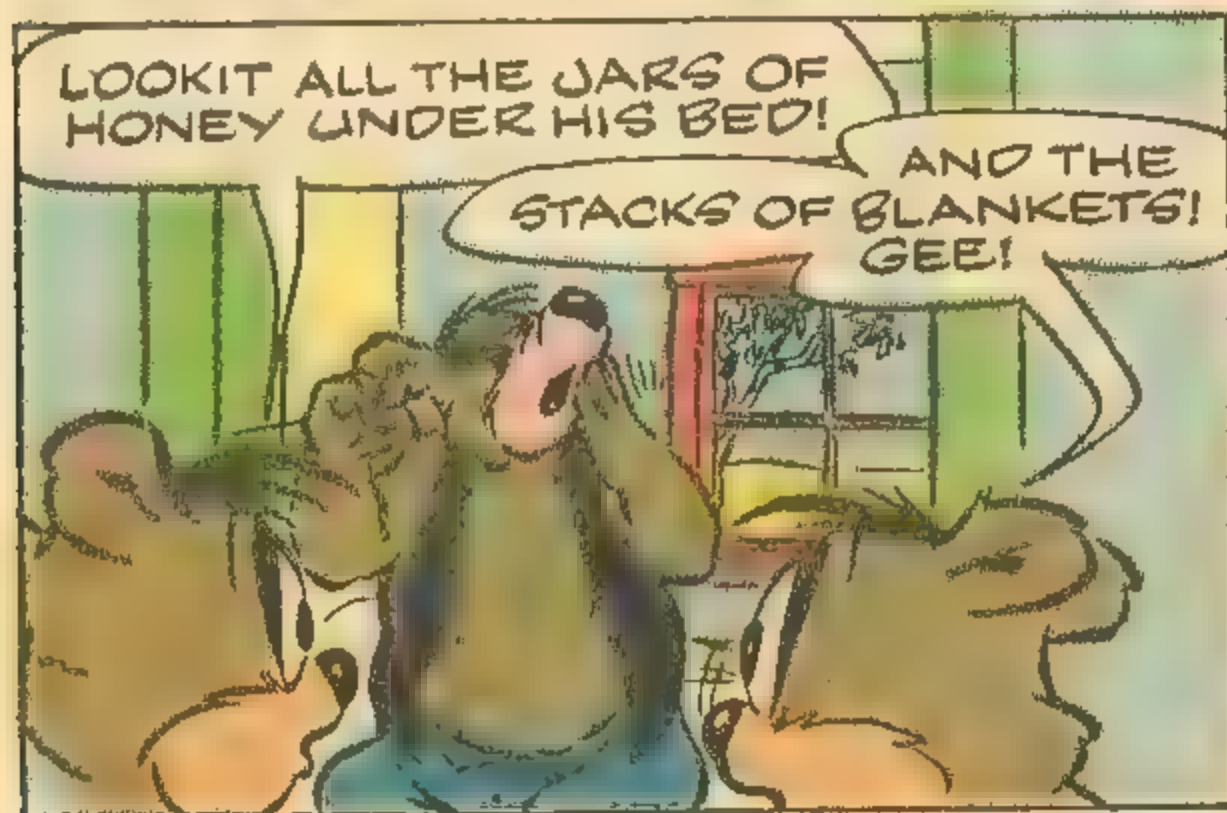
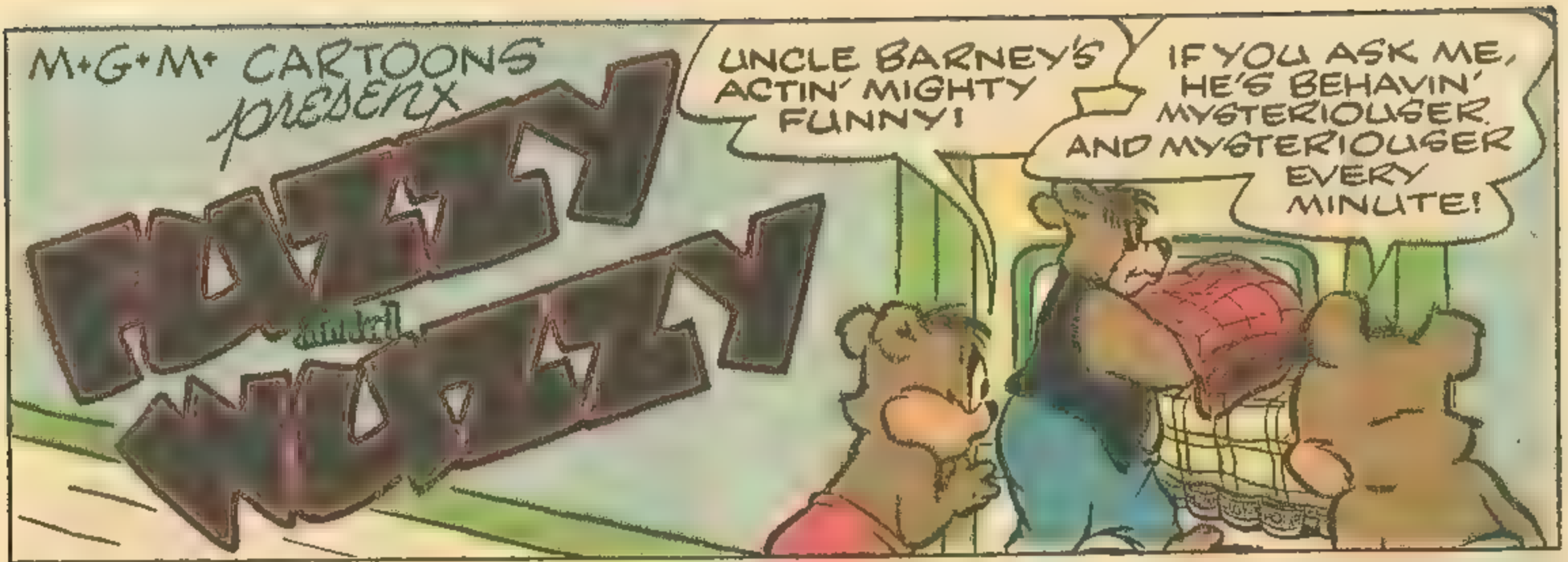
(Signed) HELEN MEYER  
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1951

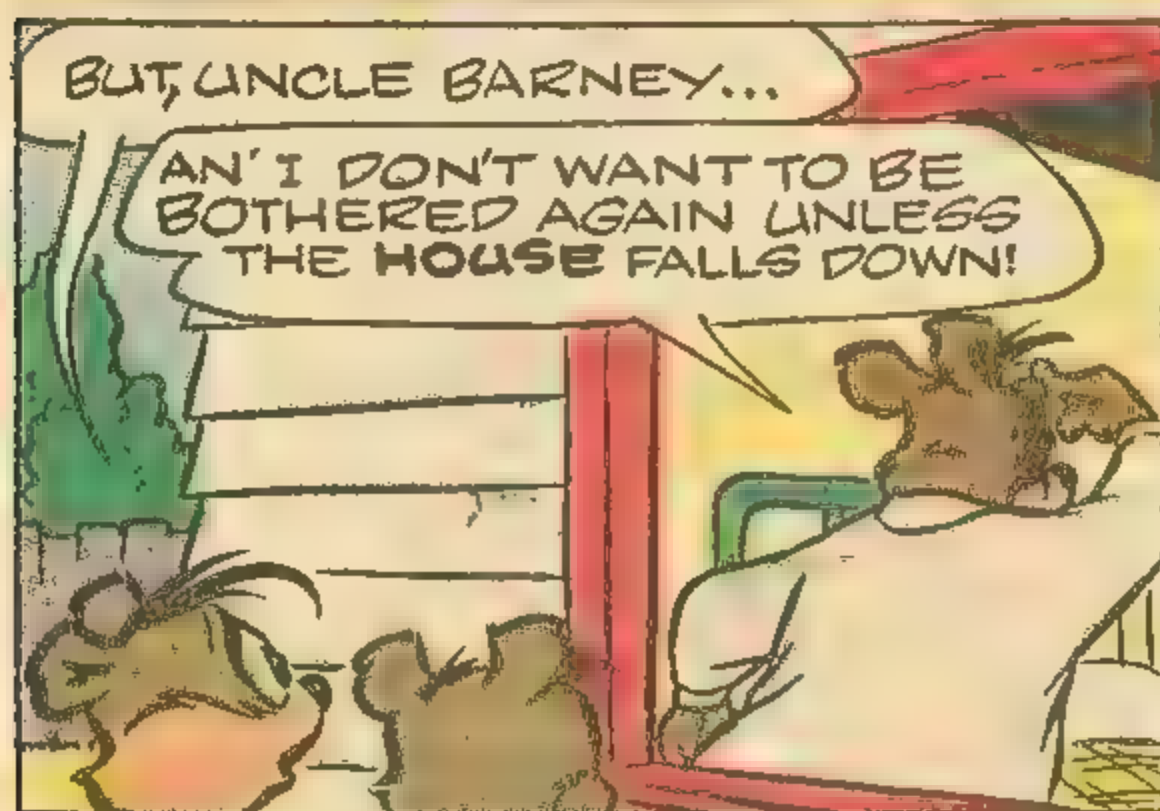
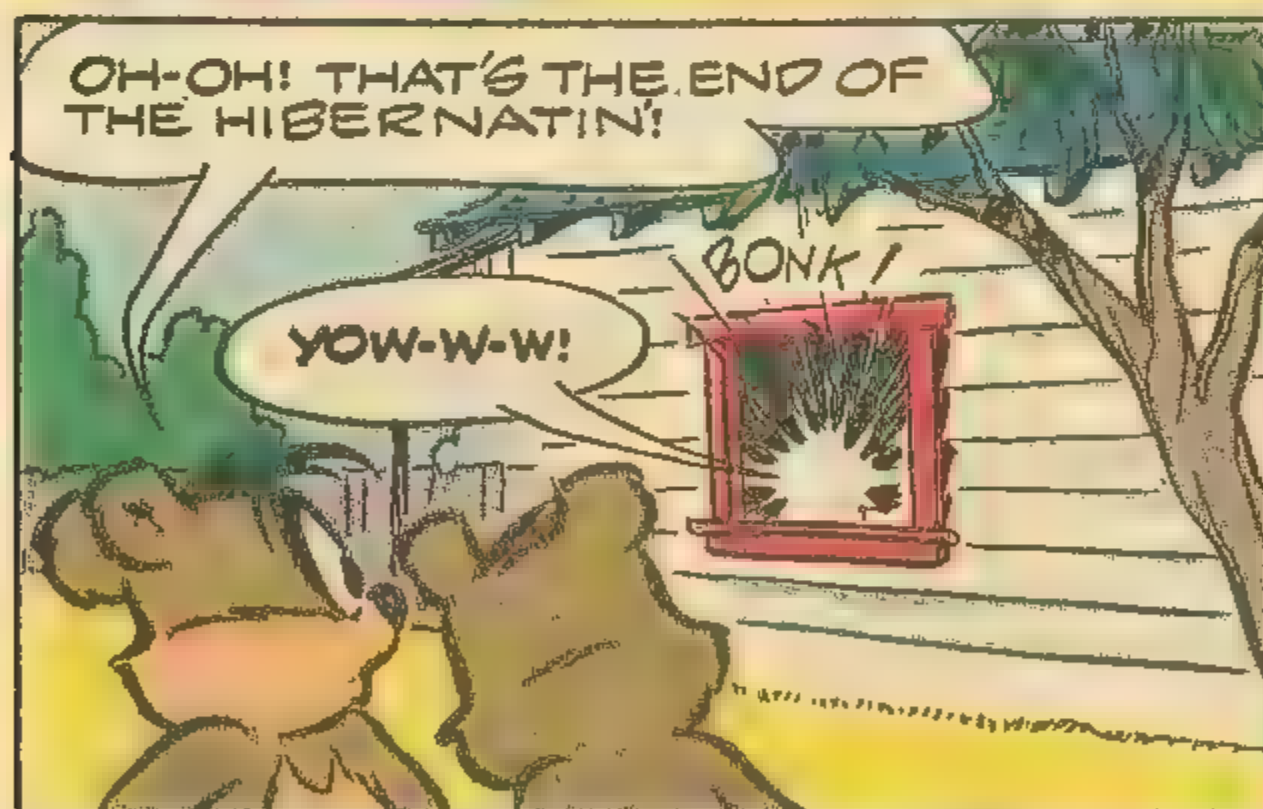
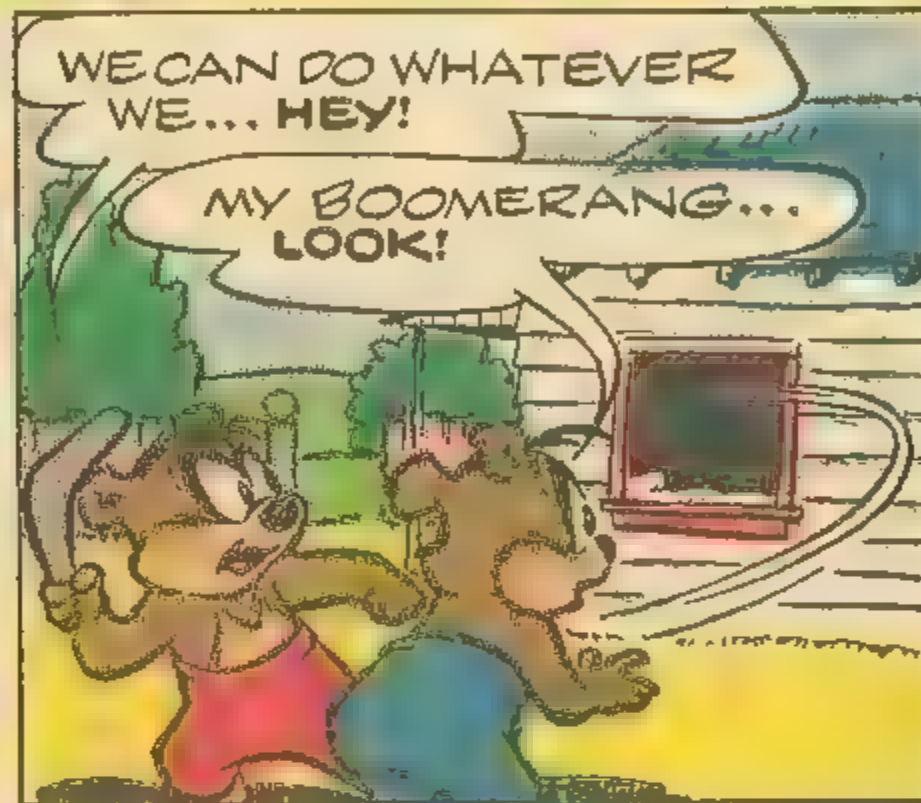
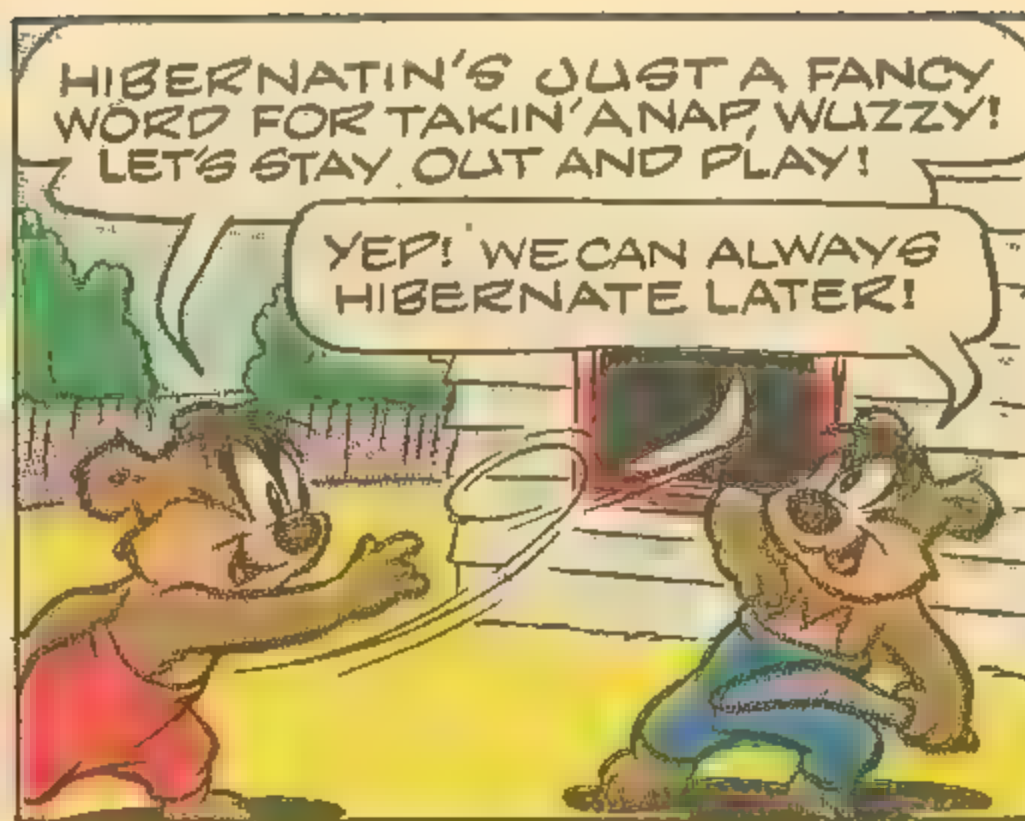
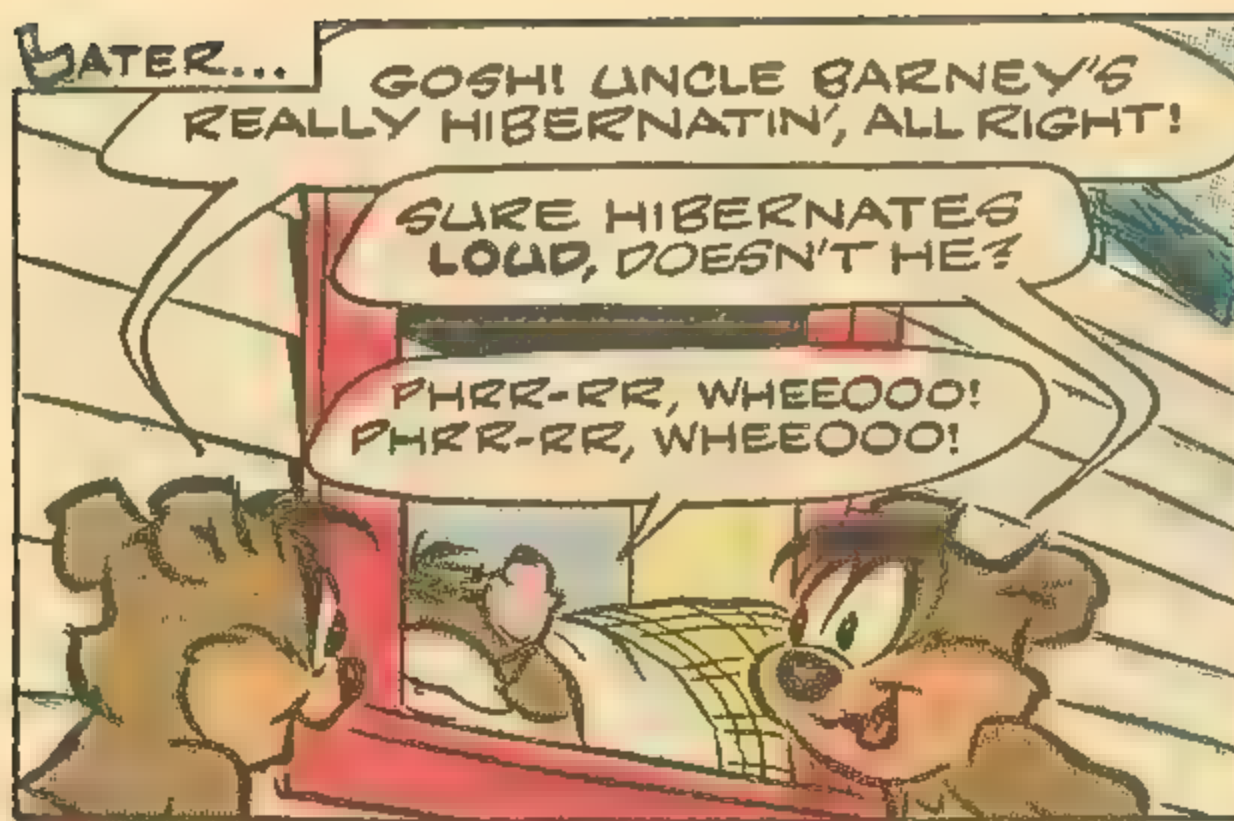
(Seal)

JEANNETTE S. GREEN  
(My Commission Expires March 30, 1952)

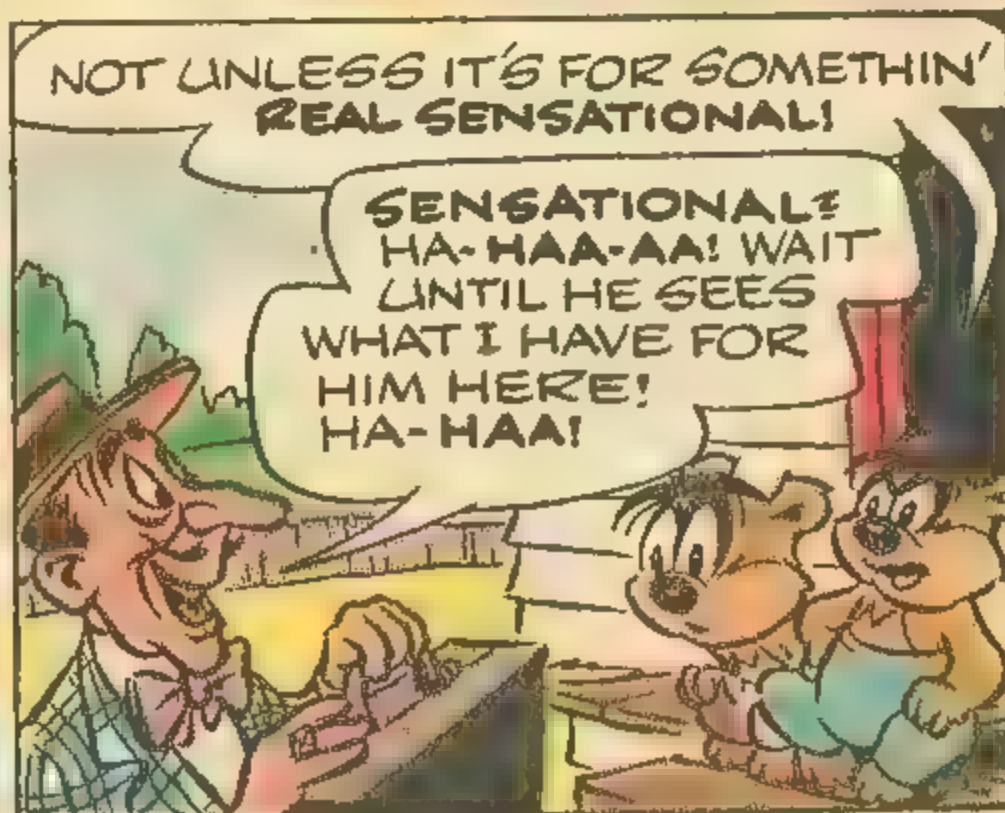
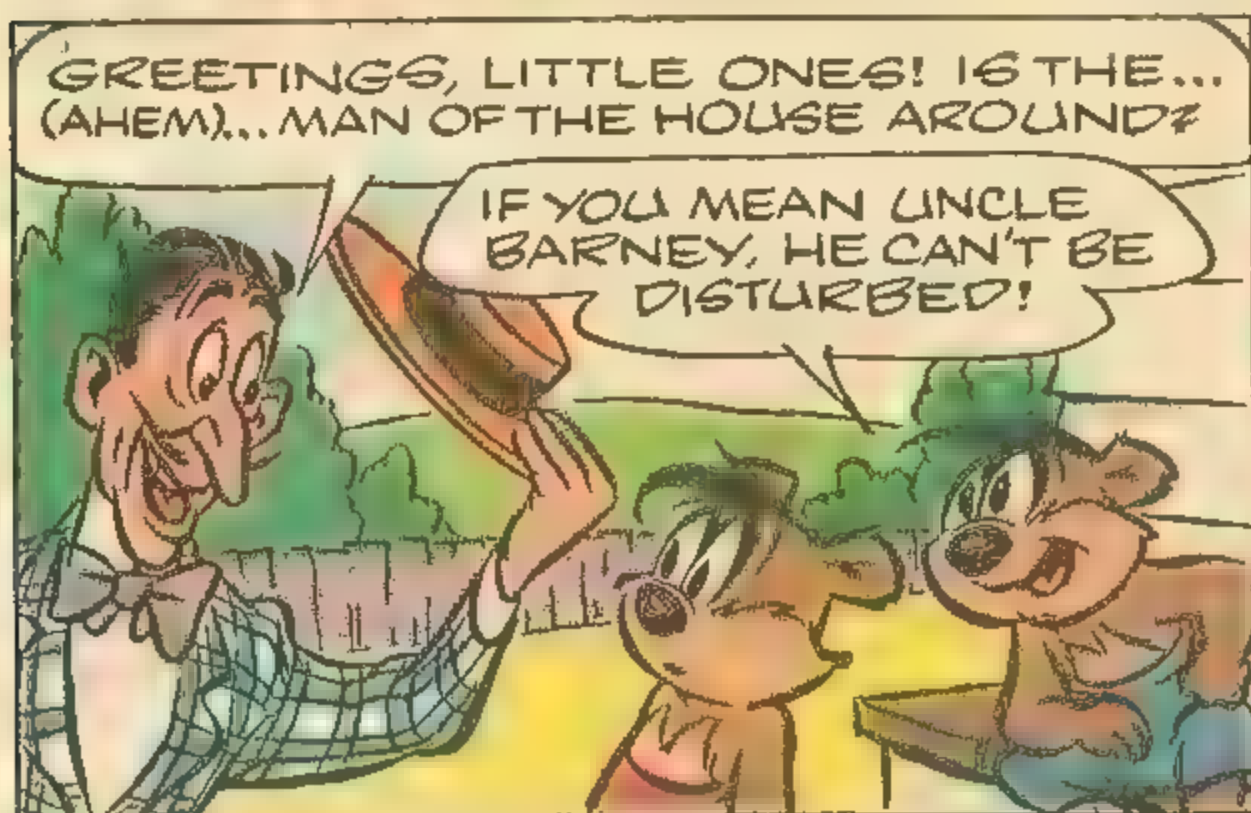
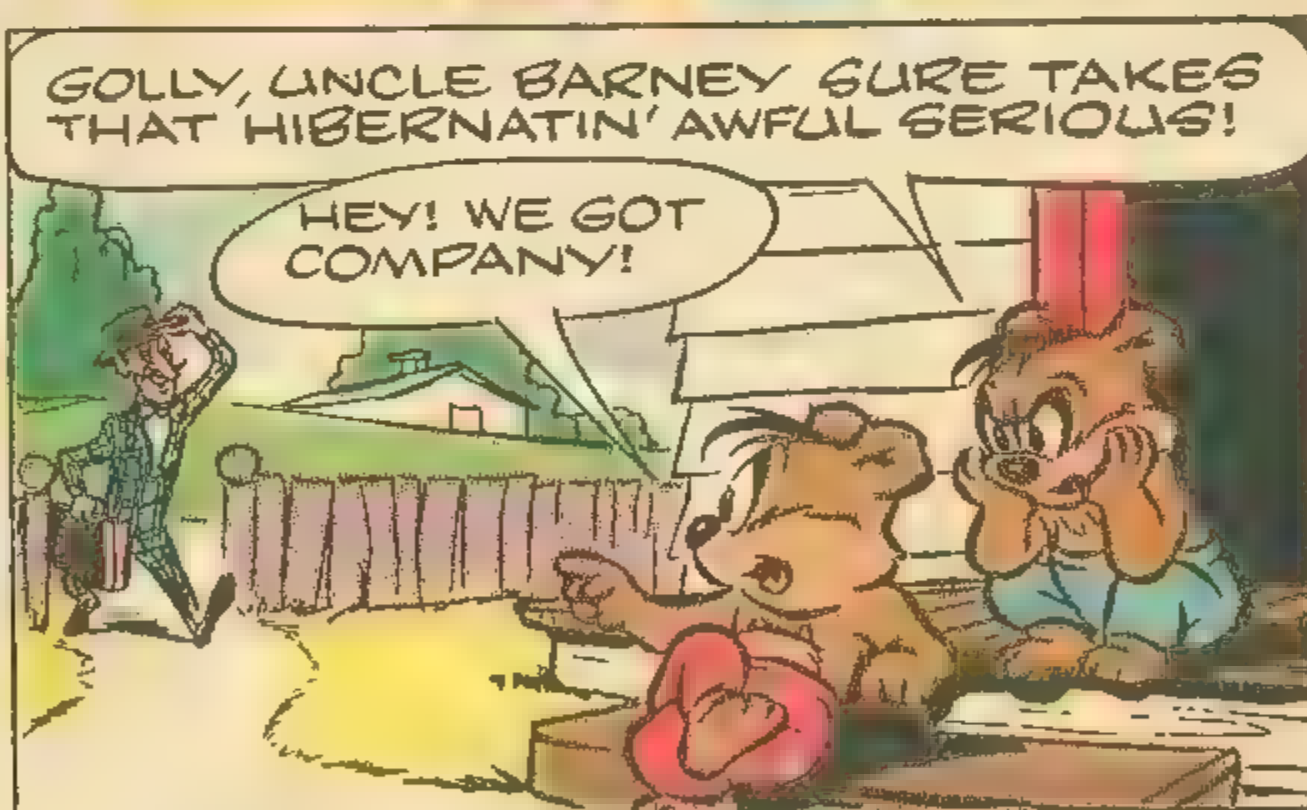
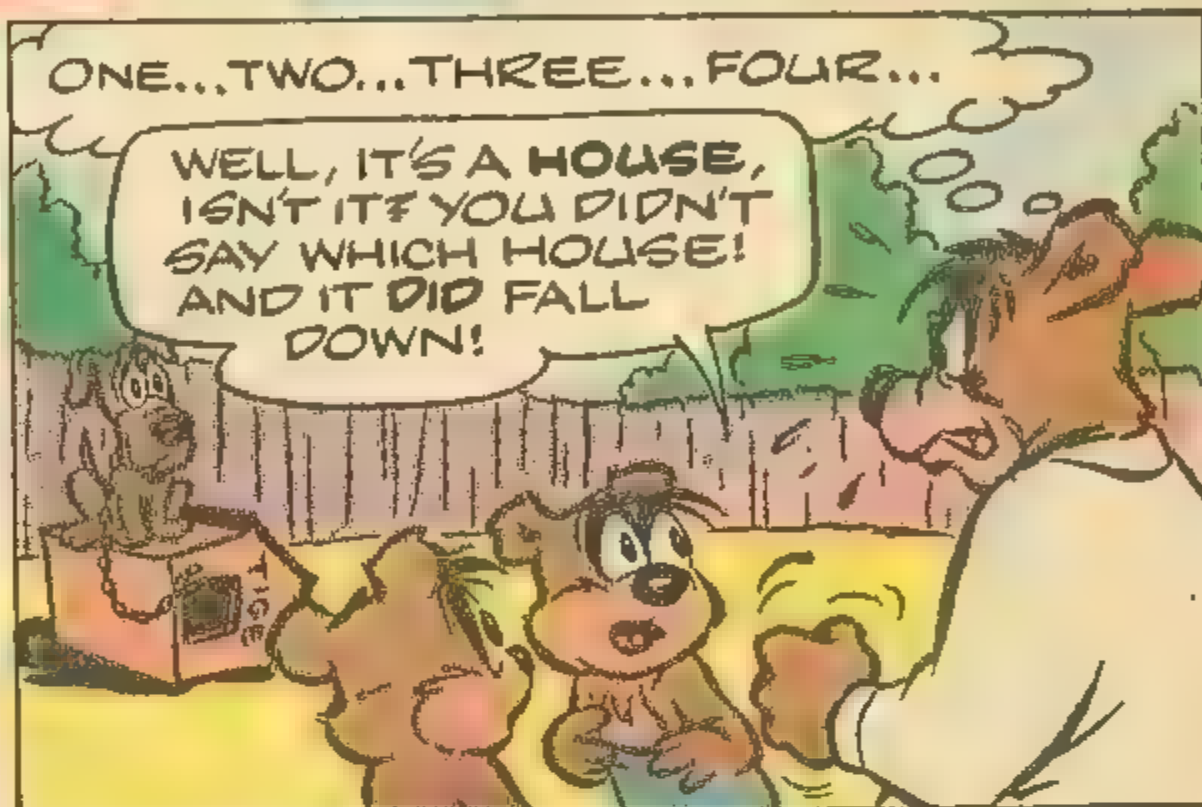
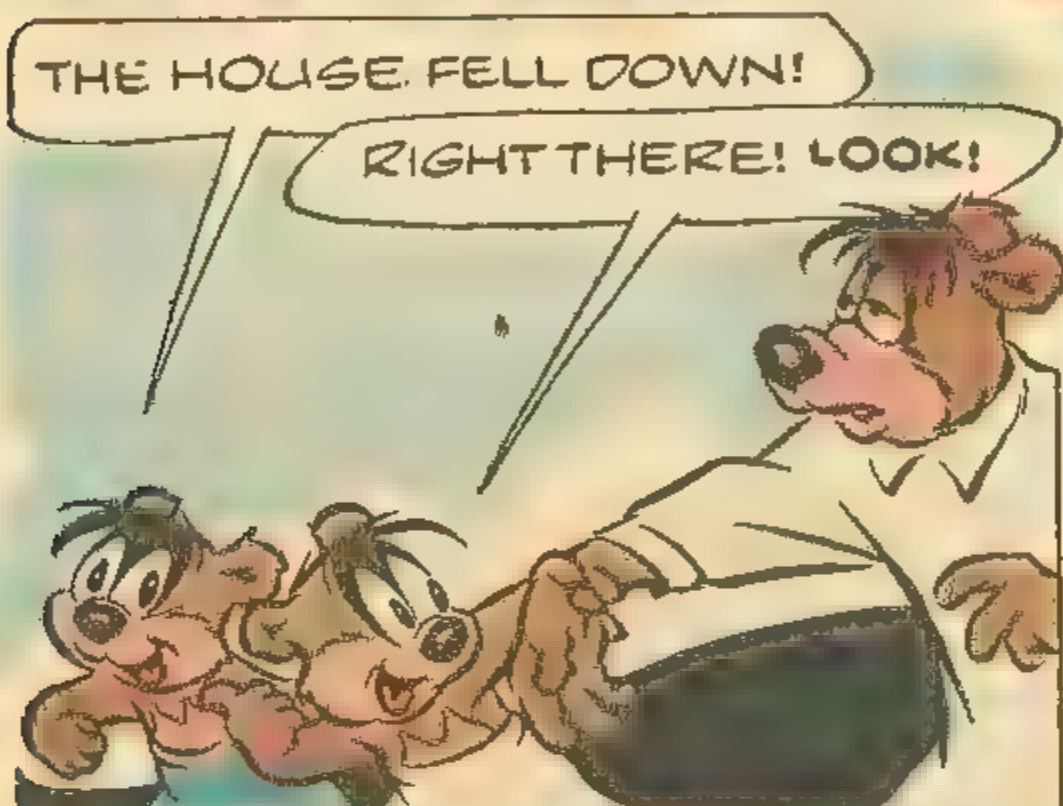
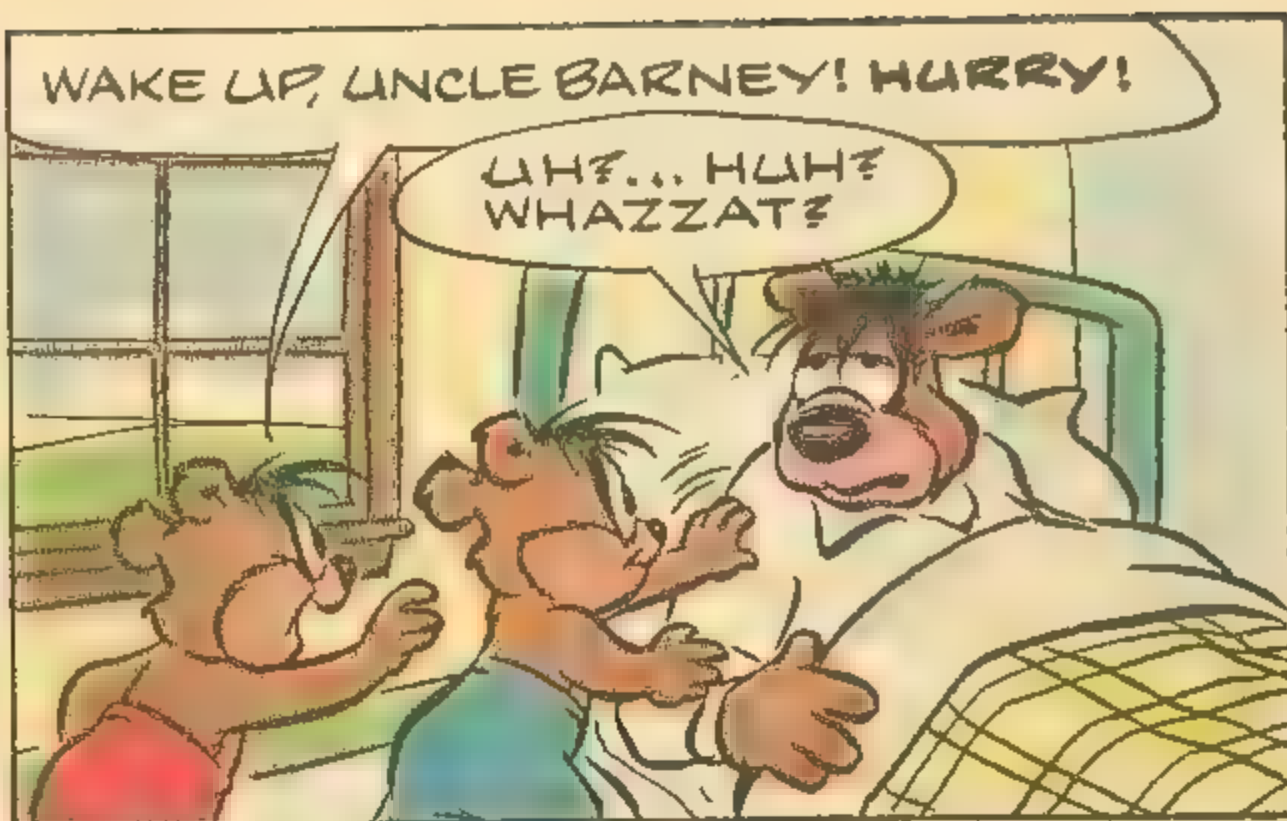
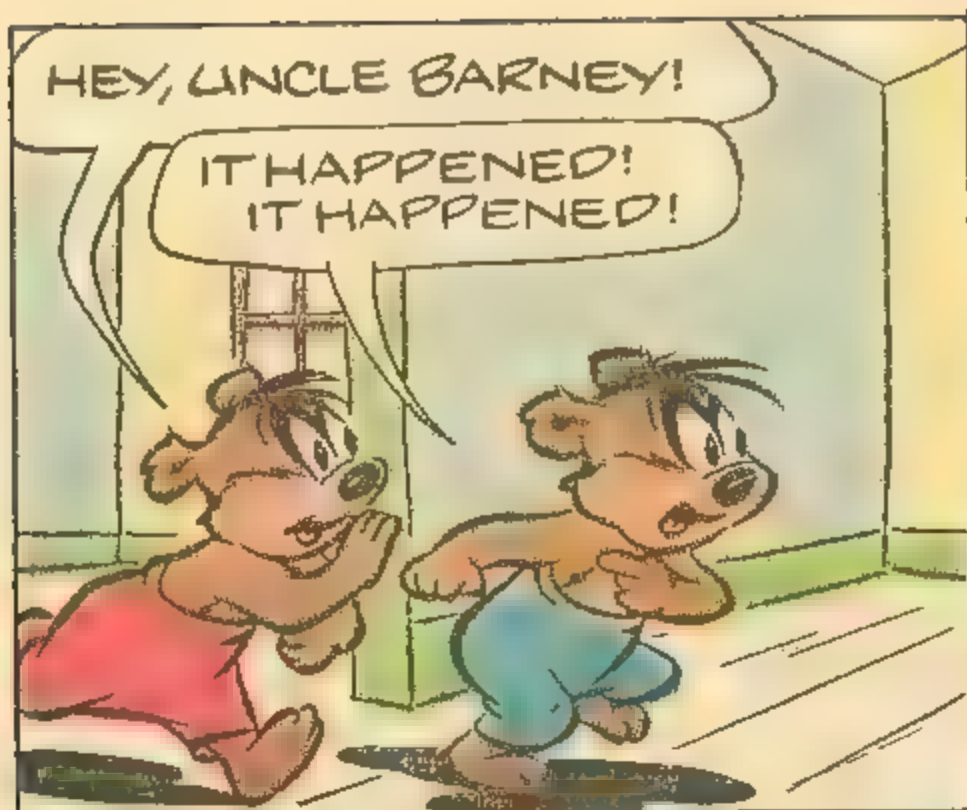




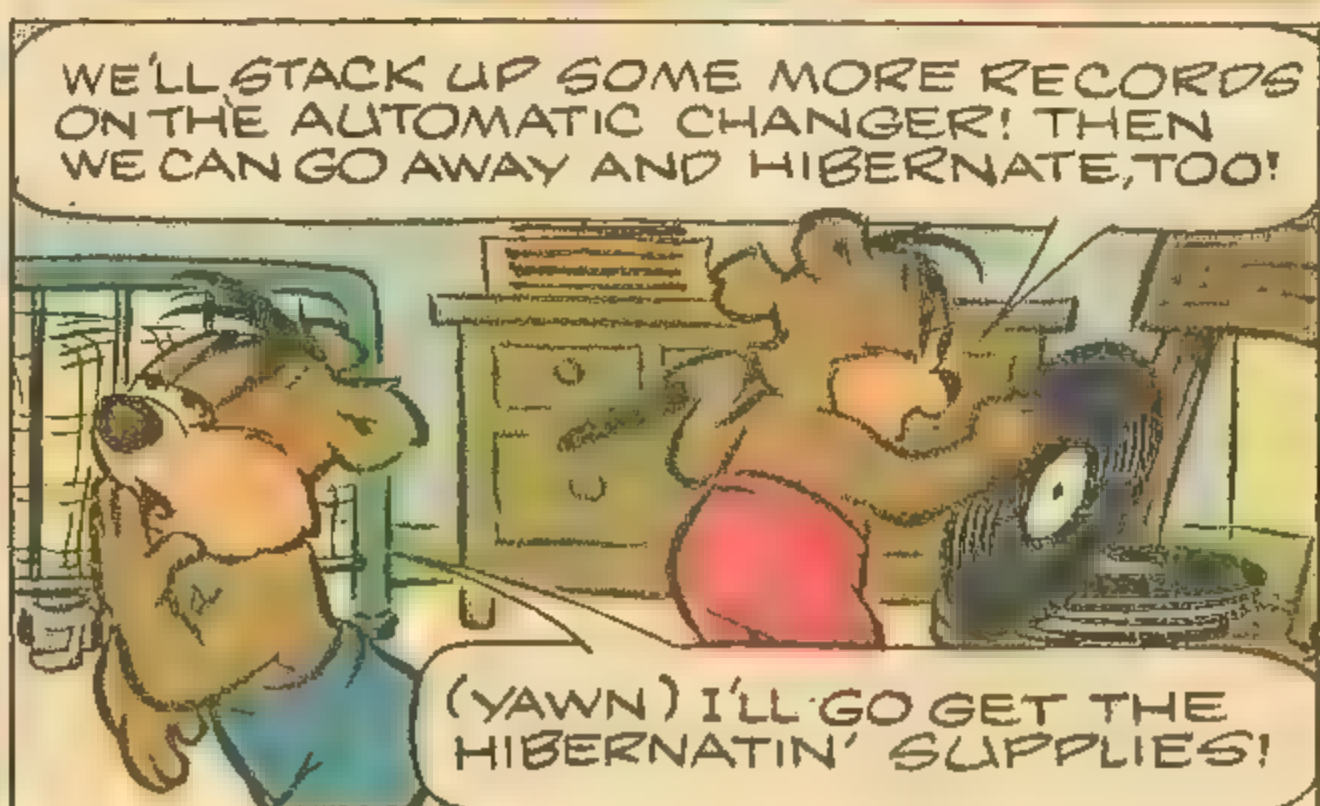
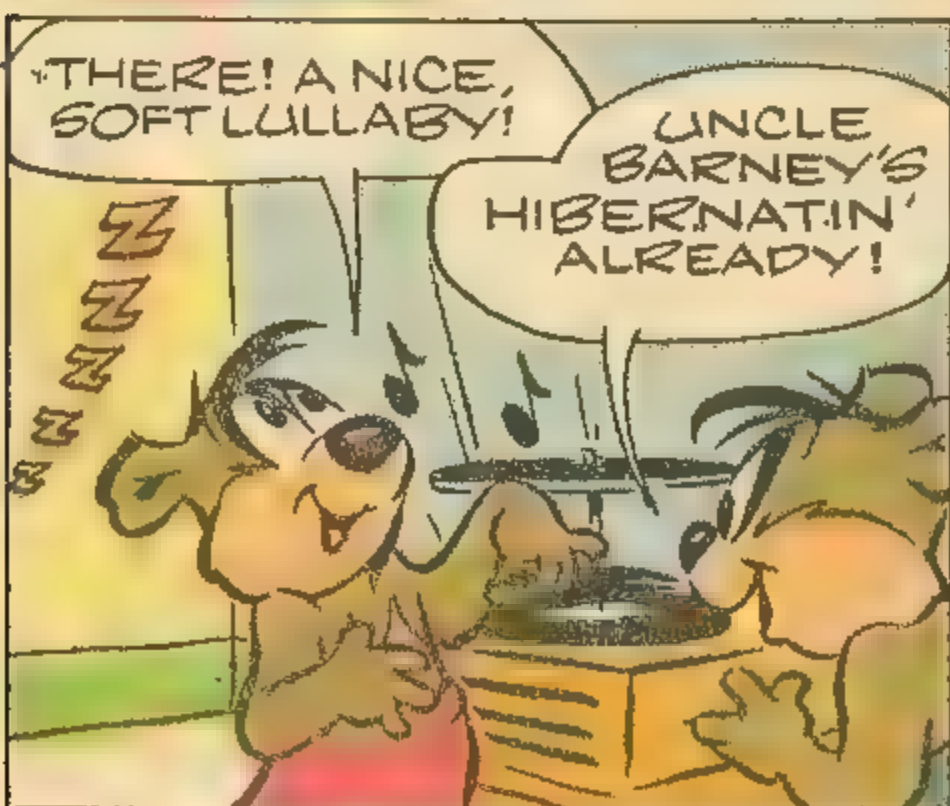
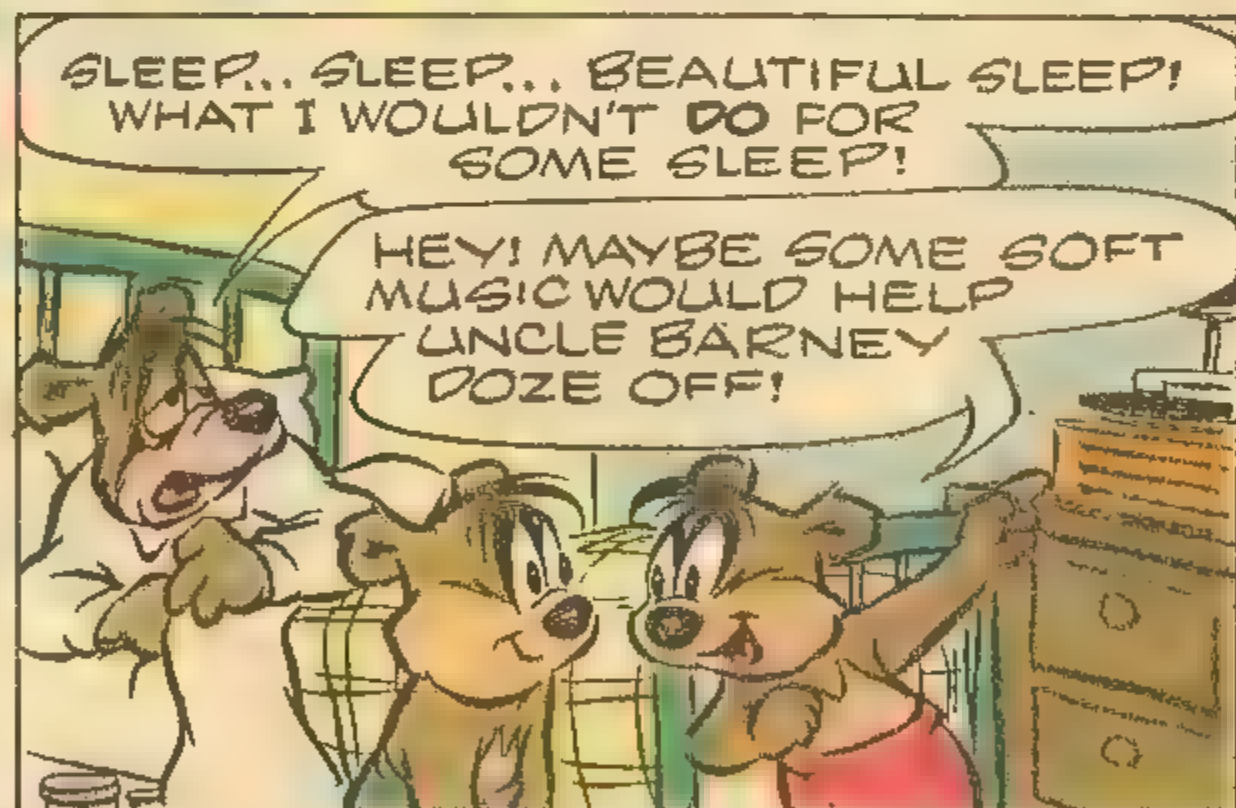
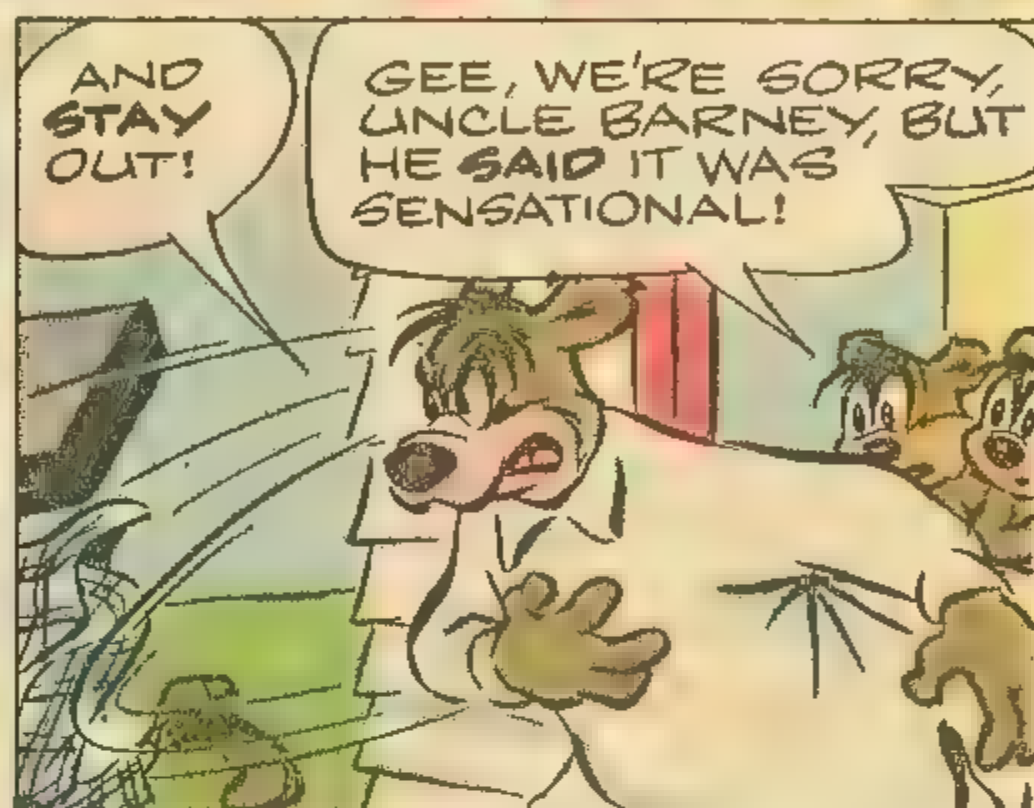
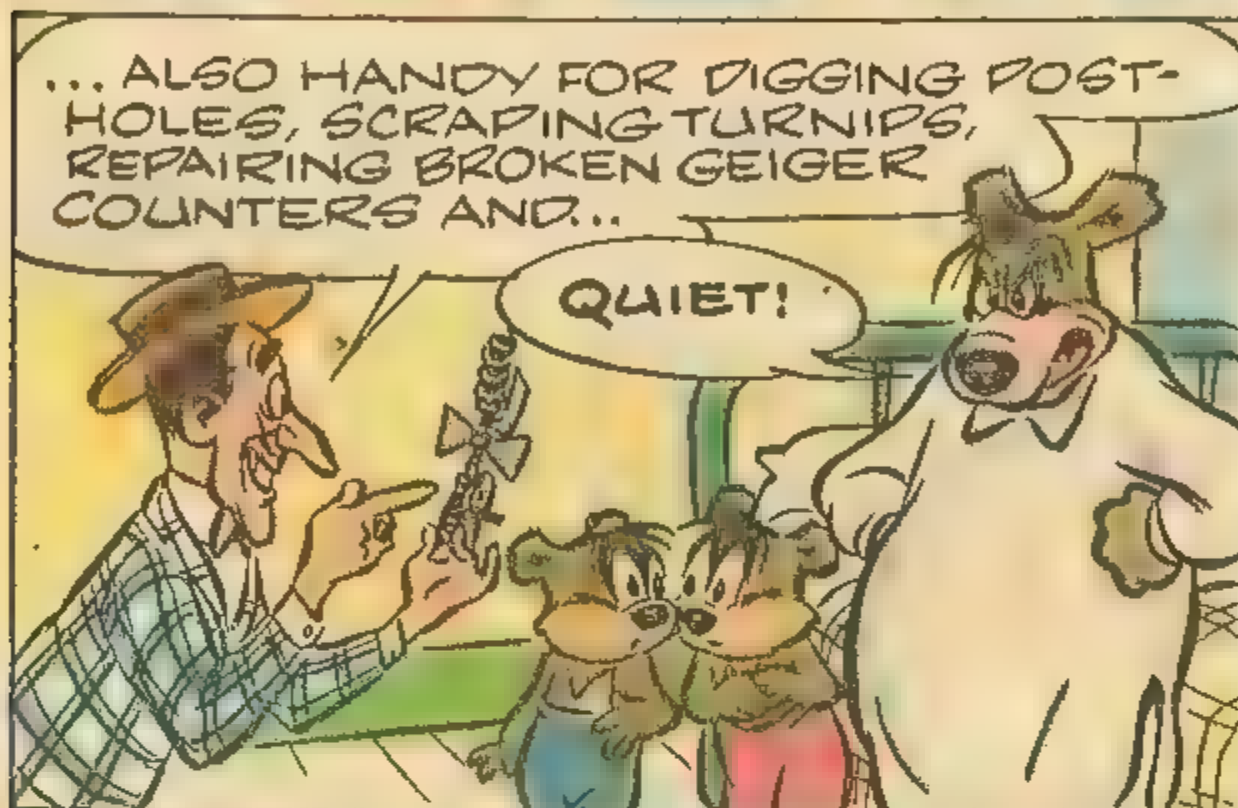
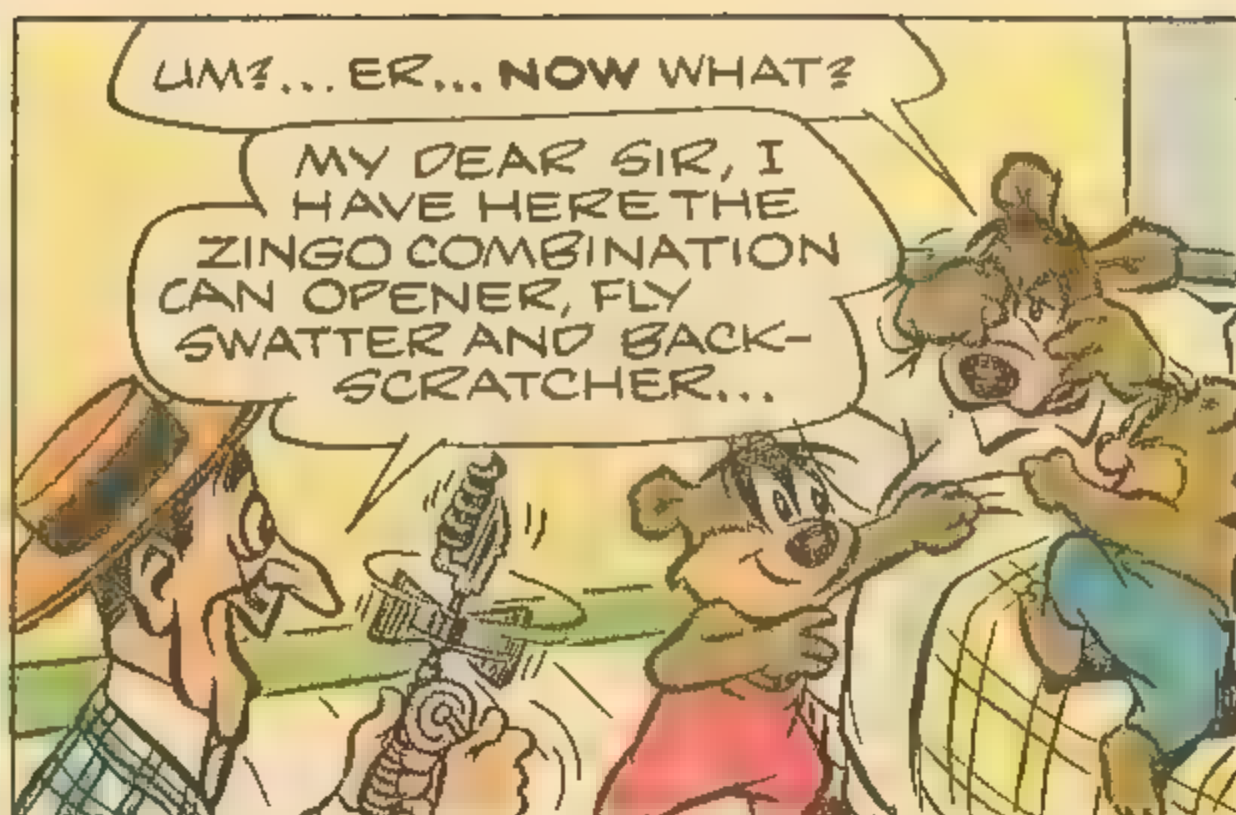
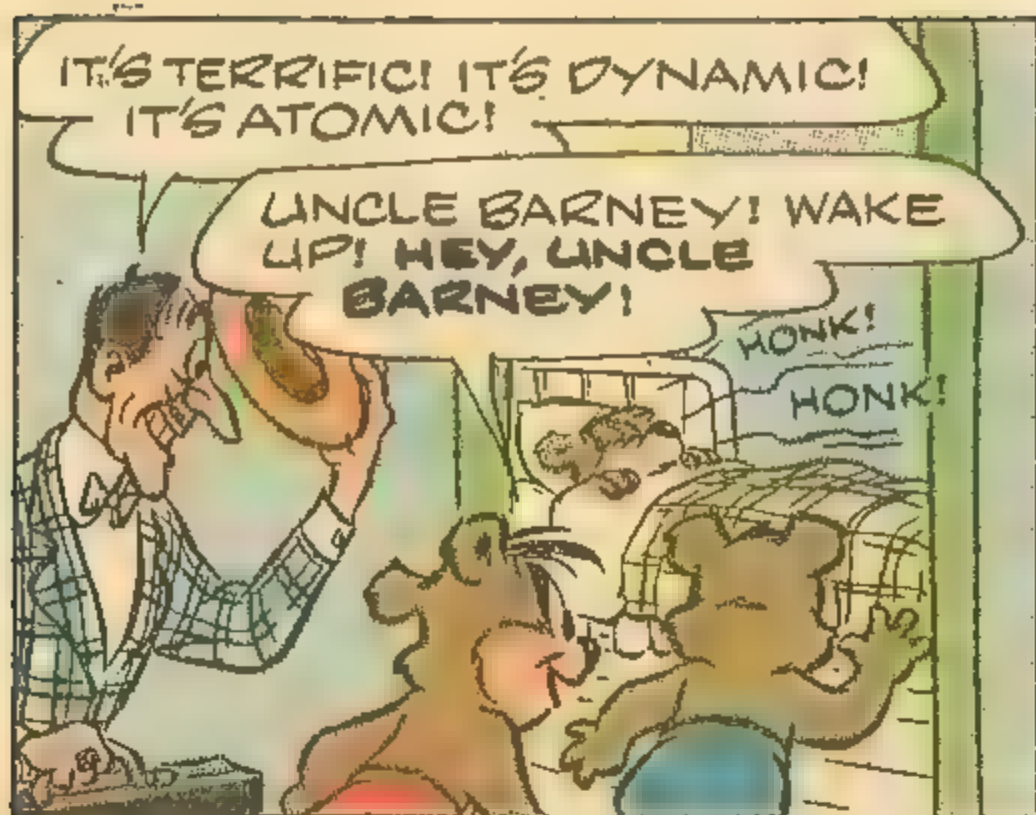




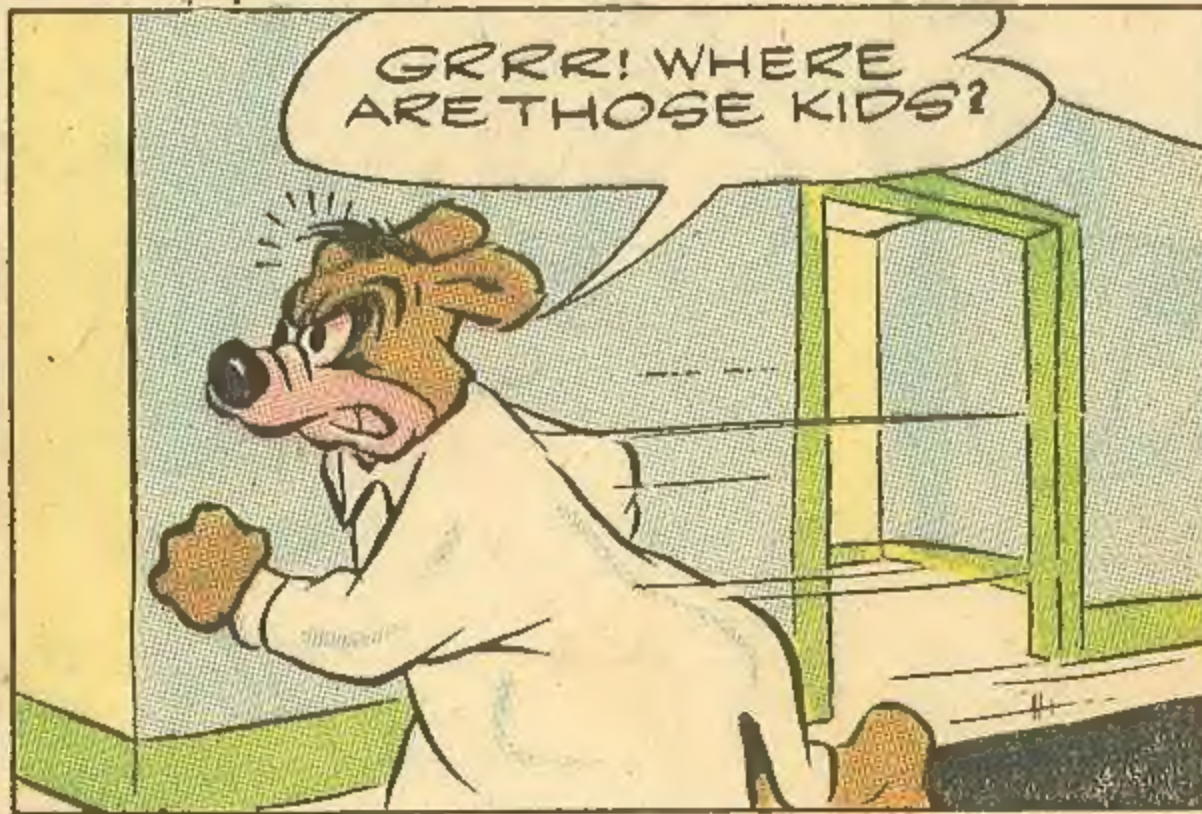
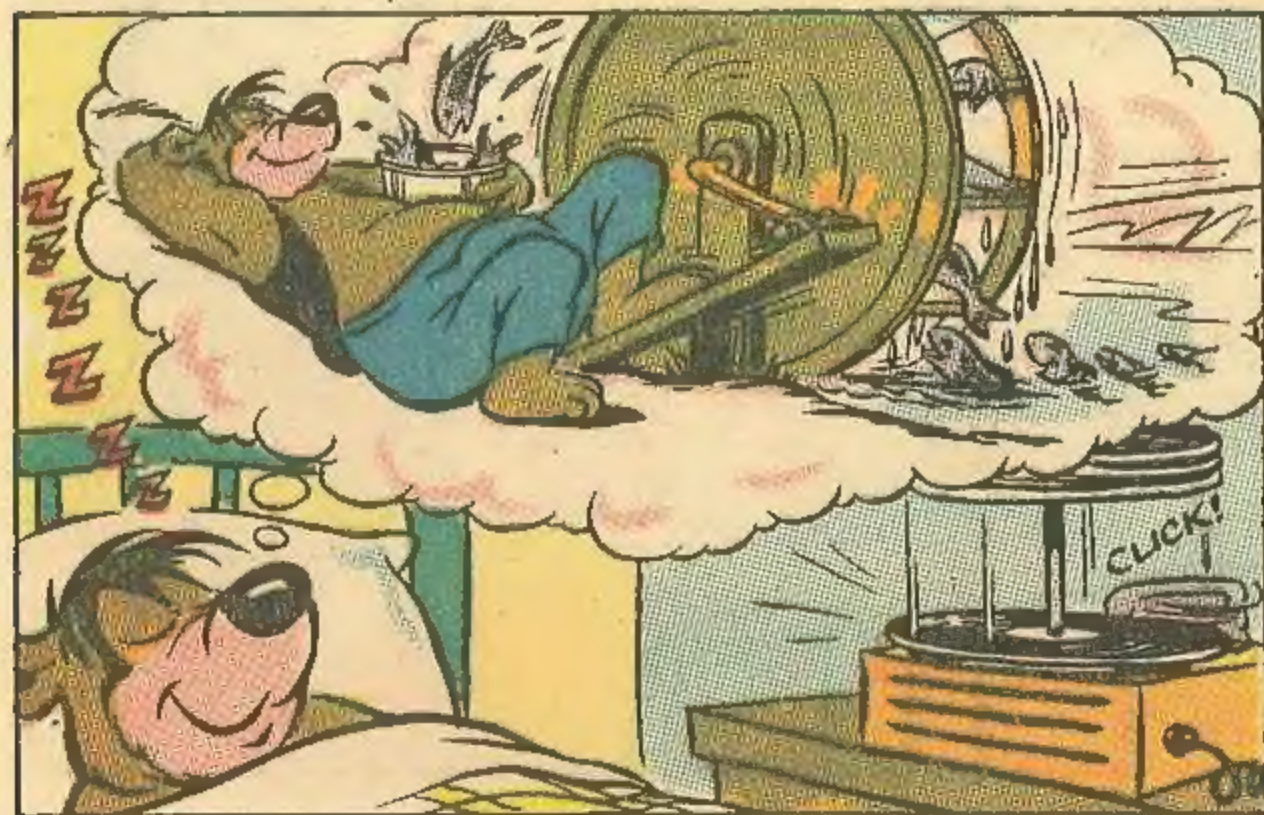




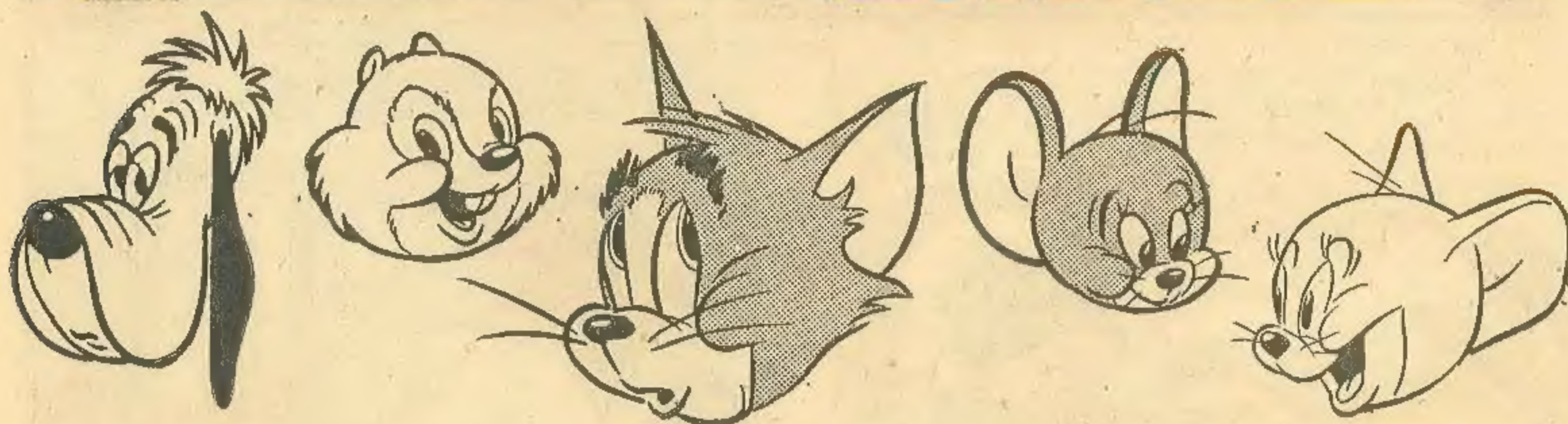
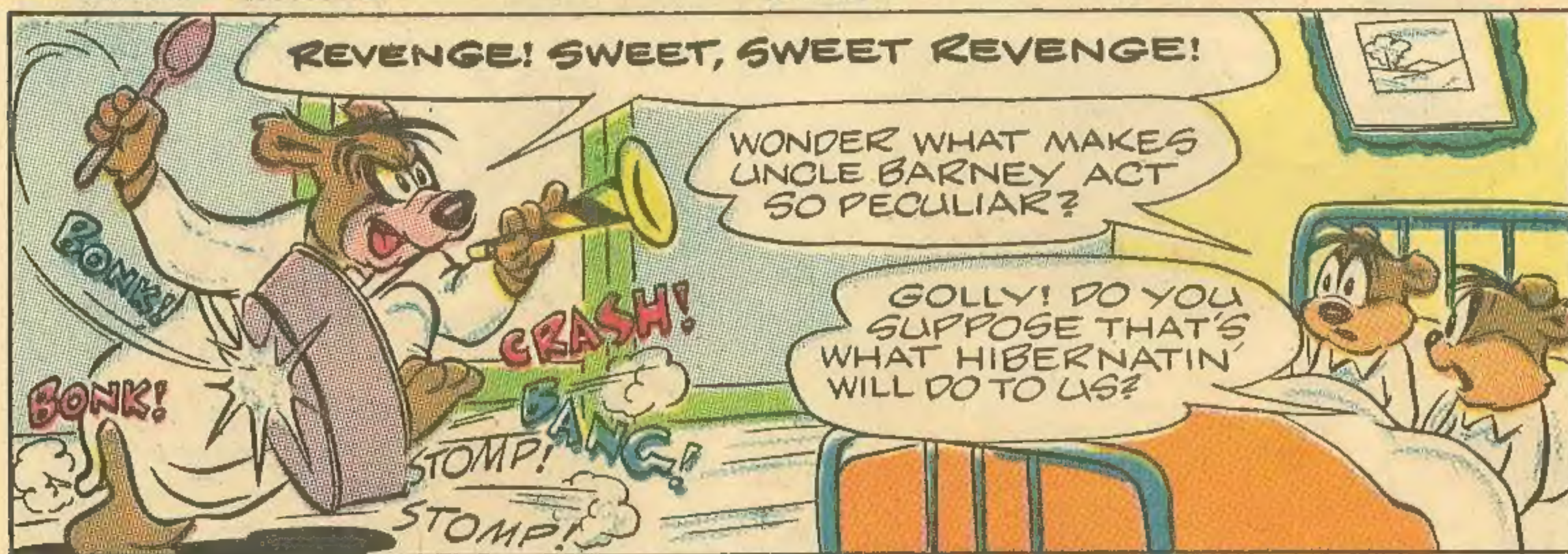












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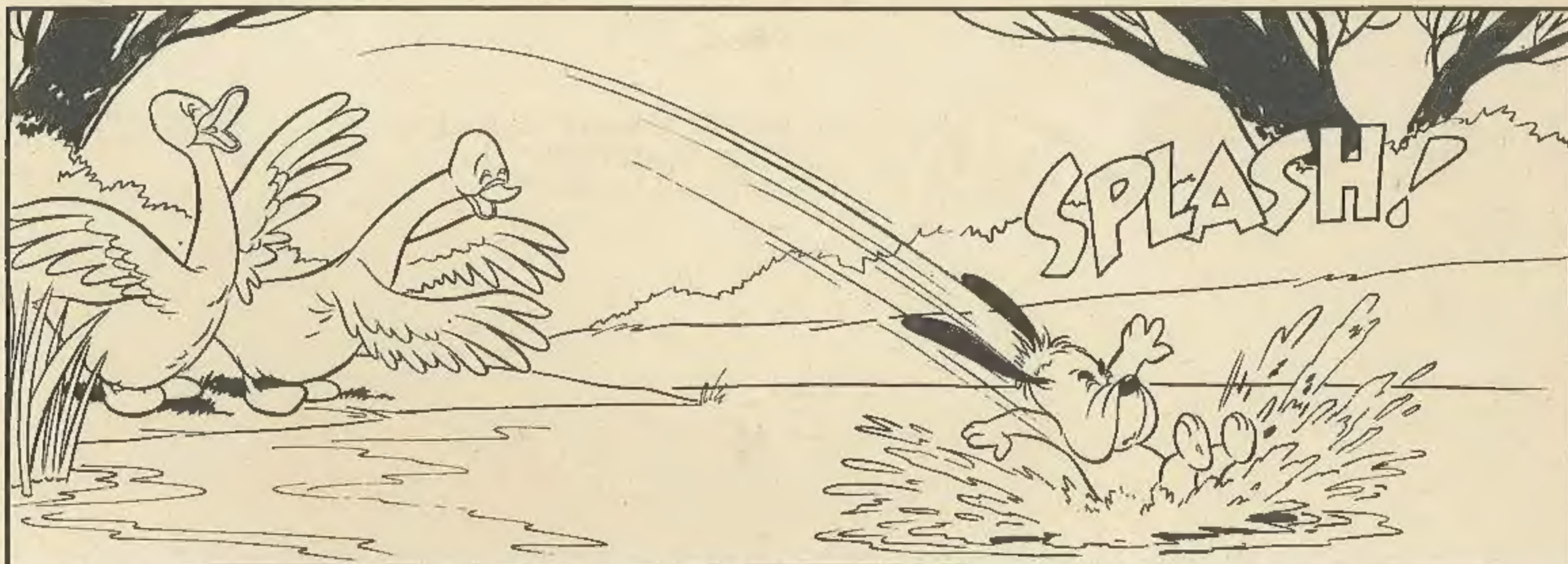
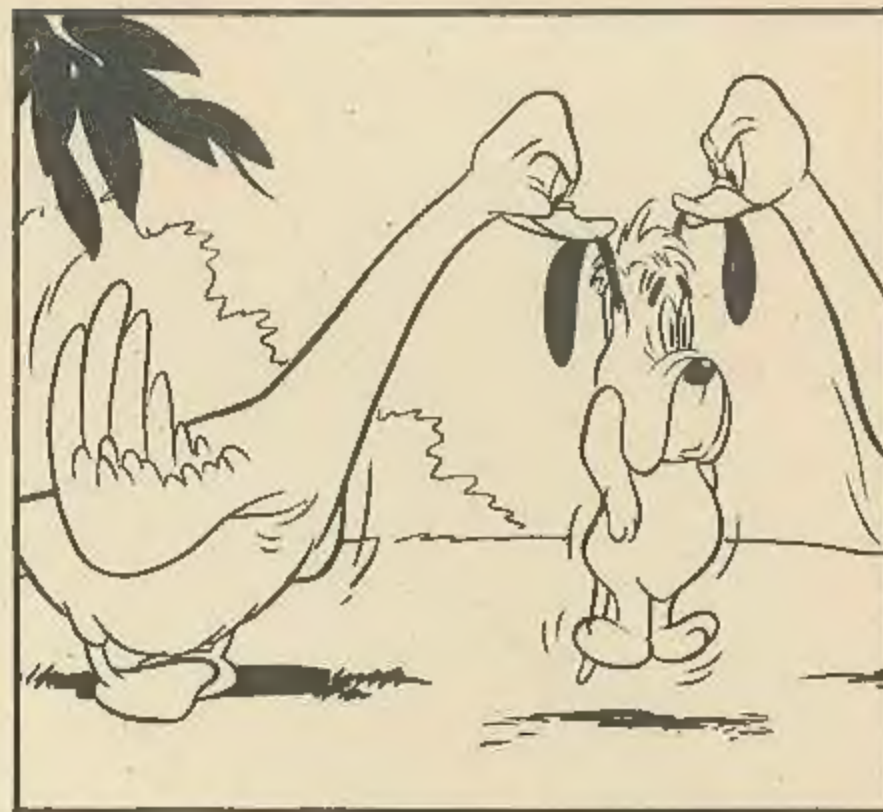
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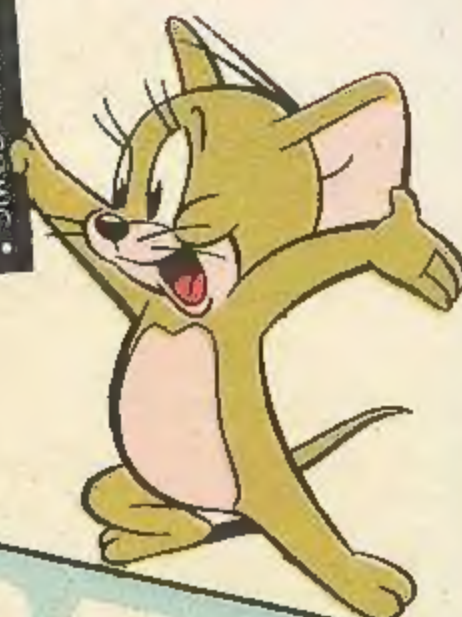
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